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Cover design by Russell Carpenter

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, December, 1956, Vol. 198, No. 6. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. Published at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright 1956, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Send Form 3579 to 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

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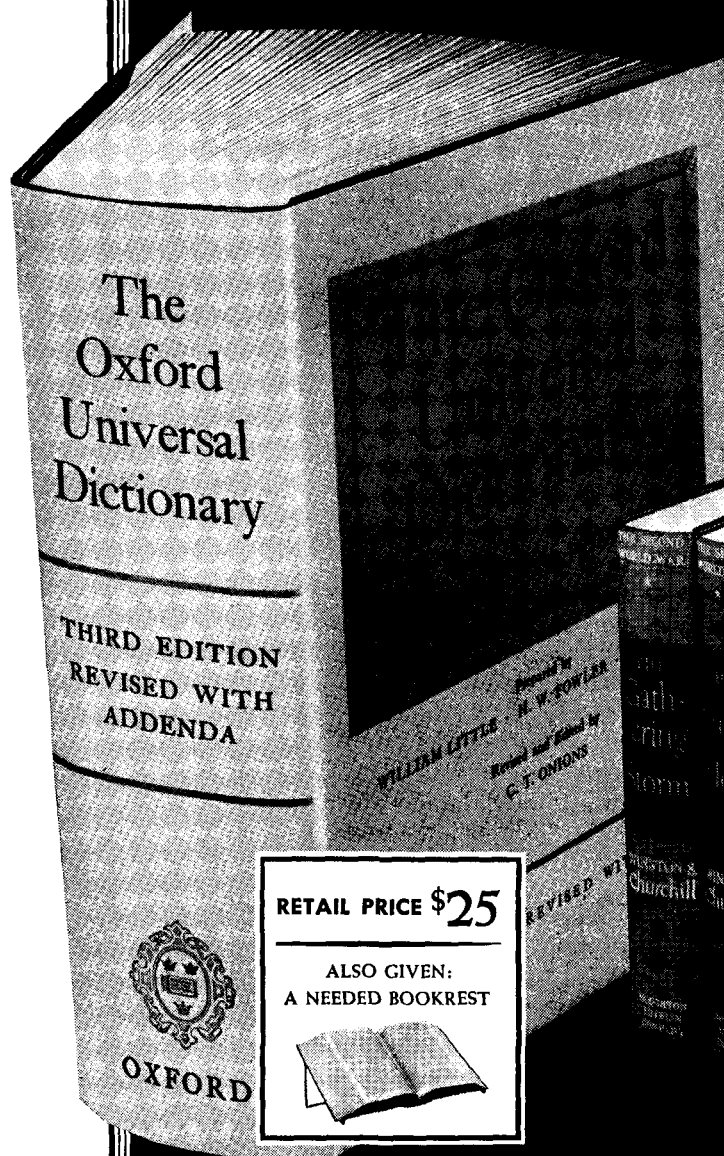
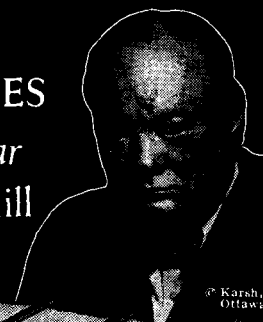
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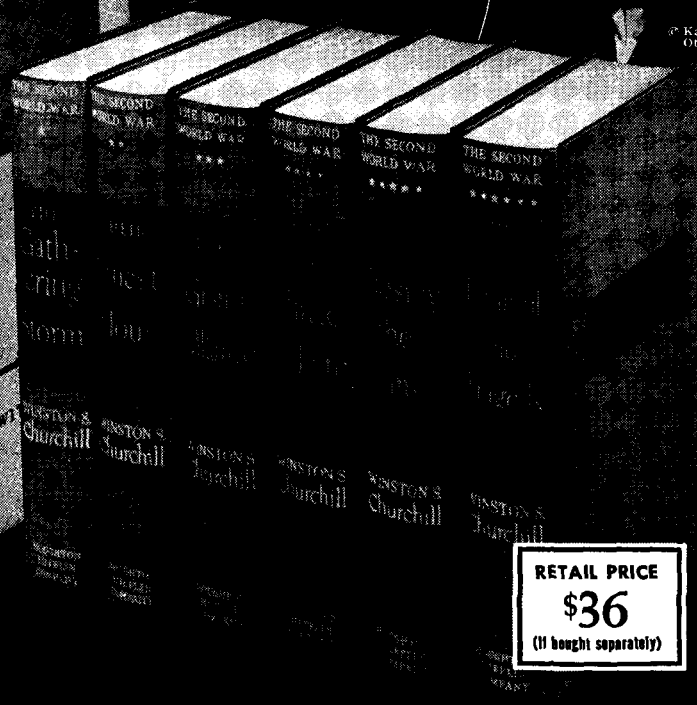
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

THE sweeping re-election of Dwight D. Eisenhower was predicated on a continuation of his first-term aims of tranquility at home and peace abroad. But the eruptions in Eastern Europe against the Soviets and the combined British-French-Israeli move against Egypt in late October brought a host of new problems for the American government. The decision of our two major allies to resort to war as an instrument of national policy shattered the Dulles formula of keeping the peace by giving ground to the rampant nationalism centered in Cairo.

The heart of the Eisenhower policy, coexistence with the Soviet Union in the nuclear age, remains intact. But that policy in itself played a part in the complex of events in late October and early November. The American election and Soviet entrapment in the satellites were certainly two key factors in the decisions taken in London, Paris, and Tel Aviv to strike against Egypt.

Thus Eisenhower's second term will begin with two sets of problems: how to maintain the peace with the Soviet Union, which likewise acknowledges the limitations placed on both major powers by nuclear science, and how to come together once again with those allies on whom the United States must count to help contain Communism short of nuclear war. The Kremlin faces a reverse form of the same problems: how to contain the Western power, to prevent its advance in the face of revolt among the satellite peoples, and how to make some withdrawal of Soviet military force.

Before the Middle East outburst, the most telling foreign policy argument made against Eisenhower during the campaign had been the charge that he

had not yet shaped a policy for America in the era of peaceful coexistence — the era which formally began at the Summit Conference some seventeen months ago.

Now the President not only must shape and execute such a policy, but he must find ways to draw together the old alliance. That alliance has been strained before, from the days of Woodrow Wilson before we entered World War I down to the days of Western Europe's fears that we would plunge it into war over Asia. The basic ties across the Atlantic are probably too strong to be severed — after all, nothing has altered the mutual need to hold together in the face of Soviet power. But it may be that a new relationship will evolve out of the ashes of today, especially if the Europeans go forward with integration among themselves.

Both the Eastern European and Middle East events have demonstrated that the bipolar world centered on Moscow and Washington has cracked up. But to what extent and with what result will depend considerably on how the President handles American policy in his second term. It will be a period of both risk and opportunity.

The President's — and Dulles's — shock at the British-French action sprang from a conviction that any such move was a historical retrogression which could not in the long run prevail against the tide of nationalism. On the other hand, the Polish and Hungarian uprisings were taken in Washington as the inevitable result of de-Stalinization and thus part of that same tide of history.

Perhaps Eisenhower's place in history will rest on the fact that in his first term he led America

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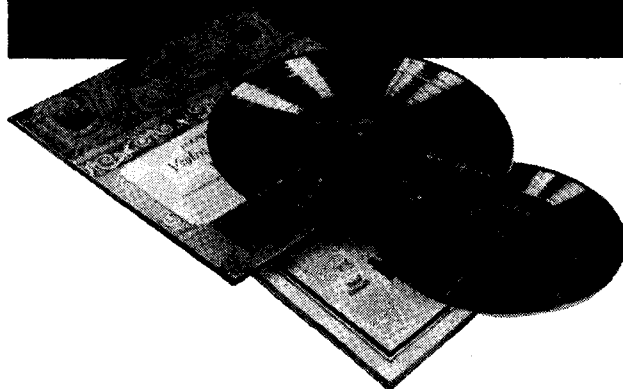
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



to a general realization that an era had ended — that the bitterness of the Cold War years, the internal mutual suspicions and frustrations over the unwon Korean War, must be replaced by a live-and-let-live relationship with the Communist orbit in the shadow of the Bomb. And in personally guiding the change of atmosphere to one which accepts, by and large, the idea of peaceful coexistence, the President has avoided a swing to the illusions of disarmament and reliance on peace pacts which marked the decades following World War I.

Time for a positive policy

What the President so far has failed to do, and what he now must do, is to demonstrate that America is prepared to take a positive stance befitting these changed circumstances.

The United States is faced with a complex of problems, few of them entirely or even chiefly of Soviet making, but practically all of them accentuated or bedeviled by the new Russian tactics of Stalin's successors. They include the unresolved complex of Sino-American problems (recognition, trade, United Nations admission, the status of Formosa); the pressing necessity to adjust American interests to the rambunctious nationalisms of Asia and the Middle East; the opening phases of what are likely to be similar problems, with added racial overtones, in Africa south of the Sahara; and the emergence of Latin-American nations from their long and more or less exclusive dependence on the United States.

It has been the President's horror of a nuclear holocaust, his determination to prevent any war for fear it might grow into a nuclear world war, which has led American policy too close to a peace-at-any-price attitude. The British and the French, in the long months of argument over the Suez Canal issue, felt increasingly frustrated because the United States kept striking from their hand the threat of the use of force. In the end, they determined to go it alone — and not to let the United States have even the opportunity, through consultation, once again to argue them out of the use of force. In all these foreign policy issues the President will continue to rely on John Foster Dulles, assuming his health permits. But that there will have to be an eventual reorganization within the State Department is clear.

Sound money and trade

In the economic field President Eisenhower will once again run into the hard steel doors of the Treasury and Secretary Humphrey's arguments, so

convincing to Eisenhower, that a sound dollar at home and normal private trade relations abroad are the most fruitful contributions this nation can make to world stability.

There are powerful voices in the Administration arguing that this is far too limited a point of view, but their ability to move Humphrey remains open to doubt. One leading Republican who serves in an important ambassadorial post recently said that unless Humphrey is willing to permit adoption of a bold economic program there will be "blood on those rose-colored glasses."

Even Eisenhower's expanding trade ideas are in trouble because of the increasing protectionist cries at home, especially from the Southern Democrats who reflect the accelerated industrialization of the South. In this field the President will face a wholly new problem if the current talk of a Western European common market should come to fruition. A vast continental market, which would be as populous as the United States and which may even include the United Kingdom besides, could be a counterpart of America — and with similar protectionist demands by its interested producers.

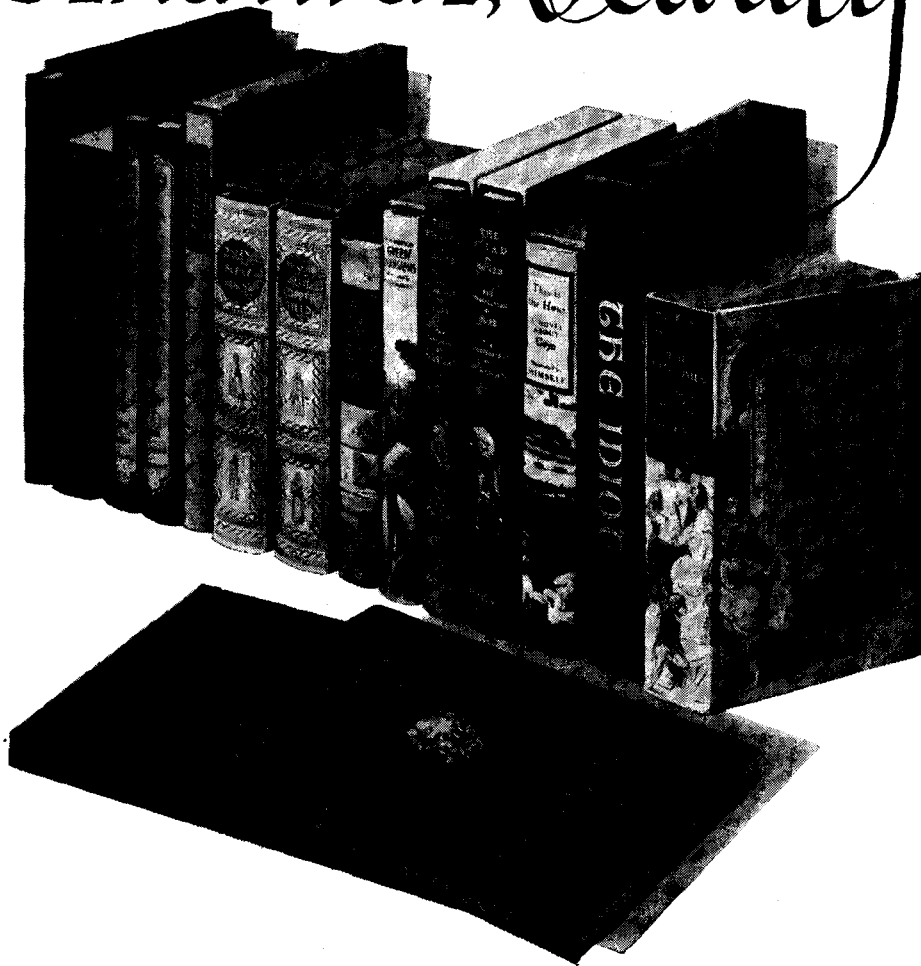
The German enigma

The President and Secretary Dulles have long urged a United States of Europe but never at the price of creating a third force in the sense of political neutralism. The United States has been greatly dependent on its overseas bases, especially in Western Europe, and will remain so for much if not all of Eisenhower's second term.

Germany will continue to confront the President throughout his second term. But he can hardly count on unbroken support in Bonn from the aged Konrad Adenauer. The German enigma calls for imaginative policy-making as part of the opportunity to exploit the weakening of the ties between Moscow and the East European satellites — ties clearly strained by Tito's insistence on his own kind of national independence and by the Polish and Hungarian rebellions.

Dulles moved at once to assure Moscow, partly by his public words, partly by private messages through the Yugoslavs, that Washington like Moscow did not want to see governments in the satellite nations unfriendly to Russia, and that the United States did not seek to add them as military allies. Washington's worst fears, however, were realized when the Hungarian rebels pushed far beyond Titoism to bring on the Red Army bloodbath.

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In the disarmament, or more properly arms limitation, field the President can be counted on to explore whatever ideas come up to him despite the natural hesitation of many in the Pentagon and Atomic Energy Commission. He will undoubtedly continue his policy of altering the character of the armed forces to accentuate weapons over manpower, with perhaps some modification to create "fire brigades" to meet the small-war possibilities.

New ideas and their implementation are imperative in the face of the Kremlin's efforts to consolidate the Communist position from East Berlin to the Sea of Japan and to find a viable relation with the satellites and with the increasing number of non-Communist nations.

Who says recession?

In the domestic field, Eisenhower's policies will be influenced above all by the changing state of the American economy and by the extent of resistance to the end of segregation.

There have been signs over the past year that a cyclical business recession

was in the making, though the economists have had to keep shoving back the date of its expected arrival. Another "rolling readjustment" such as occurred in 1953-1954 would call into play large measures of federal support for the economy, so completely have the Eisenhower Republicans accepted the "full employment" concept even though there are right-wing holdouts among the GOP. But there is no reason to doubt that the American economy has a basic vitality or that the continuation in office of Eisenhower will encourage risk-taking by business.

The farm recession, subject to the vagaries of weather and foreign markets, will remain a headache, with the President forced more and more to trim the flexible price support principle while still honoring it in name. The soil bank is almost certain to be expanded, and some form of direct production payments to farmers, with concomitant acreage controls, especially for overabundant wheat and cotton, is not impossible.

There is no simple answer to the cyclical problems of meat production,

but production payments for wool, approved by Eisenhower, now work well and could be applied to at least some of the perishable crops. In sum, the government's hand on agriculture is hardly likely to decline despite the President's and Secretary Benson's hopes for flexibility and their personal beliefs that the farmers want less government control.

The pattern of resistance in the deep South to the Supreme Court's ruling on public school segregation is now apparent. The President's inclination will be to rely on what he has time and again said are the chief elements to bring change — education and persuasion. It may very well be that the hard-core resistance will be strong enough, despite continued court battles, to slow down desegregation, and that this in turn will win the President to the idea of some form of federal committee or council through which his enormous prestige can be used to keep desegregation from becoming static.

Fortunately, the campaign did nothing to harden the political aspects of the problem though there is no reason to think that the new Congress will pass the civil rights measures which the last one rejected.

The Eisenhower election triumph doubtless will confirm the President's conviction of public agreement with his thesis of hiring the best men he can find — that is, the top executives from the business managerial class — to run the government. But a drifting away of some of the more conspicuous examples, such as Defense Secretary Wilson, is not unlikely. Replacements will come from men of less spectacular wealth and personal success but with just as firm convictions of the virtues of private industry and with more ability.

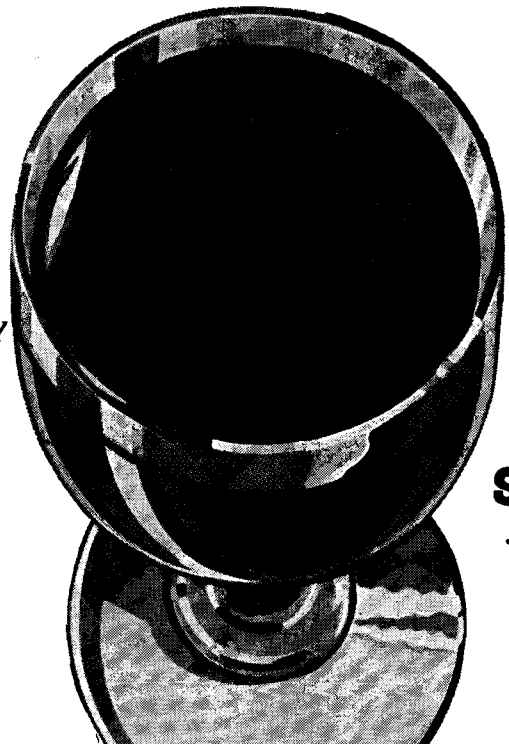
Mood of the Capital

The dominant emotion in Washington the day after the election was simply: Thank God it's over! Democratic control of the new Congress, even with the narrow Senate margin, testifies to the continuing wide distrust of the Republicans as a party.

Washington only partially accepts Eisenhower's view that the election demonstrated that "modern Republicanism has now proved itself." GOP Senate changes, for example,

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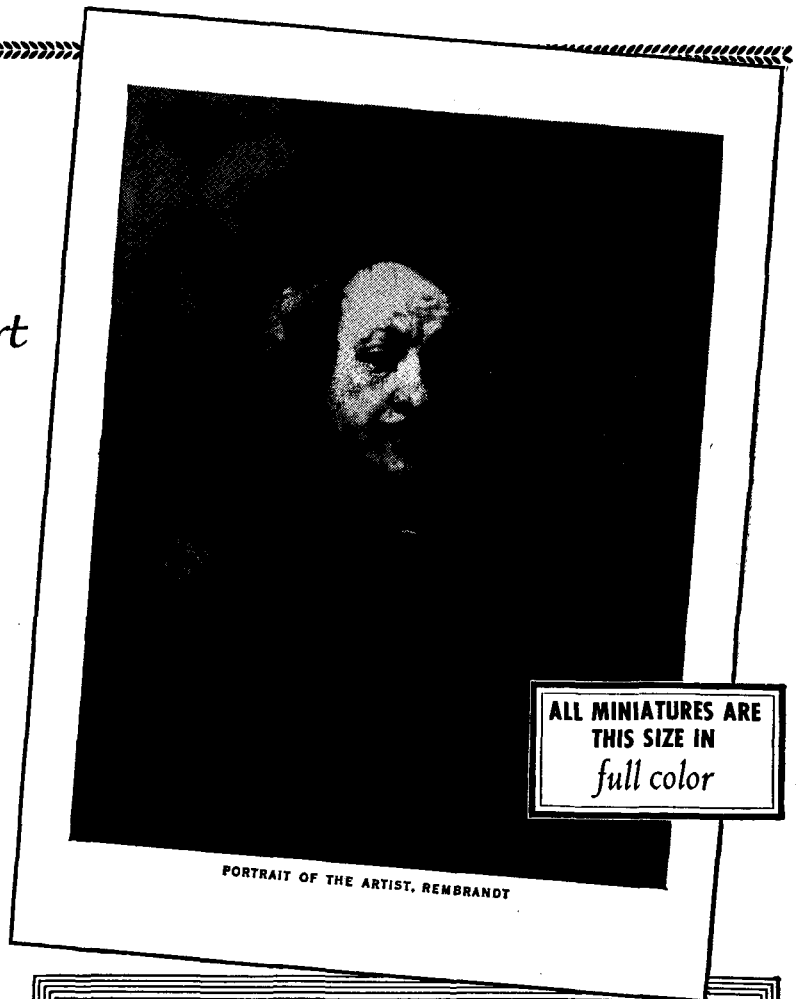
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are less than conclusive — Javits, Cooper, and Morton fit the new Republicanism, but Revercomb does not; Duff who did was beaten, yet so was Welker who did not. Langlie, Thornton, and McKay, all Eisenhower backers, failed to win their races; yet Dirksen, a sometime Eisenhower backer, rode Ike's coattails successfully.

In domestic matters it is probable that the President will follow the more liberal course of his last two years rather than that of his first two, when his own party was in control of Congress.

There should be some form of school aid, for example, and perhaps other related public welfare measures. But basically the effect of split control of the government will be felt far less in the domestic field — where the old coalition of conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats will continue to rule Congress — than in the foreign field.

Here the President will be free of the hobbles of right-wing GOP congressional leadership as he has been since the mid-term election in 1954. A Democratic Congress will give Eisenhower more freedom of maneuver in the difficult task of coming to terms with Red China — something he can hardly escape during his second term, though the platforms of both parties will not make that any easier.

Country above party

There have been strong voices among the Democrats in Congress for more forceful policies. But there also has grown up a Democratic suspicion of Administration foreign aid policies, and it will take real bipartisan cooperation in the planning stage to produce a broadly supported program. Here, perhaps as much as anywhere, will be a test of statesmanship at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue.

The President wants to get along with the Democrats. But he alone can pass down the necessary order that will put his Administration in the cooperative mood so necessary for bipartisan action. If he does, the Democrats on the Hill cannot refuse. If cooperation fails for one reason or another, it will be at the peril of the nation.



A Case of Christmas Cheer

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Science and Industry

THE collision of two airliners over the Grand Canyon last summer was shocking because of the number of lives lost, but collisions in the air are not unusual. Between 1948 and 1955, according to the Civil Aeronautics Board, 226 persons lost their lives in 127 collisions, 15 of them involving commercial aircraft. The 1955 rate climbed 31 per cent over the year before. Air Force safety officers report their planes have averaged about seven mid-air collisions a month since 1952.

Even more ominous for the future is the number of near misses. An Air Transport Association survey is reported to have shown an average of four near misses a day in a typical month.

The growing collision risk is of course one aspect of the much larger problem of air congestion. But while the ultimate solution of overcrowded airways probably depends on better traffic control systems and more accurate navigational devices, the answer to collision risk seems simpler. Obviously the old principle of "see and be seen" no longer works. Many aircraft have blind spots. Clouds hide other planes. Traffic density is constantly increasing — and the complex instruments a pilot has to watch on a big plane make it hard for him to keep a sharp lookout. He needs a warning device to tell him at once when other aircraft come dangerously near.

Radar cocoon

Now the Air Transport Association, which has been on the lookout for such a device, has endorsed a Proximity Indicator system proposed by Collins Radio Company. Collins calls it a "radar cocoon." The indicator consists of a protecting net of radar waves thrown out around a plane in all directions, combined with an automatic danger signal.

Six radar antennae provide the net — four aimed at the horizon and two covering a hemisphere each above and below the aircraft. When another plane comes within two miles on the same level or within 800 feet above or below, a radar signal from an antenna picks it up. At once red lights start flashing on a board in front of the pilot. The position and shape of the light tell at a glance whether the other plane is above or below and in

what direction. A shift in the light pattern shows instantly if the intruder comes close or changes bearing. This flashing light system makes it unnecessary for an observer to keep his eyes glued to a tiny radarscope. The range of the device is believed ample to provide more than the eleven seconds that the ATA estimates the pilot needs to change his course to avoid a collision.

Collins estimates that it will take about a year to develop a working model of the device, and production models are not expected before September, 1958. The company reports that it already has under negotiation orders for more than 800 units, which will cost \$6000 to \$7000 apiece.

Collins plans eventually to make the Proximity Indicator still more useful by tying the radar receiver to a compact computer. This will take the direction and speed of a nearby plane — obtained through Doppler radar — and not only compute almost instantly whether a collision threatens, but also indicate to the pilot which way he must turn to avoid it. But these additional features, which will add \$3000 to \$5000 to the cost, will require a great deal of development and are not expected to be ready until November, 1959.

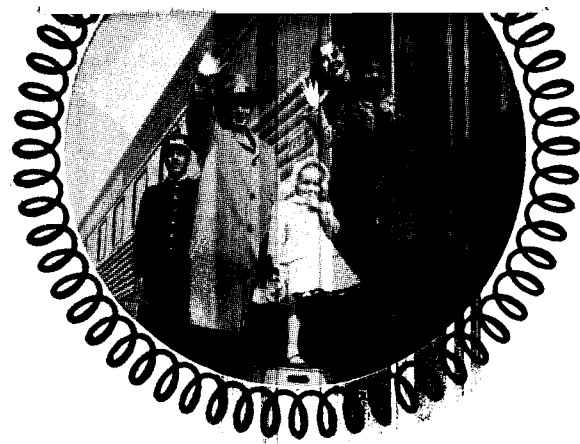
While the cost of the equipment will put it beyond the reach of many private plane owners, the Proximity Indicator will provide them with one benefit at small cost. Any plane that carries an inexpensive microwave receiver will pick up an audible radar signal when a plane equipped with a Collins Indicator is nearby. Some Strategic Air Command craft, incidentally, are using a somewhat similar system right now. Certain kinds of static in their electronic equipment warn them that another plane is intruding on their air space.

Heart-lung machine

The spectacular triumphs of medicine in recent years have been largely the work of the chemist's wonder drugs. Yet engineering techniques, both mechanical and electronic, have produced tools and devices of tremendous value to both research and clinical medicine — iron lungs, electron microscopes, shock therapy machines, radioisotopes, to

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name only a few. Most dramatic of all, perhaps, are the artificial internal organs in which man attempts to use motors and pumps, plastic pipes and electrical currents, to duplicate vital functions of the human body.

Artificial kidneys have been built with plastic membranes that carry out the natural processes by which waste matter is taken from the blood. These are already easing pain and saving lives by giving the body time to rebuild the natural functions. Even more interesting are the machines that do the work of the heart itself — machines that are leading to daring new types of surgery and, according to some enthusiasts, may someday make possible actual replacement of the heart.

A number of these heart-lung machines are now in various stages of development in medical research centers across the country. Heart and lungs are usually treated as a unit because the connections between these two organs are so intricate that it is difficult to take one out of the blood circuit without the other. In principle these organs are relatively simple.

The heart itself is a highly reliable pump, built to last a lifetime. The lungs are simply a device to expose the blood to air so that oxygen can be absorbed and carbon dioxide immediately released.

Actually, of course, nothing in the human body is simple. Commercial pumps are available that can handle blood without damaging or contaminating it, but they must be absolutely reliable. It would be highly desirable to have a pump that would automatically vary its rate of delivery to match the needs of the patient.

Building an efficient lung presents even greater problems. For the oxygen and carbon dioxide exchange to be carried out properly, as much blood surface as possible must be exposed to oxygen. Yet extreme care must be taken to keep the blood from carrying away bubbles of gas that might eventually lodge somewhere in the body with deadly results. For the same reason, the entire system must be designed to keep the blood from drying or clotting, producing equally fatal obstructions. And because the blood is a highly sensitive and com-

plicated fluid, it must not be treated roughly, exposed to contamination, or allowed to touch any substance that might alter its structure.

Anti-foaming and anti-coagulant chemicals help solve some problems. Others are handled in a variety of ways in the machines now under development. A machine designed at the University of Minnesota, for example, uses a commercial pump for the heart, and a lung built of standard commercial plastic tubing. Moving up a vertical tube through which oxygen is bubbled, the blood absorbs the oxygen, then proceeds into a larger chamber where it meets an anti-foamant. Next the blood runs down a spiral coil. Here any remaining bubbles disappear as the unabsorbed gas travels upward. Since the whole lung system costs less than \$15, it can be discarded after a single use — a great advantage because decontamination after use is difficult.

A machine built at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital at Los Angeles uses quite a different kind of lung. The blood is dripped into a vat that contains a froth of blood and oxygen, formed by bubbling oxygen through a blood reservoir. Here the gas exchange takes place. On the way back to the heart, the blood passes through a bubble trap of curved plastic tubing, providing a large exposed surface so that the bubbles can rise to the surface and escape.

A third lung is found in a machine produced at the College of Medicine of the State University of New York in Brooklyn. Perforated stainless steel disks revolve slowly — driven by an electric motor — around a horizontal axis. Blood flows from the patient to the center of the disks by gravity, minimizing risk of pulling air bubbles into the bloodstream. As the blood is spread out across the disks by centrifugal force, it meets a high-oxygen atmosphere created by drawing oxygen from a reservoir. The blood picks up some of this oxygen. At the bottom of the disks the oxygenated blood drips off and passes through a stainless steel sponge coated with anti-foamant to remove bubbles.

To see one of these machines in use, even with a canine patient, is a remarkable experience. The subject is anesthetized, the chest opened swiftly,



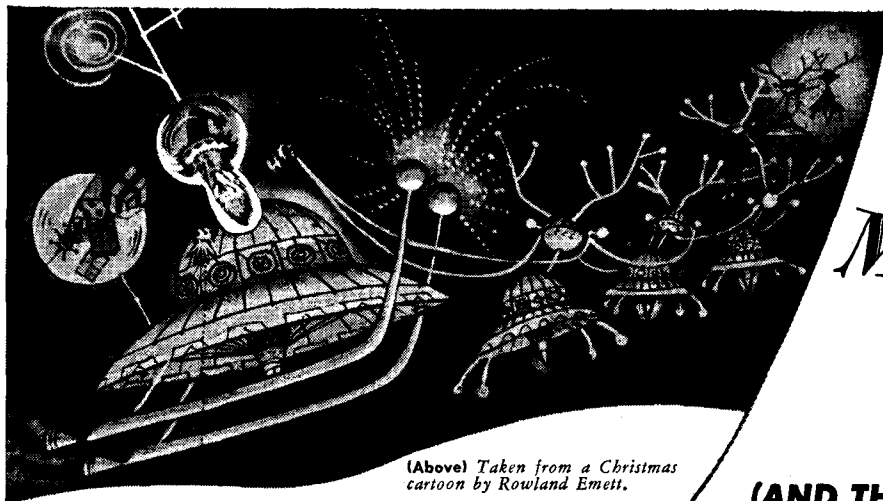
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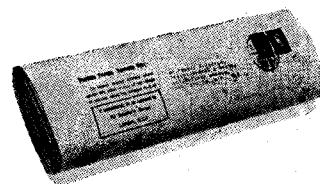


(Above) Taken from a Christmas cartoon by Rowland Emmett.

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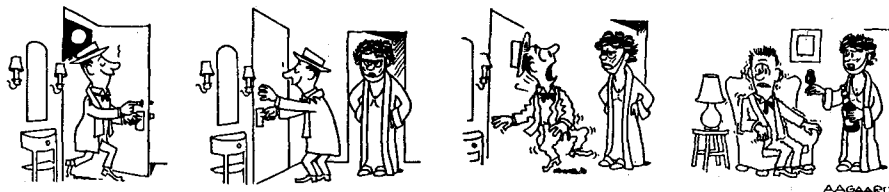


A Great Tradition Carries On

This famed British humor magazine has been poking devastating fun at the world since 1841. A great tradition has attracted to its roster of contributors (and continues to attract) Britain's keenest wits, cartoonists, and critics. Among contemporary contributors are writers like P. G. Wodehouse, Robert Graves, A. P. Herbert, and over 70 top-notch English cartoonists such as Emmett ("Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway"), Searle ("The Belles of St. Trinian's"), Giovanetti ("Max"), Langdon, Brockbank, Sprod, and Fougasse. The cartoons in PUNCH—over 1000 a year, a number of them in full color—are alone worth the price of admission.

Like Going to a Wonderful Party

Spending an evening with the latest issue of PUNCH is like going to a party attended by Britain's cleverest people. The



latest plays, movies, ballets, books, television programs are discussed. (Yes, they have their version of "The \$64,000 Question" too, and "I Love Lucy.") The doings in Parliament and the Cabinet are skilfully dissected—and so are its members! And throughout the evening runs a thread of brilliant mockery and parody such as:

What If?

What if Attlee, not Churchill, had written "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples"?

How would television's "This Is Your Life" have handled the heart-throbbing story of Bob Cratchit, Scrooge, and Tiny Tim?

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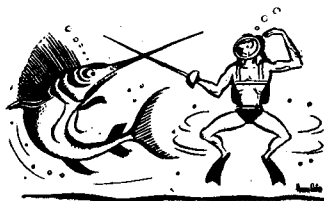
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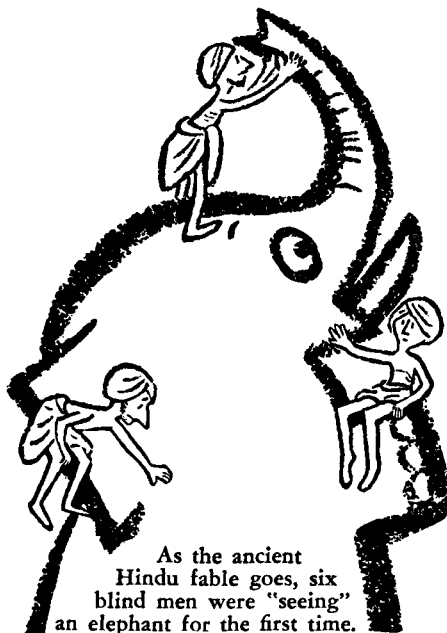
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THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT



As the ancient Hindu fable goes, six blind men were "seeing" an elephant for the first time. One touched his side and said, "very like a wall". The second his trunk, and cried, "very like a snake". The third, his knee—which was "very like a tree". And the fourth, fifth, and sixth touched tusk, ear, and tail—which seemed like spear, fan and rope, to the blind men.

✽

All of them, of course, were right.
All of them were wrong.

Because the *whole* truth depends on knowing all sides of a subject, not one.

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the heart's pumping action halted with a slight electric shock, the machine quickly connected. Dark blood, deficient in oxygen and heavy with carbon dioxide, runs down the tubing to the machine, set on the floor. As it reaches the shining stainless steel disks, it spreads out across them, turning bright red as it picks up oxygen. It then flows by gravity to two small transparent plastic pumps. In each of these, compressed air pushes up a rubber diaphragm, forcing the blood uphill and into the body's circulatory system.

Since there is no vacuum in this type of pump, atmospheric air cannot be sucked in through the tubing, as sometimes happens with ordinary pumps. When the surgery is completed and the heart reconnected, another shock starts the heart pumping once more. (Stopping the heart beat is done only in certain types of operations, where cardiac action would interfere. Some other research groups are producing cardiac standstill by injection of certain chemicals into the coronary artery circulation.)

A variety of heart-lung machines are already being used successfully with human patients. They can give overtaxed hearts a chance to recuperate, for several hours if necessary. There are many conditions in which such a rest can be invaluable. Use of the machines makes it possible for the surgeon to see exactly what he is doing, freeing him from the need to work in an ocean of blood when he opens the heart. Most important of all, the machines give him time. The limiting factor in surgical repair of the heart is the extremely short period the body can survive while the blood circulation is halted. If circulation must be cut off from all of the body except the brain, the surgeon has about 34 minutes to complete his job. This is little enough, but if he wishes to work at a point where the blood flow to the brain itself is cut off, the surgeon has only 3½ minutes. After that, lack of oxygen does irreparable damage to the brain cells.

When a heart-lung machine keeps the blood in circulation to brain and body alike, these spans can be greatly prolonged. The surgeon has time to do delicate repairs to the heart itself, correcting congenital defects or damage done by disease.

These machines may eventually permit the safe repair of coronary artery disease. (The technique for obtaining blood pressure readings and blood analysis from the heart itself—for which the Nobel prize in medicine was awarded this fall—plays a vital part in helping the surgeon to decide when advanced heart surgery is necessary.)

There is every likelihood that it will be possible to replace essential portions of the heart and its great vessels. Studies are in process using both human materials—preserved by freezing and drying—and such man-made materials as nylon and orlon. At the Surgical Research Laboratory, State University of New York, a dog lived for months with a plastic ball valve in place of an important heart valve. His chest emitted a steady click-click, like Barrie's crocodile.

Today's heart-lung machines are bulky and delicate, but the technological skills that produced miniature radios and computers from their unwieldy prototypes of a generation or so ago should be equally successful in miniaturizing artificial organs. If so, medicine will once again owe a debt to the engineer. The New Jersey State Medical Society *Journal* pointed out not long ago that collaboration between doctors and engineers is inevitable and essential: "The first group to build a bridge between the two professions will make an enormous contribution to human progress. . . . To be sure the body is not just a machine. . . . But there is enough of the machine in the human body to need the help of an engineer."

Airport firefighter

At Australian airports a vehicle that looks like a triple cross between a bus, a fire engine, and a tank stands ready to rescue persons trapped in crashed aircraft. Its engine is mounted in the rear, and it shoots a pathway of foam as it rolls to the wreck. There a circular saw set into the tender's bow takes three seconds to cut a 2½-foot escape hole, while two huge asbestos blankets swing out to shield the occupants as they crawl out.

Rescue workers can also enter the plane with a portable saw to cut free persons caught inside. An inch and a half of rock wool between two steel walls protects the occupants of the



Empress Chinchilla by Leo Ritter

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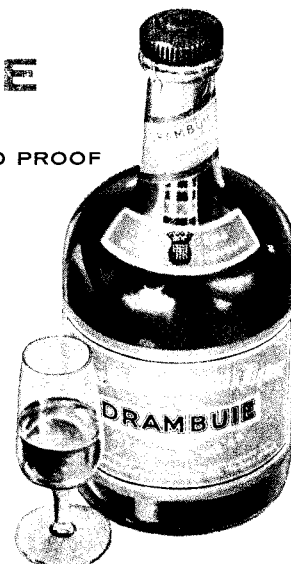
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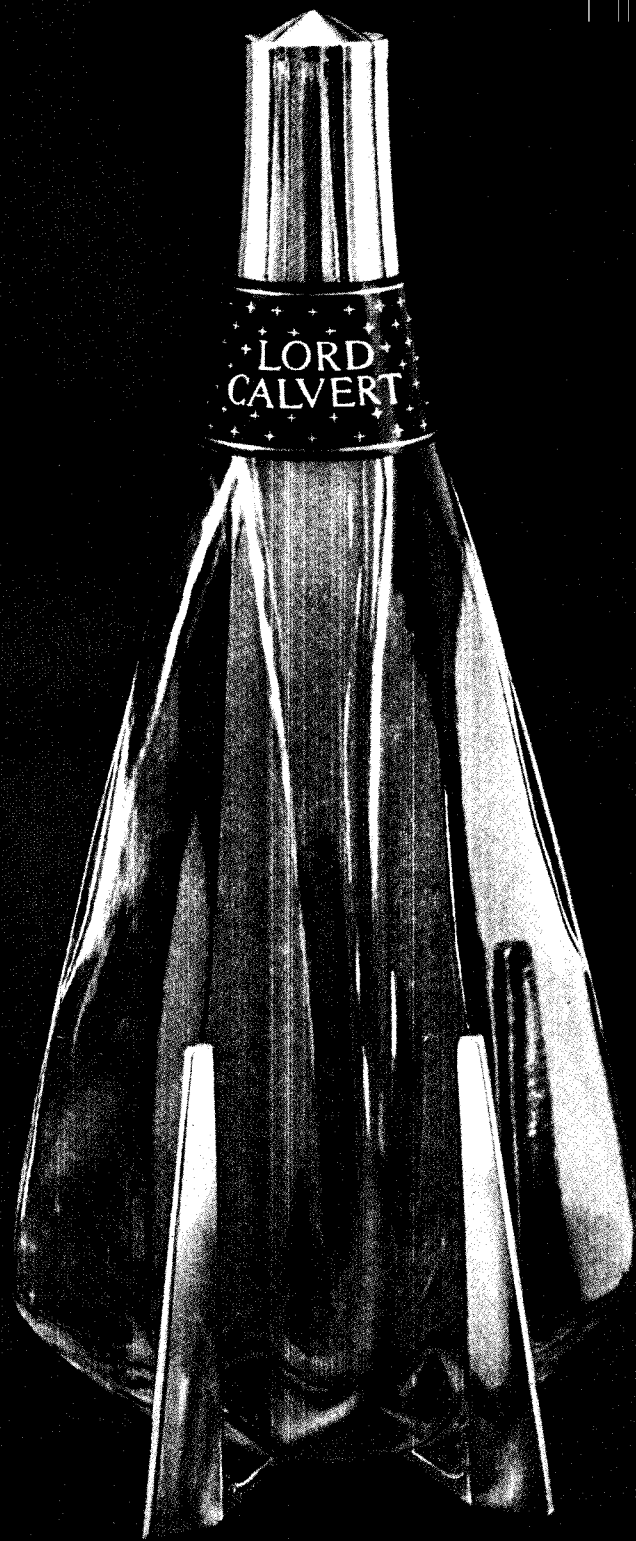
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Automatic radio station

An automatic control system for radio stations makes it possible to program an entire day's broadcasting in a couple of hours, flip a switch, and go off to the races. Unattended, the station will run through fourteen hours of commercials, records, station breaks, taped interviews, and other transcriptions.

The heart of the Autostation — made by Gates — is a special magnetic tape, which carries two sets of signals side by side. Half the tape records commercials and other announcements, while the strip beside it carries a series of tone signals. These signals are never translated into sound; instead they turn on and off other electronic equipment such as record players and tape recorders. The tape stops when the record player starts, picks up again when record or transcription stops. Tone signals of different frequencies can be used to bring any number of players or tape recorders in on cue.

Blasting

One hazard of highway building may be a shower of complaints about broken windows and cracked crockery. Estimating the effect of a blast on the surrounding neighborhood is an art that requires great skill and experience. Now a device called the Accelerograph, something like a baby seismograph, is turning this art into a science by measuring test blasts.

The Accelerograph is placed on solid ground or rock a given number of feet away from where a test blast is to be made. Three thin reeds inside the instrument, one for motion in each of three planes, pick up the shock waves and agitate a light beam that records a wavy line on moving 70-mm. film.

Analyzing the size and character of the vibrations on the film, engineers can determine the exact amount of explosive that will do the job at that site without shaking the surrounding area. Developed by the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, the device also makes a permanent record that can be produced in court to refute false damage claims.

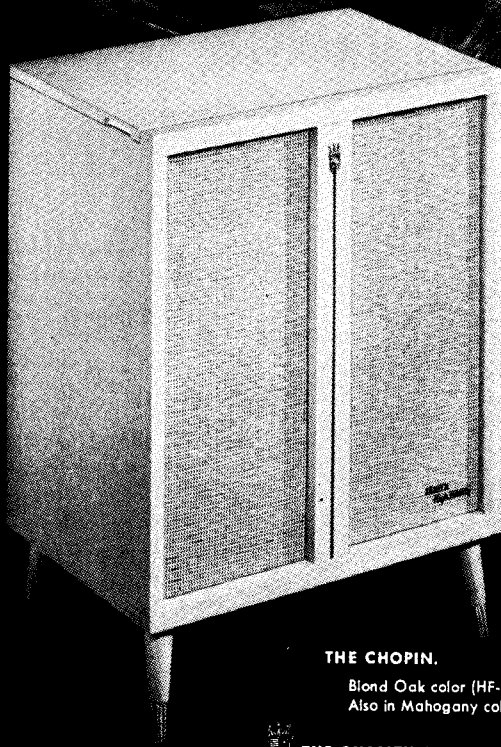
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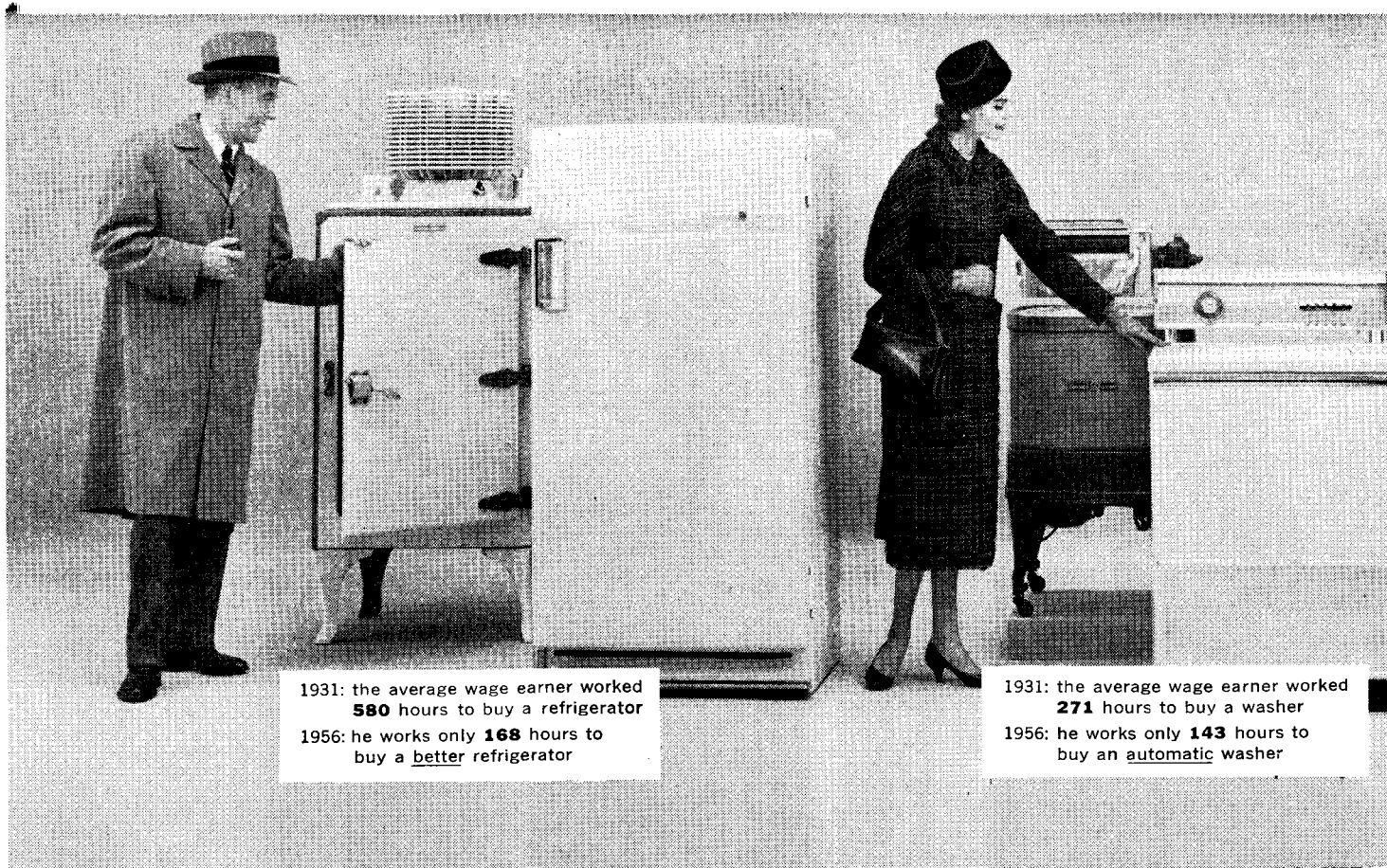
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1931: the average wage earner worked **580** hours to buy a refrigerator
1956: he works only **168** hours to buy a better refrigerator

1931: the average wage earner worked **271** hours to buy a washer
1956: he works only **143** hours to buy an automatic washer

Progress in buying power: examples based on average hourly wages in industry in 1931 and 1956, and General Electric prices in those years.

How General Electric tries to bring extra values to its customers

One of the best ways to measure America's standard of living is in terms of how much people can buy in return for the hours they spend at work.

To buy the electrical products he wants, for instance, the average wage earner today has to work far fewer hours than he did just a few years ago.

This is real progress in buying power for American families. But, as General Electric sees it, there are other important values beyond the price tag.

Constant stream of new products

With electrical products today, Americans enjoy new ease of operation, new comfort, new style and safety.

The housewife has her choice of General Electric appliances in a variety of colors, so she can match or mix the colors in her kitchen. The General Electric refrigerator she can buy holds more foods of all kinds, has doors that close magnetically, and is "child-safe" (its doors can be opened from the inside). The whole family can enjoy a General Electric portable television set with a larger screen than console models had a short time ago.

Besides these advances in existing

products, completely new concepts in electrical living are becoming available. One example is the Weathertron, a single unit run entirely by electricity that heats a house in winter, cools it in summer. Another is an electronic oven that roasts a turkey in a half hour.

Easy availability, better service

With so many products for the home, as well as for American industry, we recognize that it is no easy task to get products out to all who want them, when and where they want them, and with the kind of service they expect. We have a wide variety of programs to try to do this job.

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parts, and that the service man who calls will be well trained in servicing the products.

For industrial customers, General Electric has long provided aid to back up the new and improved products they buy from us. Design help, application and installation service, and emergency service and repair are some of the extra values we offer. In this way, we try to help other industries turn out more and better products for *their* customers . . . and help utilities keep electricity today's greatest bargain.

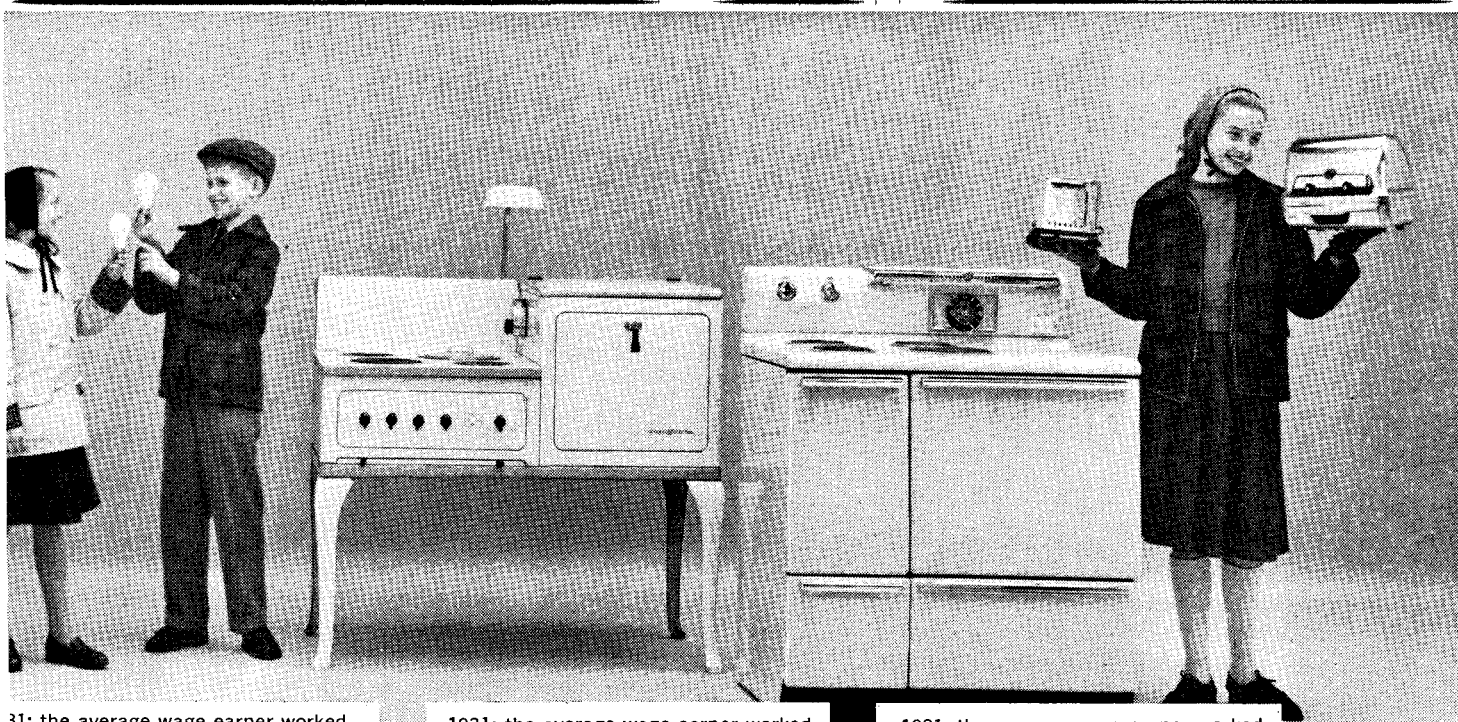
In providing such values for customers, we believe General Electric is making an important contribution to the economy: in more and better jobs . . . in new opportunities for other businesses we deal with . . . in increased returns for the people who risk their savings in the company . . . and in helping everyone to live and work better—electrically.

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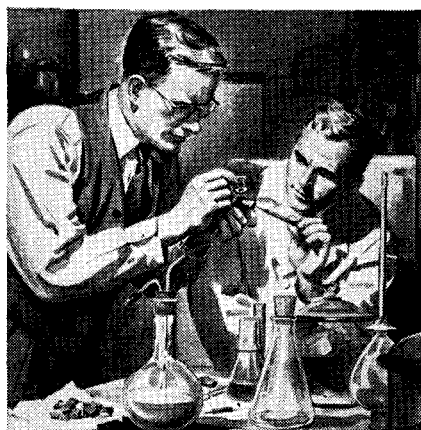


1931: the average wage earner worked **40** minutes to buy a 100-watt bulb
 1956: he works only **7** minutes to buy a brighter 100-watt bulb

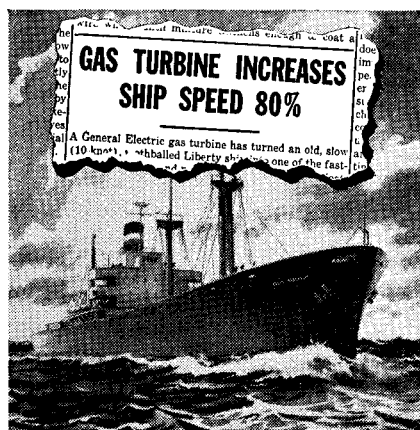
1931: the average wage earner worked **288** hours to buy a range
 1956: he works only **99** hours to buy a push-button range

1931: the average wage earner worked **24** hours to buy a toaster
 1956: he works only **15** hours to buy a toaster plus toast-oven

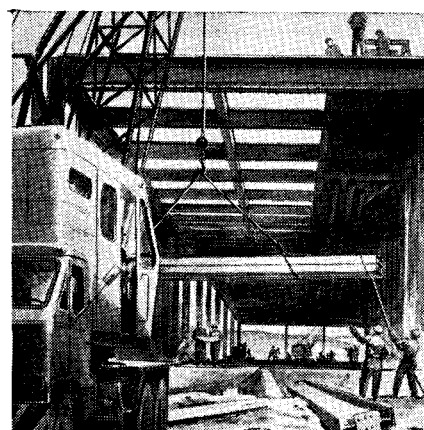
SOME OF THE WAYS BETTER VALUES ARE CREATED AT GENERAL ELECTRIC



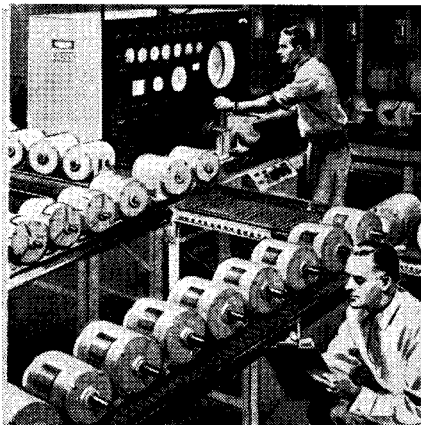
By research and development to seek new knowledge, materials, and designs that satisfy human wants. In this area, G.E. spends over 3 times as much, per dollar of sales, as the average manufacturing company.



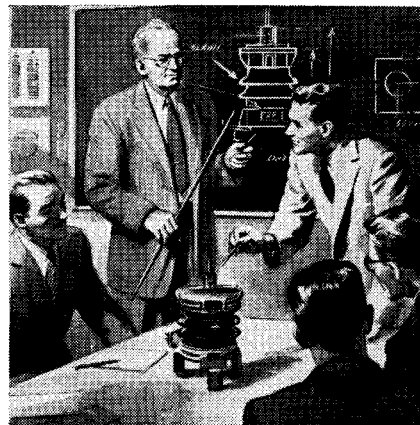
By taking on big risks needed to pioneer new fields and new products. General Electric's pioneering in gas turbines, in atomic energy, in the Weathertron, and in vital defense production are a few good examples.



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British West Africa

IN BRITISH WEST AFRICA a bold experiment is approaching its climax. The Gold Coast, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and the Gambia are on the road to self-government. If all goes according to plan the Gold Coast, politically the most advanced of the African countries, will achieve complete independence early in 1957, closely followed by Nigeria.

The success or failure of Nigeria and the Gold Coast will have a far-reaching effect on developments in the rest of the continent. If the new governments succeed in standing on their own feet, holding their countries on a stable and progressive course, nationalist movements all over Africa will be strengthened and encouraged. If they fail in good government, if inefficiency and corruption take hold, if through maladministration and disorder the already low standard of living of their people falls still further, then the prophecies of the Cassandra who think Africans are not yet fit for self-government will be seen to be true.

Geographic and climatic conditions account for West Africa's isolation until very recently from the civilizations of Europe and the Far East. They also account for the fact that in British West Africa all land belongs to the Africans — no non-African owns land outright. Mangrove swamps, muddy creeks, and the tropical forests of the rain belt formed a barrier of disease and death which confined white men to the coasts. They came as traders and not as settlers, and left the fabric of the Negro life in the interior undisturbed.

Lords of the soil

Even at the height of the scramble of the rich slave trade, rent was paid regularly to the owners of the land on which forts and stores were built; and in the mid-eighteenth century the British Company of Merchants, who by that time had won from other European countries the sole right to carry slaves to the Spanish American colonies, declared, "We recognize the Sovereignty of the natives as lords of the soil." Since then the British Crown has held the land in trust for the African natives.

This fundamental fact has colored the whole trend of race relations and made possible the present

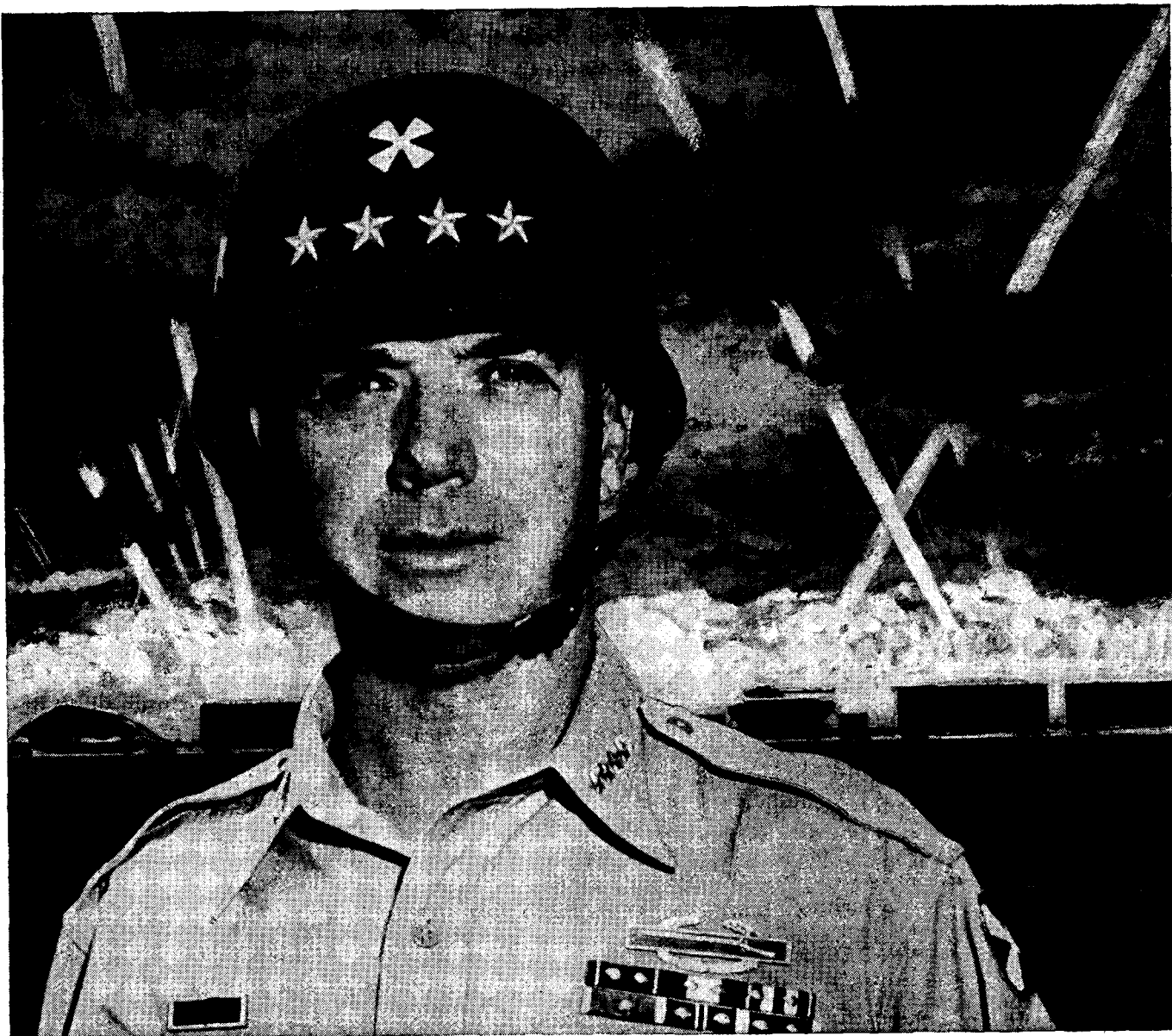
pattern of development. The fears and hatreds which have their roots in rivalry for the possession of land, and which in Kenya have given birth to the Mau Mau, do not exist in British West Africa. Constitutional development is taking its course free from the bedevilment of a multiracial society.

Nationalism is not new in West Africa. West Africans never willingly accepted the loss of their independence, and since the mid-nineteenth century nationalist organizations have existed; but it was not until after World War II that the present revolutionary changes really began. Inspiration came from countries like India and Indonesia, and the growth of the nationalist movement was also stimulated by the great increase after the war in the number of educated Africans. The political parties which now lead these countries were formed during or immediately after the war.

The British government met their demands more than halfway. In 1950 and 1951 new constitutions were put into operation in the Gold Coast and Nigeria; and subject to certain powers reserved to the Governor, responsibility for internal affairs is already in the hands of elected parliaments with all-African Cabinets or Councils of Ministers. The British Colonial Secretary has promised that both countries can have complete self-government as soon as they themselves can agree by a "reasonable" majority in their parliaments on the form which they want it to take. This is where they find themselves snarled up by tribal rivalries.

Both Nigeria and the Gold Coast include within their boundaries many tribes and ancient Negro kingdoms, differing widely in language, religion, and social and political habit. They resemble modern Towers of Babel, each tribe speaking its own tongue and unable to talk with its neighbors except in pidgin English, which has become a lingua franca.

The Gold Coast has a population of just under 5 million. Within its borders are two major tribes, Fanti and Ashanti, who for centuries have fought unending wars. The peoples of the Gold Coast's Northern Territories differ widely from the people of



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and trained manpower upon which the Armed Forces can draw for their own combat and strategic requirements. *To maintain such a rail plant in readiness, it must be used in peacetime.*"

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the rain forests and tend to find their cultural roots among the Berber and Arab peoples of the Western Sahara.

The present Gold Coast constitution provides a unitary form of government, and the Prime Minister, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, came to power when the Convention People's Party won the first general election, held in 1954. The Ashanti, who form the principal opposition, reject a form of government which lays them open to rule by their age-old enemies, and demand a federation which would leave them free to manage their own internal affairs. In June, 1956, after long and fruitless efforts to negotiate with the Ashanti, Nkrumah held a general election, and his party once more gained a majority over the whole country. But he still failed to get the support of the Ashanti people.

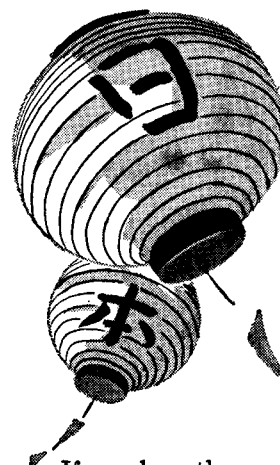
The motion asking Great Britain for independence was passed by the Legislative Assembly in the absence of the opposition, who boycotted the Assembly because the motion was introduced before agreement had been reached on a constitution. Nkrumah can claim that the Colonial Secretary's terms have been fulfilled — but it is difficult to see how the country can prosper unless the Ashanti agree to coöperate in the government.

Diverse religions

The indigenous religious beliefs of West Africa are even more diverse than the people themselves, varying from village to village, and even within families. Until the end of the nineteenth century, when the British put a stop to it, human sacrifice was common. To this day juju has great power, with its belief in evil spirits and the gods of natural forces; and deaths for which there is no medical explanation still occur when a man has a juju put on him by his enemies. But along with primitive practices the native religions carried powerful disciplines to guide a man in his daily life. Industrialization sweeps away these guides, often without adequate spiritual substitutes.

Muslims, and later Christians, made many converts in West Africa. There are large numbers of Mohammedans in the Gambia, Sierra Leone, and the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast, and Northern and Western Nigeria are basically Muslim. Christianity also is widespread.

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From these diverse religious, cultural, and political elements the newly fledged politicians must create internal unity and discover a will and ability among Africans themselves to think and act as one people if the British West African colonies are to survive as self-governing nations.

The parliamentary game

The legislatures in West Africa are based on the British House of Commons. West Africans are natural orators and have taken to the parliamentary game like ducks to water. Many of the new legislators, in the two years since they were elected, have developed a sense of the responsibilities underlying parliamentary government, and much practical and well-conceived legislation has been passed by all the parliaments. But too many seem to have grasped the shadow rather than the substance of parliamentary government, and there is a tendency in debate to lose touch with reality.

A sense of national and racial pride demands that these newborn countries should exhibit the power and wealth of older and richer nations; members seem to think that words alone can conjure up fine navies and armies and air forces, complete with aircraft carriers and jet bombers; television networks; roads and railways; and industrial equipment. Often tribal feeling breaks through the flow of serious debate, and some politicians have to learn that, in the recent words of a Nigerian journalist, "it is not every time that one must seek to bring to utter ruin those who choose to disagree with one."

Men of different tribes and different religions are in fact learning to work together and to think of their country as a whole, not only of their own particular corner of it. There is wisdom among them, and humor. One, congratulated on being in the Cabinet in his twenties, said, "Nothing very remarkable in that. After all, there was Pitt!" But the trouble is that many Ministers are fonder of, and better skilled in, stumping the country after votes than they are of running their departments, the business of which is still largely in the hands of expatriate British officials.

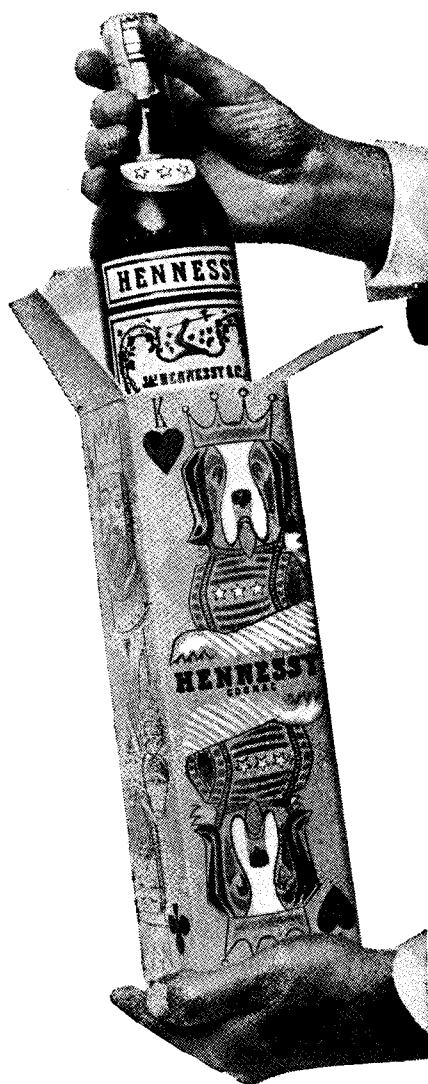
There is a good deal of corruption in West Africa today. The press and radio campaign against it, but it goes

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on. In countries where by tradition the humble have paid tribute to the rich and powerful in return for protection, certain practices are difficult to judge by Western standards. At its lowest level it must fill the observer with horror. The desperately ill, and probably penniless, patient may, in spite of efforts to stamp out the system, be unable to get proper attention in the hospital without giving money to nurses and attendants. The worker who for years has had to pay a percentage of his meager wages to the foreman or senior clerk whose "influence" got him his job sees no escape from the toils.

On the political level at this eleventh hour before freedom, both Dr. Nkrumah and his Gold Coast government, and Dr. Nmandi Azikiwi, Prime Minister of Eastern Nigeria, have become involved in inquiries alleging the misuse of public money. Hope for the future lies in the fact that the Africans themselves are acutely aware of the danger.

New methods, new money

The economic structure of all four territories is fundamentally the same, resting chiefly on a primitive agriculture with a very low level of productivity. Development plans include revision of the system of land tenure — a thorny subject touching tribal and family rights and prejudices; encouragement in forming larger, more economic units; training in modern agricultural methods; and the provision of better seeds, fertilizers, and implements. But if these and the multitudinous schemes for starting new industries, improving communications, developing export commodities — minerals, cocoa, ground nuts, palm oil, cotton, timber, hides, and skins — and for increasing social and welfare services are to succeed, conditions must be created which attract foreign investment.

In 1954 Nkrumah said, "My Government has accepted the fact that it will be many years before the Gold Coast will be in a position to find from its own resources people who can combine capital with the experience required in the development and management of new industries. It is, therefore, apparent that the Government must rely to a large extent on foreign enterprise, and the Government is anxious to give it every encouragement."

Since that date the estimated cost of the Gold Coast Volta River hydroelectric project has more than doubled — at least \$865 million is now needed if the project is to be carried through to its final stage. The world markets must be convinced that stability can be maintained and that agreements made with foreign investors will be honored by future governments.

The fight against illiteracy

Should education or economic development come first? This is difficult to answer. To the African, education is a magic word which can spell freedom, riches, and opportunity. Education is at its most basic in the fight against illiteracy — only 2 per cent of the 19 million inhabitants of Northern Nigeria are literate. Thousands of administrators, research workers, engineers, and technicians are needed urgently. And at the base of this whole pyramid is the crying need for teachers. The missionaries laid a remarkable foundation of schools. The majority of adult educated Africans began their education in a mission school, and even today 85 per cent of schools are controlled by religious organizations.

Many political parties are introducing free primary education, and new schools are springing up everywhere. But the shortage of fully trained teachers is desperate — too often the "headmaster" of a primary school is a boy of thirteen or fourteen whose own educational standard is very modest.

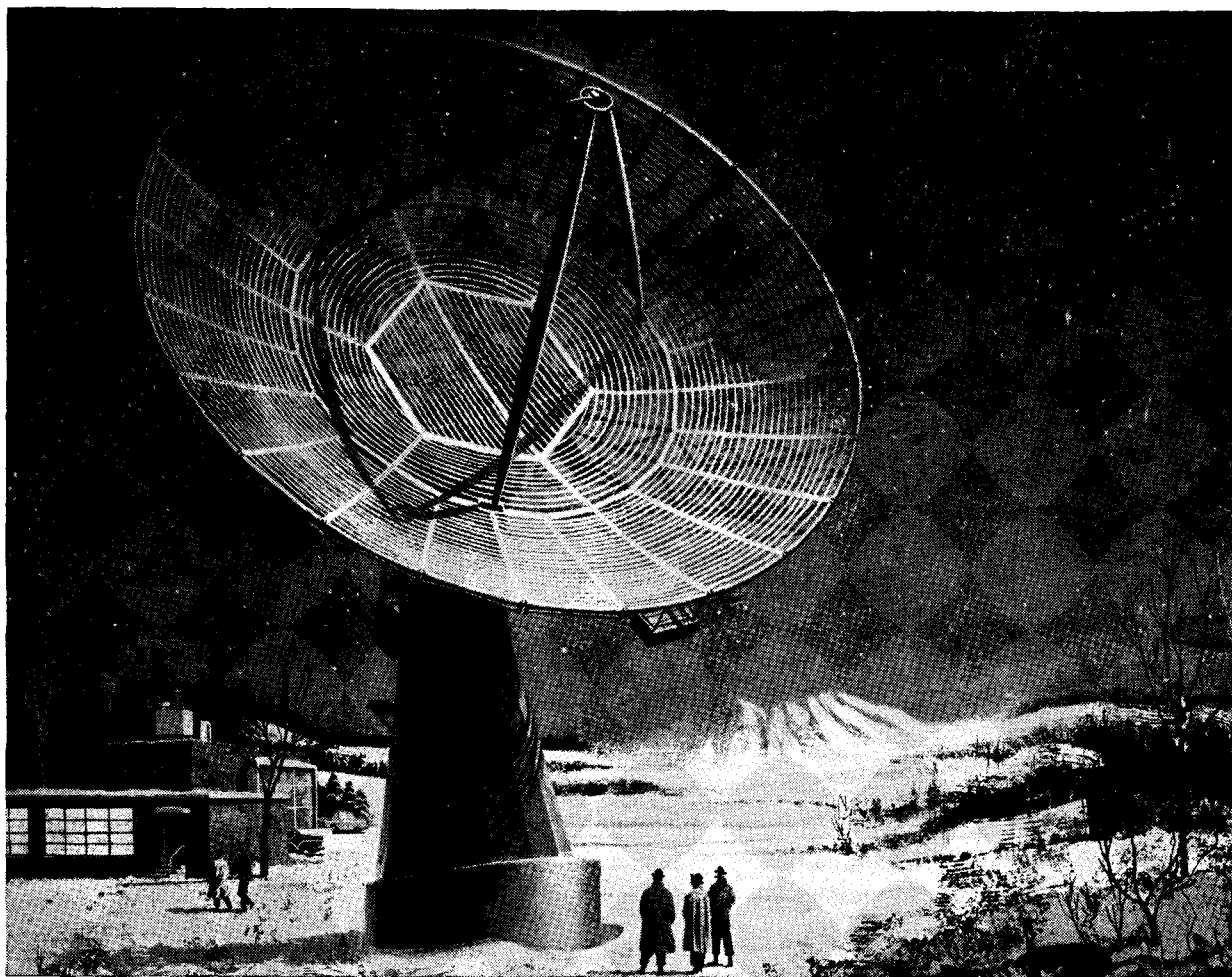
At the root of the problem is money. West Africa simply has not got the necessary money to carry through urgent educational needs to enable its people to advance into a different life. Great Britain gives large sums annually from Colonial Welfare Development funds, and every year hundreds of West African students go to England on government scholarships. But this is not enough. Can economic development be pushed on to provide the money so badly needed for education?

Or is this a vicious circle in which education waits on money from an industrial expansion which, in its turn, is held back by lack of schools and colleges to produce the technicians without which industry cannot prosper?



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It has been said that today most of us are seldom more than a few feet from something made of aluminum. In the following interview, Nathanael V. Davis, president of Aluminium Limited, the independent Canadian producer which supplies an important amount of the aluminum ingot we use, answers some key questions which have been raised about this versatile metal.



This giant aluminum antenna, six stories high, combs the heavens for signals from unseen stars. Similar units may make transoceanic TV possible.

WHAT'S NEW IN ALUMINUM?



Q. Mr. Davis, it's been predicted that the use of aluminum in the United States will double in the next nine years. How big is the future for aluminum?

A. We think it's a future of promise. We foresee long-term growth of aluminum demand, not only in the United States and Canada, but all over the world. For example, last year, the free world produced close to 3,000,000 tons of primary aluminum. By 1960, we estimate the free world will turn out close to 4,500,000 tons a year — better than 1,000,000 tons in Canada and more than 2,500,000

tons in the U. S. This, of course, is a prodigious growth. There may be temporary surpluses while all this production is absorbed by the fabricating industry. But we and the whole industry are confident that the necessary demand will develop.

Q. This is a 50 per cent increase in only five years. What will it all be used for?

A. Let's take the automotive field. The new 1957 cars have nearly 30 per cent more aluminum, on the average, than the 1956 cars. Since the automakers are working hard to keep weight down, the proportion of aluminum is bound to rise. They have given serious thought to the possibility of replacing chromium trim with aluminum, and gray iron with aluminum in some en-



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Huge amounts of electricity needed at Kitimat, B. C., aluminum smelter flow over transmission lines supported by unique aluminum towers.

gine parts. You probably know that aluminum pistons are almost universal, and there is growing use of aluminum in automatic transmissions, instrument panels, and other components.

Q. Where else do you see new markets opening up for aluminum?

A. Packaging and canning is one area. We at Aluminium Limited think each will eventually consume large amounts of metal. We see a big growth in aluminum foil, packaging, and also in a newer field — seamless aluminum cans. Here, aluminum has a number of distinct advantages — light weight, absence of rusting and longer “shelf life.” Our studies on packaging fish, condensed milk, aerosols and other products — in can sizes where aluminum can compete economically with tinplate — indicate that by 1965 a growing share of the canning industry’s total output will be in aluminum cans.

Then, too, look at the electrical field: copper, as you know, has been widely used in all kinds of wire and electrical equipment. However, new copper production is increasing at the rate of only 4 per cent a year, while the world’s electrical industry is growing at twice that rate. This means that by 1960, aluminum will probably be used in substantial quantities in household wiring and telephone wire.

Our research experts conservatively estimate that by 1960 the world’s electrical industry alone will consume close to 800,000 tons of aluminum a year. That’s one-third of all the aluminum used today in the United States.

Q. In your opinion, what are the main reasons for this growth?

A. One major reason, of course, is price. Even though we have witnessed considerable inflation over the last decade, aluminum is selling today at a price only 25 per cent more than its average 1939 price, whereas prices of other metals have risen substantially. Copper, for example, is up 300 per cent; lead, 200 per cent; zinc, 130 per cent; tin is up 90 per cent. Steel bullets are up 125 per cent.

Also there has been a large population increase in recent years and living standards have risen. Per capita aluminum consumption has increased in the United States from 3½ pounds in 1947 to over 19 pounds in 1954. It is expected that with the growing industrialization and higher living standards throughout the previously underdeveloped world markets, aluminum use and consumption will increase in pace with their growth. Industry research and development programs have brought forth new uses for aluminum. And there has been a growing appreciation of



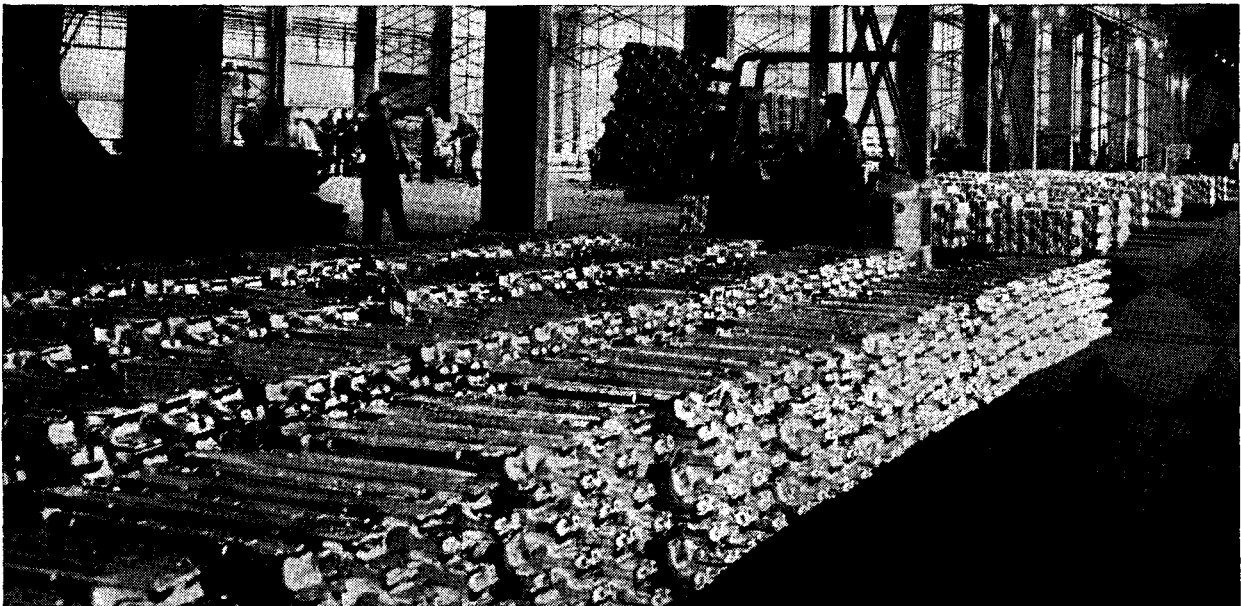
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the metal's properties by consumers, manufacturers, engineers, architects and designers. Every one of us has noted the big increase in the use of aluminum for store fronts, roofing, siding, and low-cost prefabricated buildings. Right now, about 100 multistory buildings are being built in the United States using exterior aluminum "curtain walls."

Q. What is Aluminium Limited doing in the way of developing new uses for aluminum?

A. One of the most significant advances which our research and development staff has come up with recently is a commercial process to anodize aluminum wire, coating it with a hard oxide insulation. If this development work now being

A. Well, the future certainly is bright. We foresee a large increase in the use of aluminum in truck bodies, buses, trains and ships. The use of aluminum in shipbuilding has long interested our technicians. Aluminium Limited's principal subsidiary, the Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd., has been working with the Royal Canadian Navy for a number of years on applying more aluminum to the building of naval vessels. A good example of aluminum as a seagoing metal is the new St. Laurent, the first of a class of fourteen Canadian destroyer escorts. She and her sister vessels represent probably the most modern anti-submarine vessels yet designed. They have a lot of aluminum in their superstructures, funnels, bulkheads, masts, furniture and other fixtures.



Aluminum ingots like these shown in Kitimat plant are shipped to manufacturers all across the United States and abroad.

carried out in our pilot plant continues satisfactorily, aluminum wire will be used for many types of electrical equipment, where its properties are particularly suitable. Like many such developments, a lot of time and effort must still be expended to determine the full market possibilities of this new coating. To hasten development of this product, we are working closely with major electrical companies.

I've mentioned before our work in canning. Our research and development staff in Canada and abroad is working in a number of cases in cooperation with American and European companies. At Goettingen, Germany, one of our subsidiaries is now setting up a fully automatic line to produce seamless aluminum cans for coffee and motor oil.

Q. You have talked about aluminum in autos. What about other parts of the transportation field?

Freight cars may seem to be a less exciting form of transportation, but the Canadian National Railways by the end of the year will be operating nearly 7,000 box cars with aluminum roofs developed by Aluminium Limited research. This represents the biggest single use of aluminum in railroading in North America. We feel it is only the beginning in this field, where capital investment in rolling stock is so important. Each aluminum roof means 1,300 pounds more pay load.

Q. Is growth in the aluminum industry concentrated among the large metal products manufacturers today?

A. No, not by any means. *Modern Metals*, an authoritative light metals trade magazine, estimates that compared with 4,000 ten years ago, there are now about 24,000 companies in the United States which make products of aluminum. Some are big companies, but most are small businesses, employing as few as a dozen employees,



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and run by hard-working men with the vision to see aluminum's great future.

Aluminium Limited this year will ship to the United States about 250,000 tons of primary aluminum ingot. In other words, one ton in every eight tons of primary aluminum used this year in the United States will come from Canada. We supply aluminum producers in the United States as well as independent fabricators who have no ingot facilities of their own. We regard these independent metal fabricators as our natural market in the United States. We expect in the next few years to increase our shipments substantially to these companies.

Q. What is the aluminum industry doing to expand?

A. Aluminum producing companies here and in Canada are investing money, materials and manpower in an expansion program that is, in some respects, unique in the business world.

Supplementing the U. S. primary industry are our own facilities in the provinces of Quebec and British Columbia. These plants have a rated capacity of 732,000 tons. In addition, Aluminium Limited is building or has planned another 300,000 tons, to bring our capacity by 1960 to 1,032,000 tons.

What it adds up to is this: North American aluminum producers, having expanded 360 per cent since the war, are building more than 1,000,000 tons of new annual capacity, or a 47 per cent increase over today's figure, to catch up with the ever-growing demand.

Q. Why did your company go to Canada?

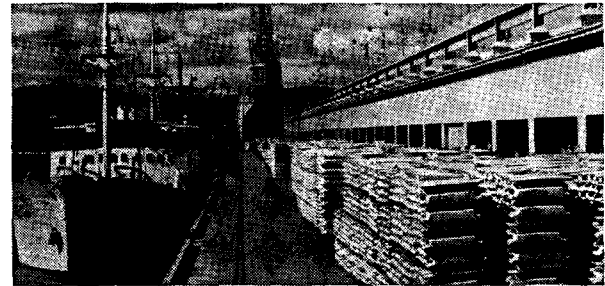
A. Power — hydroelectric power — is the answer. Aluminum reduction requires tremendous amounts of electricity, and Canada has great hydroelectric resources, far from the growing needs of cities and industries. Thanks to this power supply, we have been able to expand our smelting facilities greatly, and our expansion program is the largest single one in the industry. From 1951 through 1959 we will have spent more than \$1,000,000,000 on it — or more than \$2,000,000 a week. At Kitimat, British Columbia, a smelter is operating at 150,000 tons a year, and the expansion program now underway will more than double its size.

Across the continent, on the upper Peribonka River in Quebec, another big hydroelectric power development for aluminum production is in the making. Here, at Chute-des-Passes, men have started work on a power development which will generate 1,000,000 horsepower of electricity from the vast supplies of rushing water that is one of Canada's greatest natural resources. This devel-

opment will firm up hydroelectric power in the Saguenay and enable the company to add at least 120,000 tons smelting capacity.

Q. What is the relationship between your company and United States aluminum companies?

A. We are an independent Canadian corporation. We have no corporate connection with any aluminum company in the United States other than, of course, our own sales subsidiary, and we own no plants in the United States. We compete with all the other producers. Even though we are an independent Canadian company there is, as in other Canadian enterprises, a large U. S.



Canada and the United States are by far each other's best customers. Here, freighter loads Canadian aluminum ingot bound for America.

stockholder interest. In fact, three-quarters of our shares are owned by American investors.

Q. One last question: From the long-term point of view, where do you see your market for aluminum developing?

A. Canada at present consumes only 15 per cent of the aluminum ingot produced in that country. Therefore, a large proportion of our output is exported, principally to the United Kingdom and the United States. World trade, of course, is sensitive to exchange, import restrictions and tariff regulations. In recent years, there have been reductions in the U. S. tariff on aluminum, and trade has unquestionably benefited from these reductions. We believe strongly that a more liberal trade policy would certainly be in the interest of the aluminum industry as a whole.

Many people may not realize that Canada and the United States are each other's best customers. Employment in American factories directly traceable to our two-way trade is surprisingly large. For example, Brooklyn sells more to Canada than does the whole of Argentina, and Detroit sells more to Canada than does Brazil. This impressive flow of products across the border helps provide Americans and Canadians with jobs and the highest standard of living in the world.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Arab World

SIR:

I was deeply impressed by the objectivity with which the "Perspective of the Arab World" (October *Atlantic*) was presented. I think the articles are timely and informative and give an excellent stage-setting for the benefit of those of us who know so little of how Arab-speaking peoples feel, think, and act, and who wish to have a wider foundation of information upon which to erect opinions and judgments of our own.

Among the intellectual groups of the Arab-speaking peoples, there is apt to be far more intelligent information upon American methods of thinking and action in social affairs and in politics, especially in pre-election periods, than is true of our knowledge of their customs in the same fields. This is a matter of regret when planning aid such as Technical Assistance programs.

The approach to the relations of Islam and Christianity — stressing the essential similarities and showing the relative unimportance of the minor differences in attempted understanding and sympathetic teamwork — was excellent.

As U.S. Public Health Attaché for the Arab States of Lebanon, Syria, and subsequently Iraq and Jordan, 1948-1951, I have had personal experience with the Arab refugee situation. I have observed that political dealings with the Communists by "Arabs" trying to solve the refugee problem have come about only when there has been no constructive action by the West in line with Middle East needs. In the economic field, buying and selling transactions have tended

to go to the Communists secondarily because of the West's insistence on its means of payment: dollar currency as over against the barter and exchange method.

All questions of East-West relations have now become so complicated (unnecessarily so, when the American position and influence in the Middle East at the end of the Second World War is taken into account) that the Supplement, containing basic information for intelligent readers, is a constructive and far-reaching effort for better understanding, for which all of the contributors should be highly complimented.

MORRIS B. SANDERS, M.D.
Rockport, Mass.

SIR:

The examples of work of contemporary Arab artists in the "Perspective of the Arab World" might have been done by an Israeli. The Israelis, many of whom possess a European heritage, are seeking a fresh form of expression. The Arabs whose work was shown have gone to the West to find means to express themselves. They both seem to achieve a somewhat similar style — without any direct communication, unfortunately, between the two.

Would it be too much to hope that we may, in the near future, see a combined exhibition of Middle Eastern artists in which a direct comparison might be made?

I have been referring to the book *Artists and Sculptors in Israel* by Dr. Chaim Gamzu in making this comparison of mine.

L. M. NEGIN
London, Ontario, Canada

SIR:

I have just finished reading the "Perspective of the Arab World." It was an excellent and enlightening presentation.

The Arabs are a proud race — and have a right to be. They have given much to this world of ours. It pains me deeply that they should be at such odds with my race. A fact not mentioned in your symposium: the first hospitals in this world were founded by Arabs, Emir Adadadaula in A.D. 977 and Emir Nureddin in 1154 or A.D. 60. This fact is mentioned to remind "us" Westerners that humility is in order.

MARTIN E. KATZ, M.D.
Mount Union, Pa.

SIR:

I have been much pleased and impressed by the supplement on the Arab World. I had known practically nothing about Arabic literature — in fact, was surprised that the Arabs have any modern literature at all.

I suggest that some publisher consider publishing in English the biography of Christ, by a Muslim writer, which sold half a million copies — if this has not already been done. I should think Americans, in these days of enhanced religious activity, would go strongly for such a book:

ROBERT K. NABOURS
Manhattan, Kan.

I Personally —

SIR:

Within the last two or three months, for some reason or another, your magazine seems to have improved greatly.

In August the interview with James

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Thurber was very humorous and more real and human than most interviews. That was the first time that I had read one of your feature articles, although I have been a subscriber for over a year. "The Crisis in Teaching" (September issue) was very informative. I have always enjoyed your book reviews and Accent on Living.

DONALD S. BRAYTON, JR.
Pawtucket, R. I.

SIR:

I enjoyed — nay! hungrily devoured — Martha Gellhorn's story, "The Smell of Lilies," in your August issue.

Your short stories — and your non-fiction, as a matter of fact — are of exceptionally high quality, but this is the only one which has had the power to enthrall me as it did. Miss Gellhorn is a sensitive, perceptive artist whose work is a moving testimonial to her rarely excelled craftsmanship and keenness of mind.

After reading the innocuous, frivolous, artificially constructed stories in "the slicks," it is an incomparable pleasure to read a work that has been gently shaped by loving hands.

ROBERT M. PATTON, JR.
Special Training Regiment
The Armored Center
Fort Knox, Ky.

SIR:

It is always a pleasure to me to read Charles W. Morton's delightful and humorous articles in Accent on Living, but his recent remarks on the Chicago Midway Airport (September *Atlantic*) topped them all.

Everything Mr. Morton says is true. The utterly exhausting, dreary hours I have spent, standing first on one foot and then on the other, at Midway Airport! Yes, there *is* a restaurant, but one rarely dares leave to go and eat there. The airlessness, the complete lack of adequate drinking fountains in strategic locations, the insufferable heat, have frequently made me feel on the point of collapse. In fact, I have often been much more overcome by heat inside the airport building than anywhere else in Chicago. My conclusion is that flying is for strong men only.

The *only* reason I fly is that I cannot afford to go by train. Any time the railroads can quote me a ticket price anywhere near as low as that of the airlines, the railroads will have a steady customer. Are the airlines going to wake up and make the time *before* and *after* my flights endurable,

before the railroads somehow develop new methods for reducing their rates? If the rails can solve their problem, they will have beaten the airlines.

This summer, when I returned home — by plane — from New Haven, I had to 1) drive to the New Haven station, 2) take the train into New York, 3) take a taxi to the airline bus station, 4) take the airline bus to La Guardia, 5) board my plane and fly to Chicago, 6) take the airline bus to Evanston, 7) take a taxi home from the bus stop.

Isn't there something that can be done to impress upon the airlines how woefully they are alienating their customers?

MRS. CHARLES JEROME TIPPET
Evanston, Ill.

Moby-Dick

The article by Alfred Kazin entitled "Ishmael and Ahab" in the November *Atlantic* was drawn from the Introduction to *Moby-Dick*, edited by Mr. Kazin in the Riverside Editions Series and published this year by Houghton Mifflin Company. We regret that we did not give credit in the November issue.

"Southern Cotton and Japan"

SIR:

In "Southern Cotton and Japan" (August *Atlantic*), David L. Cohn accentuates regional "boycotts" of Japanese textiles and claims a division of interest between cotton farmers and textile and apparel manufacturers. He also asserts a willingness of the latter to sacrifice Japanese-American relations and "the friendship of 90,000,000 Japanese" for "exclusive control of the domestic market for cotton dishrags." By so doing, he has presented a distorted view of a serious national problem.

That problem is how our government can reconcile its domestic and foreign policies with respect to cotton. We have a domestic policy of supported prices and legally bolstered wage rates and living standards, and a foreign policy of supplying cotton at cheap prices to lands overseas having low wage standards. We also deny the textile industry compensatory duties or other limitations which would prevent the products of our overseas benevolence from returning in the form of imports and destroying the home market.

The American cotton crop averages about 13 million bales a year. Years ago our export exceeded domestic



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**“Don’t worry,
I’m not going to sing”**



THE OLD LADY had lost her voice. That rich, vibrant contralto which had rung through opera’s golden age was long gone. And she made no bones about it.

Standing at the network microphones, she’d loudly promise her audience: “Don’t worry, I’m not going to sing.”

Yet, every Christmas Eve, she did sing. And millions of homes hushed to listen. For *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht* does not demand a big voice. Rather, a big heart.

And Ernestine Schumann-Heink had always had that. From the beginning, when she threw away her budding career for love, only to wind up deserted with her four children. Through World War I, when she sang to sell Liberty Bonds while she had sons fighting—on both sides. Right up to the end of her turbulent life, she stayed warm, generous and brave.

Naturally, her adopted country loved her. Because Americans admire heart, and as the little stories in every daily paper show, they have plenty of it. That’s one of the vital reasons why America is strong and why her Savings Bonds are a tremendous guarantee of security.

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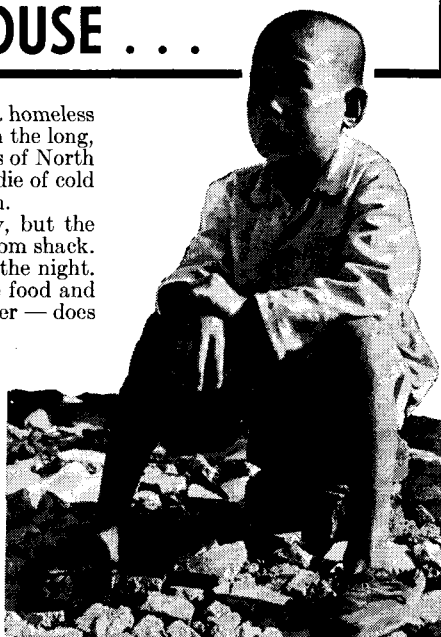
MAN OF THE HOUSE . . .

For almost nine years Won Hak has been a homeless wanderer. He and his mother lived through the long, terrifying flight from the communist armies of North Korea. He saw his three younger brothers die of cold and hunger. His father was killed in action.

Won Hak is no longer just a small boy, but the "man of the house" — a miserable, one-room shack. His mother sews all day long and far into the night. But there is not enough money to buy the food and clothes they need. Won Hak helps his mother — does all he can.

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a child like Won Hak to have enough to eat and to wear. Through your Save the Children Federation sponsorship — just \$10 a month — \$120 a year, you can provide funds to send food and clothing to a needy child in Finland, France, West Germany, Greece, Italy or Korea. You will receive a Certificate of Sponsorship along with the photograph and story of "your" child. You can correspond with him so that your generous help will then become part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.



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consumption. But nearly a quarter century of excessive price and crop controls has lost the bulk of our export market to innumerable foreign producers. Cotton growers know that the home market, which absorbs 9 to 10 million bales a year, is their prime market. It is reserved to them, with domestic mills paying an average price of 36.11 cents per pound as of July. Thus growers — and we are speaking of 1.5 million farmers and not of a handful of exporters — have a common cause with textile and apparel people in not wishing to see their one guaranteed and highest-priced market given away.

The textile and apparel case, which Mr. Cohn has intemperately dismissed as a "dishrag" trade, likewise merits the statement of a few facts. About 80 per cent of the cost of making cotton cloth is in cotton and labor. Our cotton quota denies mills in the United States access to any but American cotton, for which they must pay the government price or better. Recently Japan and other countries overseas have been offered American cotton at 25½ cents a pound by our own government. Japan pays its textile workers an average wage of approximately 15 cents per hour. Mills in the United States pay an average of \$1.36 per hour. And apparel trade wage differentials are equally great.

The combination of one of the newest and most modern textile plants in the world, cheap cotton, and low wages has enabled Japan not only to move into first place among the world's textile exporters, but to ship goods increasingly into the home market in the United States even over the existing tariff barriers. As if this were not bad enough, the trade treaty with Japan effective September, 1955, reduced our textile tariffs 25 to 50 per cent further.

The result is not a commerce in "dishrags," for Japan makes quality goods. Its products range from the medium yarn goods of the American industry to very fine yarn goods. Included are great amounts of gingham, and in addition there are velveteens, pillowcases, and ladies' blouses.

Alarmed at the stir caused in the blouse industry by 36 million garments imported in 1955, Japan cut this back and is now sending men's and boys' shirts in great volume. From 54,000 shirts imported from

Japan in 1953, the 1955 total reached 6,100,000, and in the first six months of 1956 has climbed to 6,778,000. The welfare of 1.5 million cotton growers, a million workers in textile plants, and 1.2 million workers in garment manufacturing is threatened by these imports.

Our textile industry has consistently recognized the values of Japanese-American friendship. To this end it has sought reasonable solutions, not by exclusion but by seeking reasonable bounds to the share of the home market to which Japan might accede. That such a solution may be attained is indicated by the statement made, subsequent to Mr. Cohn's article, by Mr. Sherman Adams, Assistant to the President, that the threat to textiles is "no mere phantom," but "real," and by the exchange of letters between the State Department and the Japanese Embassy setting the framework for future import ceilings. If achieved, this should contribute greatly to better relations with Japan.

JOHN L. SEVERANCE, *Secretary
Association of Cotton Textile
Merchants of New York
New York City*

Correction

SIR:

I was extremely pleased to see that one of my articles was published in the September issue of your magazine. However, I would greatly appreciate it if you will publish a brief amendment to a piece of incorrect information which comes before the article.

I was never at any time a member of the Communist Party. In fact, my ideas have always been in complete opposition with Marxist conceptions, as is made clear by the context of the article.

PAOLO PAVOLINI
Florence, Italy

We wish to apologize to Mr. Pavolini and to express our regrets that a misrepresentation occurred in the biographical note for his article, "Italian Communism, 1956." — THE EDITORS

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

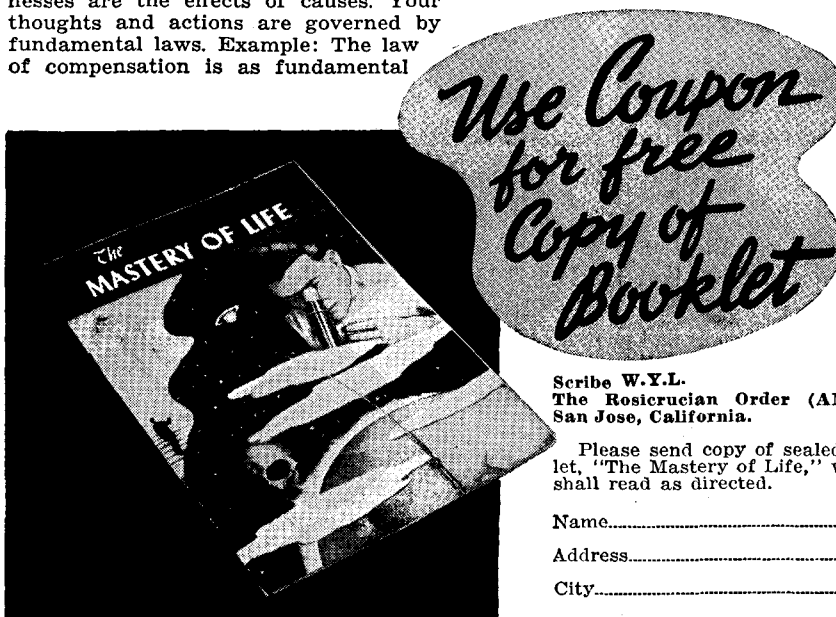
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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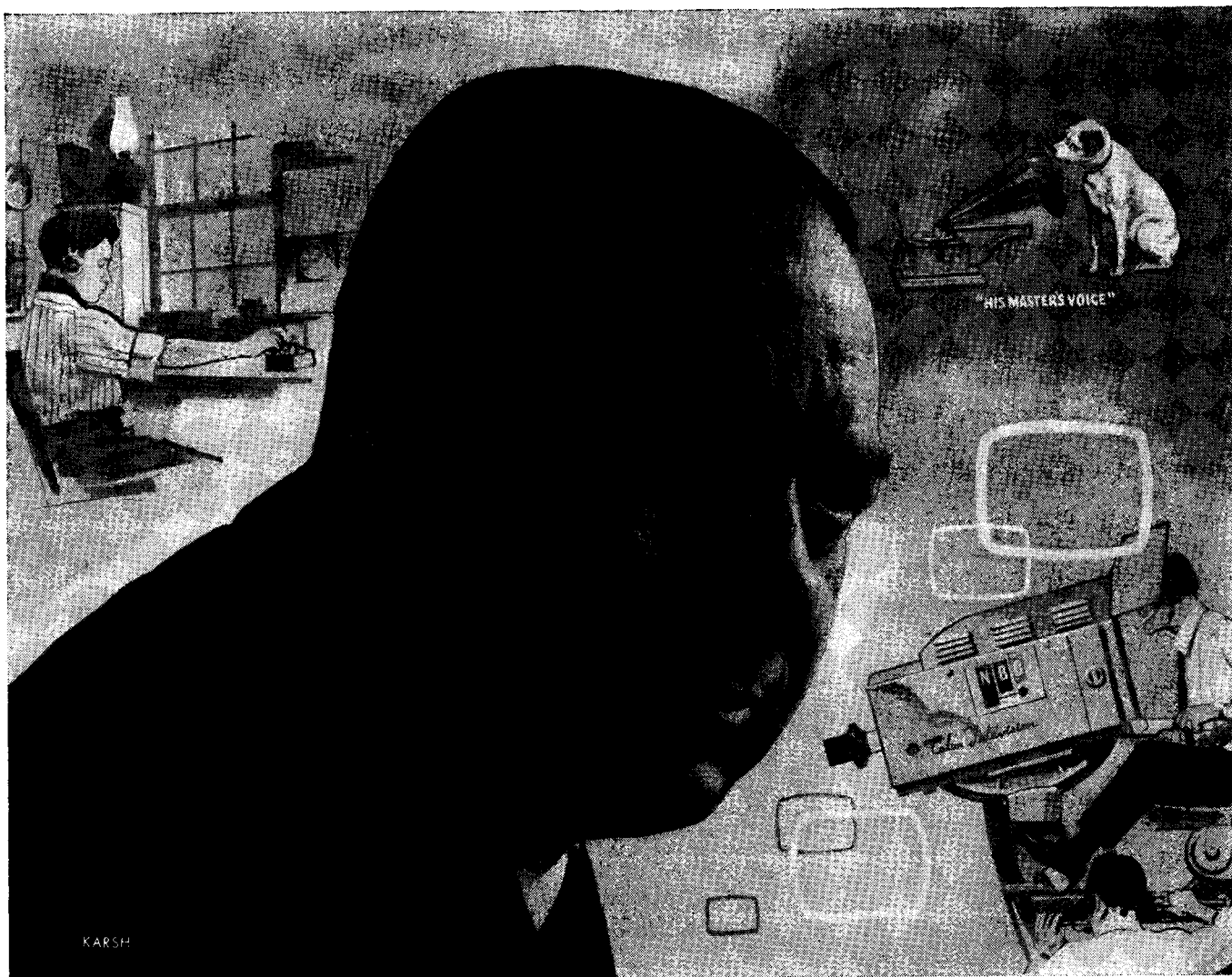
Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the booklet, "The Mastery of Life." It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.



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by DAVID SARNOFF

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nation on wheels are improved at such a rapid rate that the gasoline in your car today is actually *better* than the gasoline that powered our Flying Fortresses in World War II. Competing oil scientists, in the meantime, have taken the petroleum molecule apart and rearranged it to create scores of fabulous new substances in fabrics, synthetics, plastics and even drugs.

"This is why I say that competition has made America great. This is why we must make sure that our right to compete remains free and unfettered. We must always remember that only in a climate of freedom can we fully explore the possibilities of science."

David Sarnoff

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A graduate of Hamilton College who entered our foreign service in 1929, ROBERT G. MCGREGOR served during the past three years as our Consul General at Léopoldville in the Belgian Congo, and while there had two extended visits with Dr. Schweitzer at Lambarene. He saw the good doctor without pomp or circumstance, and these are the impressions he brings to us of his visit of last July. Mr. McGregor is now Deputy Director of the Office of Dependent Area Affairs in our State Department.

SCHWEITZER DAY BY DAY

by ROBERT G. MCGREGOR

DR. SCHWEITZER put his pen down on the blotter, slapped his hand palm-down on the table, rose, and said, "Now we will go for a walk. We can talk." He went into an adjoining room, came back quickly with a small cloth bag, picked up his sun helmet, and jerked away his walking stick from its leaning position. He moved to the screen door, pulled it open, issued forth, and swung easily into his slow, deliberate, but determined pace. We followed.

A hundred yards down the gentle slope he stopped. To the left some Africans were clustered, reaching down, picking up and tossing small stones into a wheelbarrow. One fellow with back turned took no interest in the activity about him until the Doctor shouted, "To work, to work." The man turned his head about, gazed at the Doctor, but remained unconcerned, the words apparently having little meaning for him. "You," the Doctor shouted in a shriller voice and pointing with his stick, "you, there, get on with your work." The fellow seemed slowly to comprehend, but it took a third and more emphatic prompting to enlist his energy. He stooped, picked up a stone, tossed it into the barrow. The Doctor resumed his walk.

A few paces farther on the first cluster of chickens came fluttering and scampering in the direction of the Doctor. He paused until the little chicks caught up with their bullying elders. He reached into his bag and threw grains of rice in a shower

among the excited, scampering, cheeping, and clucking mass. With his stick he stoutly slapped the older ones aside, letting the little ones pick up the grounded grains. This was repeated several times on our perambulation. Once the Doctor remarked with evident satisfaction, "They know me. You see they come running." In fact they did, and his passing left little clusters of excited chicks in the wake.

There is a stretch of dense tropical growth between the hospital area and the leprosarium. The path starts narrow and raised, threading through swampy ground. There is barely room to pass oncoming pedestrians. One of these, a tattered, emaciated African whose regard made it evident he was unaware of the Doctor's identity, said he was sick. He extended his palm upward in supplication. The Doctor scarcely broke his stride and, half turning, pointed backward along the path saying, "Go to the hospital. They will look after you."

We entered the forest. The morning light filtered through the heat-engendered mist — although this was one of the cooler months, the temperature was still above 80° — and fell on broad-bladed palms and on blue-green fronds of banana plants, rendering them transparent. Occasionally a streak of pure brilliant light started from a waterdrop causing the eye momentary distraction. The Doctor moved on ahead, saying nothing. We climbed be-

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hind. On the edge of the forest we heard hammer on nail and the babble of voices. We neared the outbuilding of the leprosarium. Twenty or thirty Africans, seated on anything convenient, were engaged in wrapping and unwrapping leprosy-infected limbs. One at a time received the ministrations of the white nurse who, in complete disregard of the malodorous stench emanating from gaping sores, swabbed and daubed with cotton held in bare hands. Turning my gaze away, I was aware the Doctor was not in sight. Then I heard his voice raised in command.

It was the alignment of the corrugated roof that now demanded his attention. Great sheets of laminated steel were being overlapped along a rough wood skeleton. The Doctor reached up to hold the edge of one of these plates. He pushed while another pulled, asking, "Ça va, ça va?" The answer came from an African on a ladder sighting along the edge of the roof, "À gauche, un peu à droite. Maintenant ça va." At this signal a hammer drove a nail. One more section was in place. According to his helpers, the Doctor feels a special sense of responsibility for seeing that this work is well done. It was his decision in 1952 to devote the Nobel Peace Prize funds to build accommodations for two hundred and fifty lepers and families. Fifteen of the twenty buildings are now completed.

Stories gained currency that the Doctor's sight is failing. Yet his vision is keen enough to read without glasses labels on a bunch of keys that give access to storerooms in a part of the leper village. He does not fumble. His fingers run easily and quickly as he seeks the number of the key corresponding to a door. He enters with an African foreman, who also doubles as a boatman. With his stick he counts up the neat row of sheets, calls the foreman to leave, goes out, pulls the door shut, inserts the key, and snaps the lock. Another daily chore is done.

The narrow rail track, over which thousands of cartloads of earth have descended for terracing the leper village, occupies the high ground that dominates the Schweitzer hospital area. Off this path are village streets. Sunk in the ground at intersections are open-ended tin cans about three inches in diameter. The Doctor called a name. An African materialized. "Water," the Doctor said. "Fill these with water for the chickens." Turning to us with all the weariness of his African experience, he said, "Every day it is the same. The heat dries the tins. It is a rule to keep them filled. But they forget." This observation brought us into the circle of his thought. As we resumed our upward walk, I asked if there had not been a vegetable garden in the area. I could see pineapple plants growing in the tangled mass of vegetation along the side of the path.

"We grew vegetables here," the Doctor said. "We moved the garden nearer the house and fenced

and padlocked it. Africans would take our produce and sell it back to us in the market."

Farther on my wife pointed to a wooden cross at the side of the path, marking a recent grave. The Doctor overheard her aside to me and said, "The cross will be firewood when it is seasoned. None here lasts long." These forest folk consider all nature their own and wreak upon it the vengeance of their indolence, neither thanking nor praising the Giver.

Such is the African primitive—the soul that hardens patience, challenges charity, and answers the deep probings of the disciplined, chiseled mind of Albert Schweitzer. Is it possible that because of this Schweitzer feels no compelling need to match his wits and brain with the casuistry and sophistry of more enlightened men? Would he rather contend with the groping, stumbling brain of the primitive African, his animal appetites, his unpremeditated satiation, his greed, his turbulent emotions? Is it with these tools that Schweitzer formulates his thinking? Is it here that he tests the meaning of others against the profound knowledge born of his African experience? I believe so. For, just as the Bible must be read against its Oriental backdrop, so one must see Schweitzer at work in his African setting for an understanding of the man.

2

ONE never knows when one will be called to converse with him. He may suddenly appear at your doorway, amble in, sit on the edge of the bed or at the table, and start immediately in at the point of his thinking. Or else one of his helpers will say simply, "The Doctor is expecting you," or "Tonight after supper you should follow the Doctor to his room." The latter was my cue.

It is in awe that one raps at the outside of the screen door. Through it can be seen the figure of the Doctor seated, leaning forward over his work table, the pressure lamp casting the near side of his body in shadow. In answer to the knock there comes a scarcely audible "Entrez." The Doctor without raising or turning his head indicates with an arm gesture a stool at the side of the table. Only the scratching of pen on paper breaks the stillness of the room. In his presence the feeling is akin to the Monday morning stillness of the great cathedral. The light within erects its wall of deep blackness at window openings; it throws shadows floorwise that run on up the wall. One shadow cleaves in two a cabinet made of packing cases housing a piano. On the wall hang a small framed etching of Charles Darwin and a photograph of the family home in Gunsbach. On the top of the cabinet is the sun helmet. The walking stick leans again. Across is the Doctor's bed, scarcely seeming large enough for the great frame. Mosquito net envelops the iron bedstead and the white linen. At the head is a

rough night table with a glass, a bottle of water, and a small lamp. Behind the Doctor, enveloped in his shadow, are several shelves containing a miscellaneous assortment of oddments — sheaves of paper stuck on nails, bottles of medicines, pins, catalogues, string, hooks, an oil can — nothing of any seeming consequence.

I contemplated the massive head, the slow movement of the hand that continued to scratch away at the white paper. The blackish-gray hair tumbled in confusion, locks of it falling over the forehead. In profile the nose protruded, the mouth line was obscured by the thick mustache, the chin was firm, receding into the softer skin folds of the neck. The eye was hidden under a bushy, black brow. The yellow lamplight gleamed from glasses that bridged the nose. A thin line of metal held the glasses behind the ear. The shirt was open at the neck. It had short sleeves from which the writing arm extended. The pen was held between index and middle finger, braced against the thumb; the hand action was labored, bold, slow, and precise. Occasionally the left hand reached forward, pulled one paper from a heap, pressed it firmly down on the stack. The night was warm but not stifling.

Then, just as he had in the morning, the Doctor slapped the pen on the table, ripped his glasses from his face, looked at me full, and said quietly, "Young people do not like to keep records. Anyway it is better they should do the work of the hospital. So I keep the books." When he moves from a reflective to active mood the Doctor's face imparts a sense of the activity of his mind. His deep-set eyes sparkle with the many-faceted reflections of which his thoughts are composed.

"Do you find time now," I asked, "for your writing?"

"Scarcely," he replied. Then he told me that Dr. Percy, who runs the hospital, is in Europe; that Miss Emma died in April. She was one of his most experienced helpers. She is known to those Americans who have heard her lecture in this country while raising funds for the work of the hospital. For thirty years she served unselfishly. It was she who recruited younger volunteer helpers from among the dozens who apply annually. At the time of her departure in February she was accustomed to spending many hours each day supervising construction work at the leprosarium. So the Doctor explained that on her death he assumed this task and in consequence has little time left for the concentrated thought necessary to creative work. "Besides," he added, "I work very slowly. I write and rewrite, all in longhand." I remarked his pen and how he paused occasionally to dip it in ink. "This," he demonstrated by holding the pen toward me, "is the only pen I like. One dip in the pot supplies enough ink for several minutes of writing. It is made in a small factory in America. I have a supply in case the factory shuts down."

We were interrupted then by a nurse from the hospital who came with two bottles of medicine. She described the patient and the illness, and as she talked I noticed that the Doctor was drumming with his fingers on the blotter. Then I was aware that from the nearby community hall the sound of Bach piano music was coming. The notes seemed to vibrate within the man and find expression from his practiced finger tips. The helper finished. The Doctor gave his answer briefly in German. The helper withdrew.

"When I take up writing again," he continued as though there had been no interruption, "when my work permits, I have three tasks. I must finish the third volume of my History of Civilization, I must write another book on theology, and I must review my basic study of Bach so that I give my last thought on the subject." While there is no doubt that the details of management absorb much time and preoccupy the Doctor to the exclusion of almost all else, nevertheless he does enjoy moments of unplanned relaxation.

3

A MECHANIC and a radio operator — both Americans and crew members of the plane that had brought me to Lambarene — had spent the day trying to fix the complex, homemade contraption that serves as a record player in the community hall, and which worked only intermittently. As I supplied the names of my companions, the Doctor wrote a brief dedication to each on a map of the hospital area. I told him that these two had tinkered with the record player.

He asked, "Do you think they would tell me what is wrong with it? My staff tries to protect me from worry over such details and the record player is their only evening distraction." He smiled mischievously as he saw an opportunity to outwit his staff. I went down and routed the two men out of bed. For the next hour the Doctor relaxed and thoroughly enjoyed the salty savor of real enlisted-man language and just as much the real strain translation of it put upon my knowledge of French.

During the time I was there I had a feeling the Doctor was going through a period of gestation. At the supper table he would sit completely ignoring the company only to emerge suddenly into an awareness of his surroundings and break into crackling good humor. On one supper occasion military visitors were present. One of them had told the Doctor in my presence during the afternoon that his career as a soldier often caused him uncertainty as to its ultimate value. The Doctor in his great simplicity (he talks in conclusions) said of the military career, "It is necessary. You are doing your duty." During the devotional period that follows supper the Doctor read the passage from The Acts in which the centurion releases Paul contrary to orders and on

his own responsibility. Laying aside the Bible, the Doctor lost himself in thought while conversation resumed all along the table. Suddenly he lifted his great head, his eyes took on a twinkle, his mouth smiled. Turning to the startled officer, the Doctor said, "That centurion was a soldier with a proper sense of duty. What is more, he was not afraid to take responsibility."

Responsibility is a respected word with the Doctor. When I asked him about a troubled area of the world, he remarked: "Everyone today feels obliged to hold opinions. These opinions or attitudes are usually not based on facts. The results or confused babel is called public opinion. Such is its force that leaders are obliged sometimes to make decisions which because they are not themselves based on facts are occasionally not even in the public interest. What is more, the leaders who make the decisions do not survive long enough to be held responsible for them."

Of colonialism the Doctor only said: "The African cannot be cut adrift without culture. He has need of discipline. He cannot be expected to stand on his own feet until he understands that to survive, society depends upon the voluntary acceptance of the principle of self-denial. Who denies his responsibility for his brother is devoid of self-discipline."

The glimpses one gets of the inner workings of Dr. Schweitzer's mind in a short stay at Lambarene depend of course upon one's particular interests and experiences. Many others have come away with a much more profound understanding of the gigantic stature of the man. My own appreciation is certainly more earth-bound, more in reverence. Yet the more I reflect upon the time I have been privileged to share with Dr. Schweitzer, the less I wonder at the respect he commands throughout the world. As his fame increases, Lambarene becomes a mecca. Hardly a day passes without arrivals and departures. Each visitor is given his audience. The Doctor is continually and genuinely surprised at all this interest. He is truly flattered that anyone should seek his autograph. He takes time for all guests alike, and the strain on him sometimes worries his staff.

The reception of visitors requires organization. So unobtrusive, so casual, so genuine is the welcome that the visitor can stay and leave without being aware that his presence has placed a heavy burden on the staff and facilities. Everything is done to protect the Doctor from unnecessary interruption and distraction. But somehow knowledge seeps through to him and he often does little things that surprise even his own staff. The morning I left we were idly watching the operations of the

little African food market that is daily set up directly in front of the Doctor's quarters. Firewood, palm nuts, bananas, manioc were offered and bought, and the transactions were entered in a ledger. There was the usual cacophony as the range between offer and acceptance narrowed. Suddenly Miss Mathilde, the senior among the helpers, spoke. "The Doctor is playing the piano. Come." We tiptoed along the veranda, stopped within hearing. He was exercising his fingers on a piano so out of tune that the quality of the touch was all that was remarkable.

Later that morning we were busy packing our bags when a message was handed in. It was written in the Doctor's hand. It reminded us that Schweitzer hospital time is twenty minutes slower than airport time. He expressed concern lest we fail to make the proper connections. He invited us to take tea in the community hall. Here we were thanked for our visit, when surely in our minds the shoe should have been on the other foot. An African came to say the boat waited at the water's edge. Our little procession left the hall, descended past the Schweitzer workroom, the deer enclosure, and down to the landing.

As the little boat pulled away from the shore, we were struck by the magnificent simplicity of the man. We understood why Africa is his home; what Africa has contributed to his stature, to his experience of life. For in this savage, primitive Africa nothing artificial long survives. False values shrivel up. The man standing there in his soft shoes, his loose cotton trousers, his open-neck shirt and sun helmet, looking out over the ever-widening watery distance, is working out his destiny with as much assurance as God vouchsafes to man. The sadness of humanity that pulsates through life and against which real joy is measured is revealed incessantly and vividly in the land at the Doctor's back. An essence of this sadness and the crying need for ministrations grip the visitor as he moves away. The last view is of the Doctor — a small figure measured against the gigantic trees of the forest, slowly climbing the way back, moving again to the multitude of his tasks.

In the mind's eye one sees him still in the lamplight, enveloped in the muggy heat. Evening will follow evening in that small work-bedroom. The pen will scratch out methodically the trivial and the momentous word thoughts. The heavy stillness of the tropical night will be accentuated by the occasional flutter of a page turned as Mrs. Schweitzer reads, sharing the light with her husband. Sometime in the night the work will stop. The light will go out. The morning light will show the tasks that lie ahead.



THE SPACE-CHILD'S MOTHER GOOSE

by FREDERICK WINSOR



"Pussy cat, pussy cat,
What do you see
That enlarges your tail
To this noble degree?"

"Pussy cat, pussy cat,
What do you hear
To cause that irrational
Twitch of your ear?"

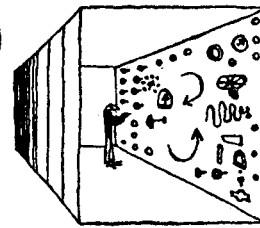
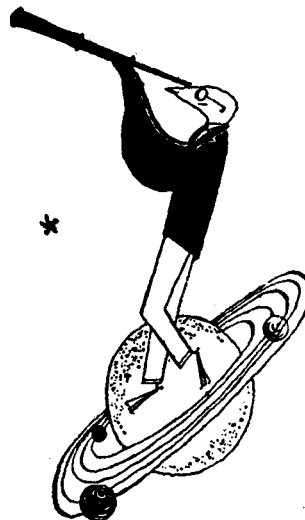
"I see a small
Four-dimensional man
Who has recently landed
From Aldebaran."

"I hear the lullaby
Mother cats croon
To the play-weary kittens
On Jupiter's moon."

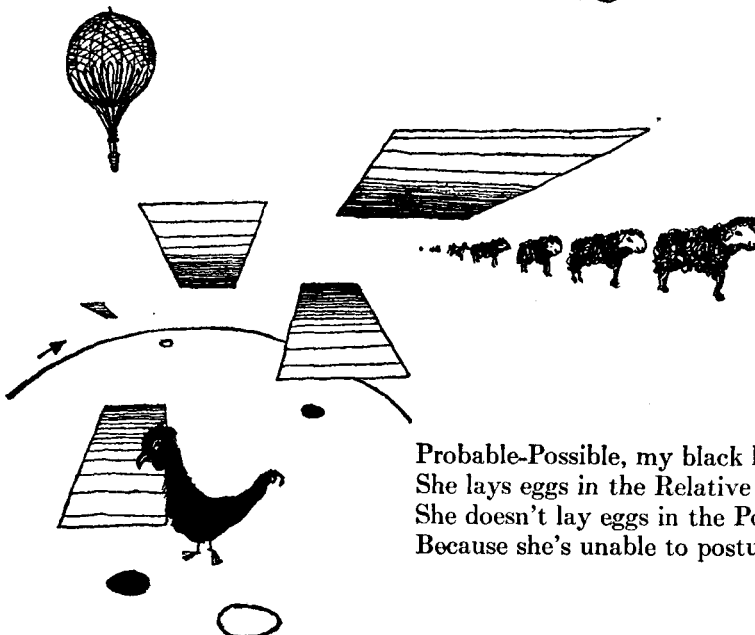


There was a man in our town,
An Astrophysicist,
Who found a place
In hyperspace
By just a twist of wrist.

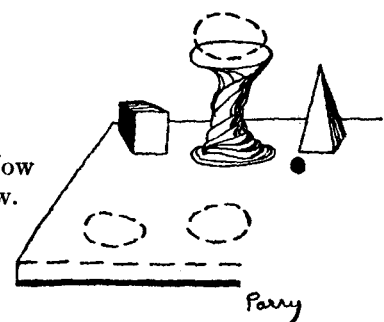
But when he sought the Nearer Now
And gave another twist,
He found that he'd
Become, somehow,
A Cyberneticist.



Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep.
The radar has failed to find them.
They'll all, face to face,
Meet in Parallel Space,
Preceding their leaders behind them.

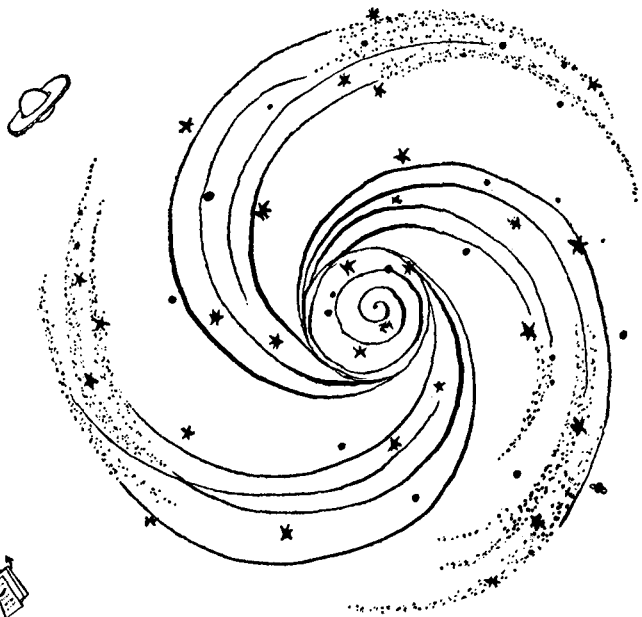


Probable-Possible, my black hen,
She lays eggs in the Relative When.
She doesn't lay eggs in the Positive Now
Because she's unable to postulate How.



A Follower of Goddard
And a Rising Astrogator
Were agreed that superthermics
Was a spatial hot pertater.

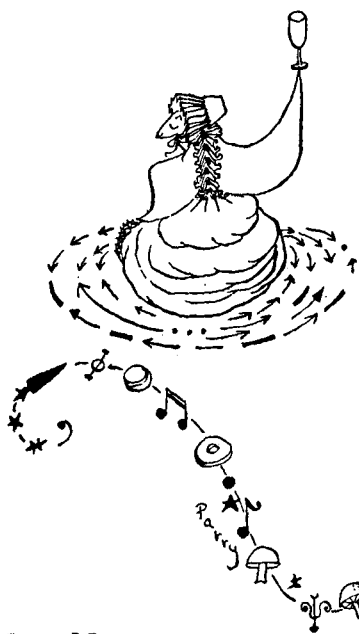
They reached a Super-Nova
On a bicycle named Beta
And I'd tell you more about it
But they fused — with all the data.



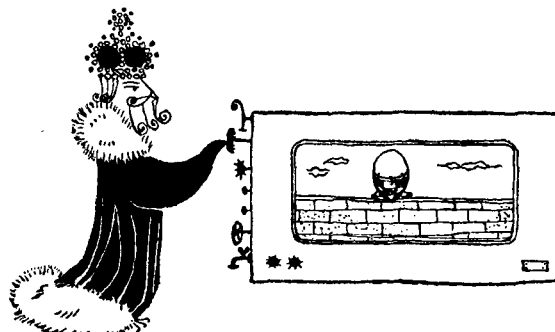
Little Miss Muffet
Sits on her tuffet
In a nonchalant sort of a way.
With her force-field around her
The spider, the bounder,
Is not in the picture today.



Data scrutator,
Extrapolator,
You forecast by rigadoon.
You used to extoll
The Gallup Poll
But now you are shooting the moon.



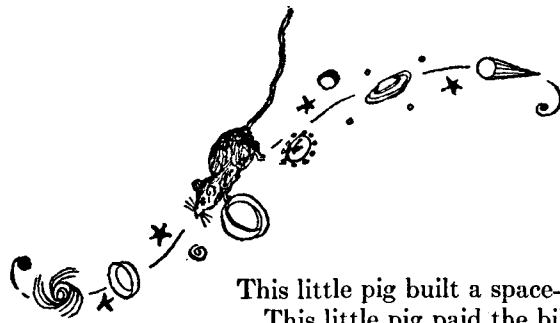
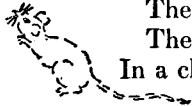
"Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How are your hydroponics?"
"I've Dixie Belles
And chanterelles
All singing in supersonics."



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
At three o'clock he had his great fall.
The King set the Time Machine back to two;
Now Humpty's unscrambled and good as new.



Flappity, Floppity, Flip!
The Mouse on the Möbius Strip.
The Strip revolved —
The Mouse dissolved
In a chronodimensional skip.



This little pig built a space-ship;
This little pig paid the bill;
This little pig made isotopes;
This little pig ate a pill;
And this little pig did nothing at all,
But he's just a little pig still.



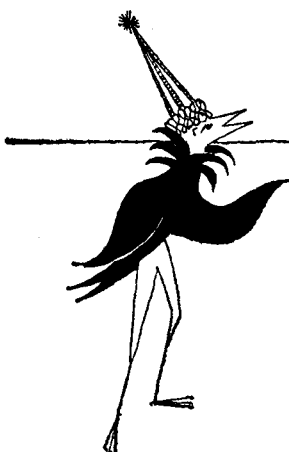
Little Jack Horner
Sits in a corner
Extracting cube roots to infinity —
An assignment for boys
That will minimize noise
And produce a more peaceful vicinity.

Hey Diddle Diddle
Distribute the Middle
The Premise controls the Conclusion
The Disjunctive affirms
That the Diet of Worms
Is a Borbetomagic confusion.



Sing a song of saucers
Flown from outer space.
Four and twenty generals,
Crimson in the face.

The saucers conquered gravity
So they all began to spin —
And Gentlemen, if you'll pardon me,
This is where I came in.



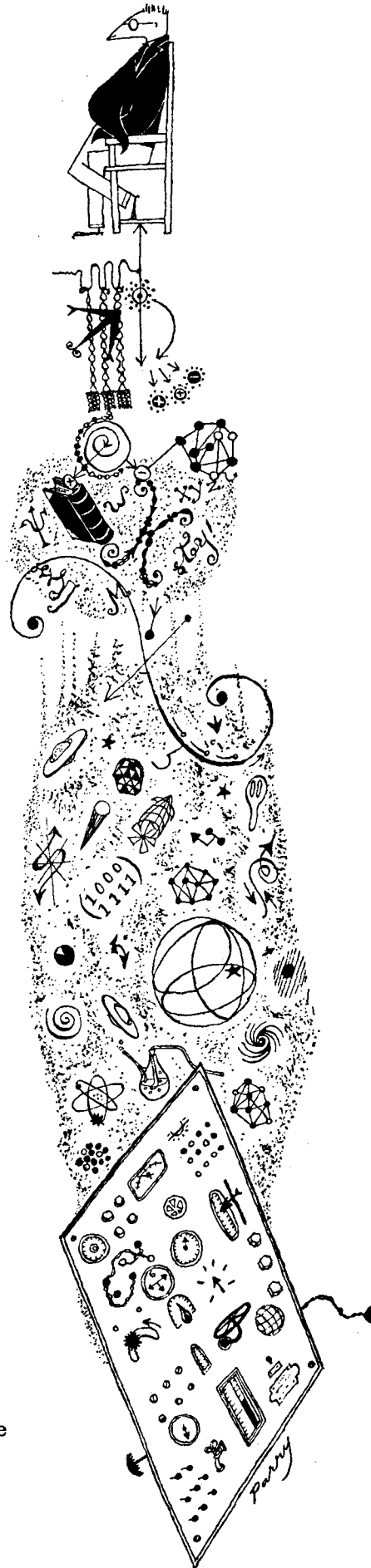
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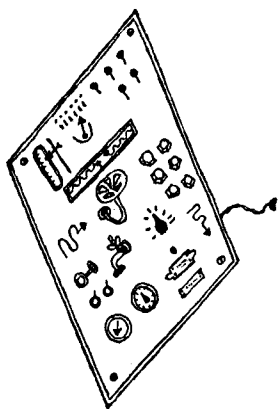
●



The diagram illustrates a neural network structure. On the left, a spiral-shaped input node is connected to a bias node (a circle with a minus sign). This bias node is connected to a hidden layer, which is represented by a cluster of interconnected nodes. The hidden layer is then connected to an output node (a circle with a plus sign).

②





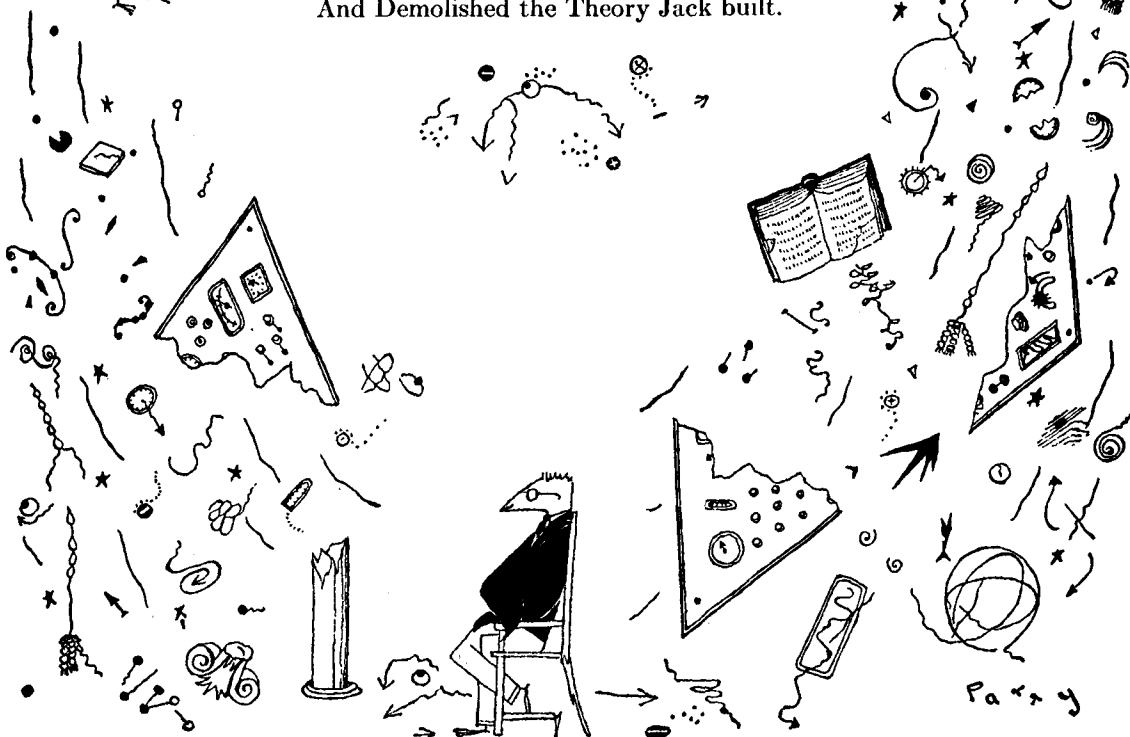
This is the Cybernetics and Stuff
That covered Chaotic Confusion and Bluff
That hung on the Turn of a Plausible Phrase
And thickened the Erudite Verbal Haze
Cloaking Constant K
That saved the Summary
Based on the Mummery
Hiding the Flaw
That lay in the Theory Jack built.



This is the Button to start the Machine
To make with the Cybernetics and Stuff
To cover Chaotic Confusion and Bluff
That hung on the Turn of a Plausible Phrase
And thickened the Erudite Verbal Haze
Cloaking Constant K
That saved the Summary
Based on the Mummery
Hiding the Flaw
That lay in the Theory Jack built.



This is the Space-Child with Brow Serene
Who pushed the Button to start the Machine
That made with the Cybernetics and Stuff
Without Confusion, exposing the Bluff
That hung on the Turn of a Plausible Phrase
And, Shredding the Erudite Verbal Haze
Cloaking Constant K,
Wrecked the Summary
Based on the Mummery
Hiding the Flaw
And Demolished the Theory Jack built.





Could we have halted the sudden decline in our political fortunes in the Middle East and perhaps have avoided our present predicament altogether? This is the question which J. C. HUREWITZ endeavors to answer in his examination of our policy since the end of the Second World War. Mr. Hurewitz is Associate Professor of International Relations at Columbia and the author of three books on the Middle East, including a major work recently published in two volumes under the title, Diplomacy in the Near and Middle East, 1535-1956. He spent three years in the Middle East before the war; made a return visit there in 1954; and served as Political Advisor to the United States Cabinet Committee on Palestine in 1946.

OUR MISTAKES IN THE MIDDLE EAST

by J. C. HUREWITZ

I

FOR any American at all interested in the Middle East no recent book can make more disturbing reading than Robert J. Donovan's *Eisenhower: The Inside Story*. The importance of this best seller lies in its author's enjoyment of a privileged access to the inner councils of the White House. The book has widely been regarded as an informal presentation of the Eisenhower Administration's record as it would like the public to see it. Yet in some four hundred pages devoted to every major aspect of its policy at home and abroad, with chapters on Korea, Red China, the Bermuda conference, Indochina, Formosa, and Geneva, there are just three scattered references to the Middle East — and even these shed no light on the Administration's thinking about this pivotal area of the globe.

This strange silence bears eloquent testimony to the fact that the Administration — like the American people in general — has been running away from the growingly serious problems of the Middle East. A curious notion seems to have pervaded Washington the last few years: the notion that somehow, in some miraculous way, these problems will solve themselves and will, like desert mirages, eventually dissolve into thin air.

Perhaps the most dramatic illustration of this tendency was provided by the "summit conference" at Geneva in July, 1955. A few weeks before the conference opened, the State Department already had information that the Russians were negotiating in Cairo for a possible barter of modern war weapons for Egyptian long-staple cotton. In September, 1955, just two months after the conference, a deal was indeed consummated for the delivery of an estimated \$200 million worth of Soviet arms to

Egypt. Yet not once — so far as is publicly known — in the week-long meeting at Geneva which had brought the leaders of the Great Powers together was the question of their relations in the Middle East so much as mentioned.

When the historians of the future come to write the history of our times, they may well select the crucial period from July to September, 1955, as marking the turning point in the evolution of the Cold War. The Soviet-Egyptian arms deal abruptly ended the West's monopoly of the modern weapons market in the postwar Middle East. It enabled the Soviet Union to seize the political initiative in the strategic heart of the region even before Great Britain had completed the evacuation of its forces from the irreplaceable base at Suez. It caught the United States and its NATO allies flat-footed, and to this day they have not regained their diplomatic composure.

The continuous stream of history admittedly knows no sharp breaks. Even revolutions require hatching and grow out of conditions that triumphant revolutionaries help to refashion. But it is essential, I think, that we bear in mind the decisive nature of the diplomatic breakthrough that the U.S.S.R. scored in the early autumn of 1955. It ended, in effect, a postwar decade characterized above all else by a series of Soviet blunders in the Middle East. The conduct of Russian policy in that region from 1945 through 1954 showed as much finesse as a driverless bulldozer ploughing through the crowded mid-town street of a provincial capital. But what we should not forget is that this erratic behavior was due far more to the excesses and blindness of Stalinism than to any sagacity or foresight on our part.

In the past twelve months, however, there has occurred a radical shift in the tide. The "de-Stalinized" Kremlin has palpably changed its methods and manners, and Washington can no longer afford a pedestrian diplomacy, conducted on a business-as-usual basis without real reflection and with ideas and programs derived largely from experience in other areas and listlessly applied to the Middle East. Close examination will reveal that the United States has followed a defensive course in the Middle East since the end of World War II. But in the first postwar decade, particularly after 1946, Washington's Middle East policy could be characterized as relatively dynamic. In the past year, however, the United States has moved from a dynamic to a static defense and, correspondingly, from a willingness to experiment to almost morbid refusal to take any action whatsoever.

How then have we allowed ourselves to be maneuvered into this position of weakness? Could we have halted the sudden decline in our political fortunes and perhaps have avoided our present predicament altogether? Or was the disintegration of our influence and prestige something that was bound to happen sooner or later?

2

THE first thing that needs saying in any appraisal of our position in the Middle East is that we are newcomers to responsibility in this sensitive part of the world. As recently as the Second World War and, indeed, right up to the proclamation of the Truman Doctrine in March, 1947, we tended — government and public alike — to look upon the Middle East as an almost exclusively British sphere. Even with the progressive broadening of our containment policy in the years that followed, the United States continued to conduct its diplomacy in the Middle East with one arm tied behind its back. For the prior presence of Britain, particularly in the Arab zone, inhibited Washington from dealing freely or directly with local governments and local peoples.

This was the case in the Crown Colonies of Aden and Cyprus, in the protectorates of Aden, and in the veiled protectorates stretching along the Arabian shore of the Persian Gulf; it was the case in mandated Palestine (until 1948) and in the Sudan under the Anglo-Egyptian condominium (through 1955). The external relations of these lands, under varying forms and degrees of British administration, were conducted not on the spot but at the Foreign Office — at times with Colonial Office assistance — in London. Also, in those countries attached to Britain by preferential alliances — Jordan, Libya, Egypt (until 1954), and Iraq (until 1955) — the United States has had to respect the established rights and special interests of its principal NATO

ally no less than the claims and attitudes of the Arab peoples concerned.

Even in those lands where the absence of overt British control left the United States free to act on its own — Iran, Israel, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Syria, and Yemen — American initiative was either slow and hesitant in asserting itself or else has suffered from arrested growth. In Iran at the time of the enunciation of our containment policy, Washington hopefully — and as it turned out erroneously — estimated that the Soviet menace had been overcome when the Shah's government reimposed its authority over Azerbaijan in December, 1946. In the Arab world the humiliation of defeat in the war against Israel was transformed by most nationalists into a conviction that the United States, by its allegedly unconditional support of Israel, was the main culprit. American policy on Palestine, in reality, so gyrated in its course in the crucial period 1947–1950 that it was impossible to identify the United States with any single position for any length of time. What was of significance in multiplying our difficulties, however, was not the objective truth of the matter but the stubborn reality of the Arabs' unreasoning belief. And what continued to anger the Arab nationalists, of course, was the fact that we withheld our blessings from their demands, which in essence called for the dissolution of Israel. It was this that kept alive the sentiment in Arab lands that the United States was irremediably pro-Israel, and it explains the continuing rise in anti-American feeling over the Palestine issue throughout most of the Arab sphere even after 1953, when official American policy began noticeably to favor the Arab cause.

In retrospect, therefore, we can see that it was our lack of experience, the complications involved in conducting diplomacy via the British Foreign Office, and Arab emotionalism on the Palestine issue that frustrated the United States in its search for viable Middle East policies. But the absence of such policies in the first postwar decade did not prove disastrous, simply because Moscow's blustering diplomacy by intimidation and subversion more than canceled out our handicaps, timidity, and mistaken judgments.

The diplomatic activities of a Great Power can rarely be explained in simple terms, and Russia was obviously motivated by many considerations in throwing its weight around against Turkey and Iran in 1945 and 1946. But Moscow's intent was clear enough: it was to surround the Soviet Union on the south with the same kind of buffer zone that the Kremlin was establishing at the time in Eastern Europe. This was the meaning of the Kremlin's denunciation in March, 1945, of the Russo-Turkish neutrality treaty, and of its later demands for military and naval bases on the Straits and for the Turkish provinces of Kars and Ardahan. It was

also the aim behind Russia's organization of a pro-Soviet separatist movement in Iranian Azerbaijan.

Even after these moves had failed and Stalin apparently had decided that it would be more prudent in the Middle East not to repeat such experiments in actual or impending territorial aggression, Moscow still did not abandon its attempts to bully the states of the region into a dread of threatened Soviet retaliation. Any action taken by a Middle East state that was in the least favorable to the West the Kremlin immediately denounced as inimical to Russia's interests, while appeals to Moscow for constructive coöperation or assistance met with an icy silence. Instead of trying to pry the Arab League loose from its residual Western moorings by espousing its cause during and after the Palestine War, Moscow went on denouncing the Arab leaders indiscriminately as "reactionary." Moscow insisted that it would have nothing to do with the League until it was taken over by "progressives" — by which it meant the handful of Arab Communists and crypto-Communists who even then were being hounded by Arab governments, but whom the Kremlin still obstinately encouraged.

If no Middle East state, prior to 1955, received economic or technical assistance from the Soviet bloc, this was simply because neither Russia nor her satellites made any such offers. Nor did Russia or her satellites try to supply military equipment to the Middle East — with the single minor exception of Czechoslovakia, which did sell some surplus arms to Israel in 1948. Above all, Russia sought only once to obtain a share of the Middle East petroleum bonanza — in northern Iran — and she went about it with such a characteristic lack of subtlety that the Iranian parliament, in white anger over this overt Russian pressure, nullified the proposed fifty-year concession in October, 1947, before it became legally binding.

On the positive side, the United States and its allies deserve credit for foiling in 1945–1946 the heavy-handed Soviet designs on Turkey and Iran through the application of strong moral support. Our Turkish aid program, economic as well as military, prospered until 1954. We prevented Russia at the UN from gaining an entering wedge in the Middle East through the back door of the Palestine problem. When on May 25, 1950, the United States, Britain, and France issued a joint declaration on arms sales, they were in a position to regulate the flow of munitions into the restive Arab-Israel area. The three-power statement also guaranteed existing frontiers and armistice lines. The outbreak of the Korean War, just one month later, tended, furthermore, to underline the firmness of American intentions and to reinforce the utility of the Tripartite Declaration as a deterrent to the renewal of fighting between the Arab states and

Israel. Finally, American mediation in 1953–1954 of the three-year-old Anglo-Iranian oil dispute reconciled conflicting purposes and preserved the company-government payments structure in the Middle East, which since 1950–1952 has rested on an equal division of the profits.

All these measures represent the positive side of the coin. But the coin had a negative side with which we have become familiar in recent times. Our very success in maintaining a Western monopoly over the development of the oil resources of the Middle East did little to endear us to its inhabitants. Our offers of economic and technical aid to the Arab countries failed to receive the full appreciation we expected, because they were matched by similar programs of assistance to Israel and also because the implementation of an aid program designed to raise general living standards was bound to undermine the privileged status of the dominant classes in the several Arab lands. But it was, above all, in the realm of Middle East defense that our real weaknesses were beginning to manifest themselves, and these in no small measure resulted from our own bungling behavior.

3

FROM the end of World War I, when the Ottoman Empire finally disintegrated, down to the end of World War II, the Middle East fell unquestionably into the Western sphere of influence. Britain's military, naval, and air bases that honeycombed the region from end to end were complemented in Lebanon and Syria by French garrisons. This position of military strength proved vital to Britain and its allies in World War II. But in the postwar years the French and British military regimes in the Middle East have been dismantled piece by piece. The first blow was delivered in 1946 when the French were compelled to withdraw their forces from Lebanon and Syria, and successive blows followed in 1948 when the British surrendered Palestine and in 1954–1956 when they evacuated the Suez Canal zone. Each retreat represented a camouflaged victory for the Soviet Union, which has never been happy about the presence of Western garrisons, particularly air bases, on its highly exposed southern flank — an area that it is as concerned about as we are about the Caribbean. For Russia in the Middle East adjoins the non-Communist world without benefit of an intervening satellite zone.

While French and British military power was vanishing, the United States failed to fill the resulting vacuum. Admittedly, Turkey was integrated into NATO in February, 1952, and hundreds of millions of dollars were poured into modernizing its army and naval bases and erecting a string of airfields in Anatolia, on the back doorstep of the Soviet Union. Turkey was thus tied militarily and

diplomatically to the West. But elsewhere in the Middle East, United States moves were limited to bilateral military aid agreements, to stumbling efforts to establish a regional security organization, and to the construction of one heavy bomber base in Libya and another in Saudi Arabia, the last of which is currently under renegotiation with no more than touch-and-go prospects of success. These air bases, complementing those in Morocco, were established to appease the global "edifice complex" of the United States Strategic Air Command and to prepare for the terrible eventualities of an all-out war with Russia; they were not built or maintained — as the Suez base and the lesser nearby establishments were — for the simultaneous peacetime purpose of enabling the Western powers to bring their military pressure to bear on local governments and to keep them in line.

Our desire not to assume military responsibilities in this area was illustrated most graphically by our sponsorship of the Baghdad Pact. One of John Foster Dulles's early initiatives after assuming the office of Secretary of State in 1953 was to advance the idea of a "northern tier" defense system for the Middle East, to replace the earlier conceptions of a Middle East Command and a Middle East Defense Organization which had fizzled out in 1951–1952. In 1955 this initiative eventually yielded the Baghdad Pact, uniting Turkey, Iraq, Iran, and Pakistan with Britain in a formal military alliance. But far from growing into a formidable military instrument, the alliance has proved to be a colossus with feet of clay. On all sides it has stirred up hornets' nests and heightened local tensions.

Because Iraq was a founding member, the Baghdad Pact excited the fear of Israel, which naturally took a dim view of any reinforcement of the Arabs' military potential. It provoked the enmity of Egypt, whose military junta sensed a threat to its leadership in the Arab world, and from Egypt hostility to the pact spread to Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen. Because Pakistan was a member, the pact earned the antagonism of India and Afghanistan, both of whom are locked in border disputes with their Muslim neighbor. Because Britain was a member, it drew fire from Arab nationalists who saw in the pact a devious scheme for resuscitating British "imperialism." And because — once the furor was aroused — the United States refused fully to join the alliance, the pact became an object of ridicule. Our fence-straddling behavior weakened the resolve of those Middle East states that were leaning toward the West, while it strengthened the resolve of those that were antagonistic toward the pact.

These lamentable consequences, it is clear, sprang from a policy aimed at applying to the Middle East ideas of collective security that had been tried and proved in Western Europe. Our national security planners chose to overlook the simple fact that the

Middle East does not in any way resemble Western Europe, not having the industry, trained managers, technicians, skilled labor, or the wealth to sustain a really modern military establishment. Nor did it apparently occur to American policy-makers that a regional military organization on the NATO pattern might not be feasible in an area where the guns of your next-door neighbor worry you more than the crisis of the Cold War. Above all, they closed their eyes to the essential fact that what gives NATO its strength is the presence of American forces on the continent of Europe, and the stationing of American troops in the Middle East — assuming that we ourselves were prepared to put them there — is precisely what most states in the region would resist to the bitter end.

It is clear enough, of course, why our policy-makers in Washington have consistently refused to envisage the idea of American troops taking up stations at critical points in the Middle East. Imperialism has gone out of fashion in the West. Besides, the United States has never entertained any territorial ambitions in the Middle East. Our principal desire has been to avoid arousing against Americans that dislike and xenophobia which have hitherto been trained at the expiring imperialism of the French and British. It is also in the American tradition to support the principle of national self-determination wherever it manifests itself.

The option before the United States, patently, was not an easy one: either to endorse the efforts of our allies to hold on to the military controls, direct or indirect, that they possessed, at least for the duration of the Cold War; or to give our blessings to the demands of the nationalists for the unqualified relinquishment of these controls. If we bowed to our sympathies and came out in support of the local nationalists, we risked alienating Britain and France and undermining the diplomatic unity of NATO. If, on the other hand, we chose to stick by our Western allies, we faced the prospect of uniting the emergent states of Asia and Africa against the West. In every dispute that has arisen, our policy-makers in Washington have sought to steer a middle course between our obligations to our allies and our sympathies for the cause of the nationalists. This was the theory behind our diplomacy. In effect, however, we have always adopted the second choice; and to render it more palatable to our allies, we have taken the decision piecemeal, thus ending up almost invariably out-raging both sides.

4

SINCE the end of World War II the United States has pursued this policy of mediation in various forms and with varying results in Syria and Lebanon, Iran, Egypt, and the French territories of North Africa. Of these, our contribution to ending

Britain's quarrel with Egypt over the Sudan and the base in the Suez Canal zone provides the classic and most important example.

Immediately after World War II Cairo broached the question of revising the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian treaty, which authorized Britain to maintain military bases on Egyptian soil. The Egyptian government made simultaneous overtures to settle its differences with Britain over the existing status of the Sudan. The negotiations jogged along from deadlock to deadlock, fraying nerves on both sides in the process. The first real opportunity to resolve the issues came after the military *coup d'état* in the summer of 1952, when Egypt's playboy king, Farouk, was forced to abdicate and the old-line politicians were pushed into retirement. In the months of negotiation that followed, the American ambassador in Cairo, Jefferson Caffery, played a leading role. It was largely in response to his support of Egyptian demands and to the pressures that he brought to bear on his British colleagues in Cairo that London consented first (in February, 1953) to settle the controversy over the Sudan and finally (in October, 1954) to evacuate the Suez base by stages over an eighteen-month period.

Not long after the conclusion of this prolonged diplomatic duel, we discovered that our principal ally had lost its key military base in the Middle East, on which rested the entire structure of its regional defense system, so central to overall Western defense plans for Europe, Asia, and Africa. Not only did the Egyptian government refuse in the ensuing year to show any gratitude for our mediatory role by agreeing to cooperate with us in the establishment of a new defense system, but it greeted each new gesture of generosity on our part with intensifying arrogance and scorn. Why, we may well ask, did all this happen?

Ever since the Suez Canal crisis exploded last summer, we have taken to blaming Gamal Abdel Nasser for the recent woes that have befallen the West in the Middle East. But if we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that we have only ourselves to blame. The negotiations on the Sudan and the Suez base were not completed overnight. We had time to press for a concrete Egyptian *quid pro quo* to match the concessions of the British. We could have insisted that the British evacuation of the Canal zone be tied to Egypt's adherence, if not to a Western-sponsored Middle East security system, at least to a bilateral military arrangement with the United States. Instead, our policy-makers in Washington elected to believe that verbal promises of cooperation sufficed and that the Egyptian "Young Turks" who had seized power in 1952 could do no wrong.

The military junta that took possession of the Egyptian Delta in 1952 comprised young army officers who had not yet learned their political or economic *alpha beta*. These men did, admittedly,

inject a breath of fresh air into the suffocating atmosphere of corruption and nepotism under Cairo's *ancien régime*. For the first time in its modern history, Egypt found itself with a government openly dedicated to serving the interests not of one class but of the country as a whole. What the regime visibly lacked in political, economic, and social experience, it more than made up in good will. The Western powers, particularly the United States, were favorably impressed. Yet there was little reason for assuming that, because the junta was pursuing an enlightened policy at home, it would as a matter of course pursue a cooperative policy abroad in its relations with the West. In fact, throughout the summer and fall of 1953 the military government, then nominally headed by Major General Mohammed Naguib, conducted a vigorous anti-British campaign in preparation for the self-government elections in the Sudan. During the prolonged stalemate over the Suez question, from October, 1953, to July, 1954, the Revolution Command Council (as the Egyptian junta styled itself) stepped up the hostile campaign in Cairo, directing it at the United States as well as England. It was odd, in the circumstances, for our diplomats to believe that the military officers who had unleashed the propaganda campaign would prove any less nationalistic or more pro-Western than their predecessors. The Department of State should, at the very least, have expected that military officers who had staged a *coup d'état* for the ostensible purpose of abolishing corruption in the army would be highly sensitive about anything affecting the self-esteem and needs of the army and, indeed, the morale and prestige of the country at large.

As it was, the American Embassy in Cairo learned the lesson the hard way. Soon after the signing of the Suez agreement in October, 1954, the Revolution Command Council in Cairo requested from the United States heavy military "hardware." Washington responded favorably. As required by Congress under the Mutual Security Act, the Administration proposed a bilateral agreement between the United States and Egypt in which the latter, as a recipient of American military aid, would formally associate itself with the purposes of Western collective security arrangements and accept the aid and advice of an American military mission. The junta, however, rejected these conditions as tantamount to the reintroduction into Egypt of "imperialist" controls. The only recourse left to Washington was to offer reimbursable military aid. But Egypt did not have the dollars to pay for the modern tanks and jet planes that the Revolution Command Council insisted on buying. So the negotiations reached an impasse, which lasted until Cairo contracted its deal with Czechoslovakia and Russia in September, 1955. The Soviet-Egyptian arms transaction was the price that Washington had to pay for its failure to strike a

hard bargain with Egypt in the autumn of 1954, when Washington, like London, still had a firm grasp on the situation.

Colonel Abdel Nasser's announcement of the Soviet-Egyptian arms deal, one might think, would have brought our national security planners up with a start and have spurred them to a fundamental rethinking of our fawning approach to our relations with Cairo. Unfortunately the public disclosure of this major diplomatic breakthrough hit Washington in the immediate wake of President Eisenhower's heart attack, when the capital was in an unusually nervous state. Instead of taking a cold, considered view of the new situation thus presented, the Department of State hastily dispatched to Cairo its director of Middle East affairs in a desperate last-minute attempt to divert the Egyptian government from the course on which it had already embarked. Immediately after this utterly useless mission, instead of waiting for Egypt to appeal to us, Washington, with London in tow, began pleading with Cairo to accept Western financial aid for the construction of the Aswan High Dam, to forestall a possible Soviet offer.

These moves contributed inevitably to building up Abdel Nasser as a great leader and popular hero everywhere in the Arab world, and to persuading him to raise Egypt's ante to our bid on the Aswan Dam, with the result that here again the negotiations stalled throughout last winter. A sound diplomatic riposte to Egypt's recalcitrance would have been our adhering to the Baghdad Pact. Instead, Washington maintained its aloofness. This underlined Britain's shrinking prestige and allowed Abdel Nasser to frighten Jordan out of joining the pact and then into cashiering Glubb Pasha. Secretary Dulles's belated effort on July 19, 1956, to correct the original mistake of seven months earlier by canceling the Aswan Dam offer, precisely at a time when Egypt had finally condescended to accept our terms, brought the game of diplomatic poker to its logical climax. On July 26, Colonel Abdel Nasser abruptly nationalized the Suez Canal, thereby confronting us with an unprecedented challenge to our prestige throughout the Middle East and even in South Asia beyond.

Our position has not improved since then. Indeed, Secretary Dulles's handling of the Suez dispute has afforded us a dizzying exhibition of American Middle East diplomacy — with rapid shiftings of endorsement from our Western allies to Egypt and back again. Dulles may well have established a diplomatic record in reversal of position early in October, when he undertook to amend an official transcript of a press conference just two hours after holding it, though too late to prevent the damage.

Even after the Soviet-Egyptian arms deal had destroyed the West's monopoly over the modern weapons market in the Middle East, it was still

possible for the United States, Britain, and France to reaffirm, under the Tripartite Declaration of 1950, their position as the ultimate guardians of peace in the explosive Arab-Israel area. A good chance to do so was offered last spring when Arab-Israel tension was nearing the boiling point. As recently as April 17, the Russians gave unmistakable signs of being prepared to soft-pedal their support of the Arabs in order to ensure the success of United Nations efforts to reduce local tensions. Moscow was manifestly afraid that a serious deterioration of the situation might bring Western military forces back into the region, something that it is anxious to avoid at all costs.

The United States and its allies should then have stated unequivocally that they meant to work through the United Nations to reinforce the Arab-Israel armistice system, but that they would have no hesitation whatsoever in committing their troops to restore order if the UN failed in its mission. Had we thus reaffirmed to the Russians, as well as to the Arabs and the Israelis, our solemn determination to keep the peace under the Tripartite Declaration, it is hardly likely that we should have been challenged. A vigorous stand at that time would have helped subsequently in reducing Abdel Nasser to size. But having failed to take that step because of the Eisenhower Administration's tendency to avoid all possible risk of committing United States forces, we have completely destroyed the deterrent value of the Tripartite Declaration, and with it our military prestige in the Near East.

5

WE MUST ask ourselves now why it is that we have committed this series of blunders in dealing with Egypt and the nearby Middle Eastern lands. It is clear that our diplomatic difficulties have been compounded in the past year by the entry of the Soviet Union as a dynamic force into this region precisely at a time when the relations between the Middle East and the West have been undergoing revolutionary readjustments. The defense of our interests in such circumstances would have taxed the ingenuity of a Franklin or a Talleyrand. Yet it should not have exceeded the capabilities of our statesmen to provide for a gradual and orderly retreat from our most vulnerable positions instead of a precipitous rout.

With its arms monopoly broken, its guardianship of the region's security virtually given up, its bases progressively abandoned, and its prestige in large part destroyed, the West must recognize that it can no longer hold the Middle East states in line through unilateral declarations of policy. Since we can hardly expect Russia to join us in promoting stability in the Middle East, we shall probably discover that Middle Eastern regional disputes and recurring threats to the peace can most realistically

be handled through the United Nations Security Council. While the Russians can, of course, use the Council as a sounding board for their propaganda and can veto Western proposals, we may reciprocate in kind. We can indeed make it clear to the non-Soviet world, as we have not succeeded recently in doing, that in the long run the interests of the Middle East states are not antagonistic to, but at many points are coincident with, those of the West. As we have seen, only the Security Council could provide a sufficiently neutral meeting-ground to bring together the foreign ministers not only of the four Great Powers but of Egypt, to consider the Suez dispute in an atmosphere conducive to negotiation.

In view of the fact that the Russians have seized the initiative with their new emphasis on "competitive coexistence," we may well find it politically advisable to play down the military aspects of our relations with the Middle East and to play up the economic. But if we do, then we must recognize the fact that economic rivalry with Russia may at times dictate measures that are, strictly speaking, economically unprofitable — measures similar to our wartime pre-emptive purchases of unneeded strategic materials in neutral countries simply to keep them out of Axis hands. The revival of such practices would better enable us to combat barter agreements between the Soviet sphere and the states of the Middle East. Had we, for example, undertaken late in 1954 to buy up large quantities of Egyptian cotton, then overspilling the warehouses of the Delta, with part or all of our \$32.5 million grant aid to Cairo, our cotton-state Congressmen in Washington would certainly have been outraged. But it might also have made the Soviet arms-for-cotton deal appear a less attractive risk to the military junta in mid-1955. The one thing that makes no sense, however, is for the United States to heed every local domestic pressure and still expect to maintain our diplomatic position in a vital overseas area.

Of even greater importance, we have got to realize that while there may be arguable merit in extending unconditional economic or technical assistance to these countries — not for the sake of winning immediate friendships, but for the indirect benefits it may yield in the long run — there is absolutely no merit in unconditional diplomatic mediation when we are eager to win the favor of both parties to a dispute while preserving our own essential interests. Trading is the hallmark of politics, both domestic and international, and there is nothing ignoble about it. If we wanted Egypt to sign a bilateral military aid agreement with us, we should have made such an agreement the minimal price — paid for in advance — for the effective mediatory services we were glad to render. Whatever else they may be, American bilateral military aid agreements, even with the conditions laid down

by Congress, may hardly be termed "imperialist," and we should so have insisted in our negotiations with Egypt. As it was, American acquiescence in the estimate of Egypt's leaders that hard bargaining on our part was a form of undue pressure tended to reaffirm them in their belief that there was something to their emotional accusations against "American imperialism."

Another thing that has inhibited us in the search for a viable Middle East policy has been our failure to establish just what our vital interests in this area are. The policy pursued by Washington in recent years has, in effect, been guided by two antithetical propositions. The Middle East, according to the first, is indispensable to the Western world because of its oil, its bases, and its strategic location across the main communication routes linking Europe with Asia and Africa. The Middle East, according to the second proposition, is militarily indefensible against a possible Soviet attack. Therefore, we must avoid becoming too deeply involved militarily in this area.

This paradox made for an impossible equation in a Cold War context. Nevertheless, we failed to revise our thinking about the West's interests in the Middle East, either by declaring them expendable and accepting the logical consequences that this entailed, or by striving resolutely to find some effective way of defending them. Instead, when we reached the unavoidable fork in the road we tried to put off the choice and simultaneously to pursue a policy of limited involvement and one of limited abandonment.

Our greatest mistake, however, has been our naïveté in thinking that we can entice Middle Easterners into liking us simply by giving or promising them lots of money or airplanes with no strings attached. This penchant of ours for engaging in popularity contests is one that we have displayed generally across the globe, but nowhere has it been more manifest than in our dealings with Middle Easterners. All we achieve by it is to persuade them that we are childish bargainers, fools begging to be hoodwinked like rich tourists visiting an Oriental bazaar. We must face the fact that lavish gifts will not win us friends among the Arabs, for whom we are tarred with the twin brush of close association with Britain and France and sympathy for Israel — however much the Arabs may exaggerate this last factor in their own minds.

In view of the past vagaries of our policy, the most we could probably have hoped for in the Middle East, and especially in the Arab world, was respect. This is something that we could have obtained, and will in the future be able to obtain, only through a tough, determined, and unequivocal attitude that makes clear to everyone in the Middle East, in NATO, and in the Soviet sphere, just where we stand and what we are prepared to do to defend our vital interests in the Arab world.



An Atlantic Story



SEAN O'FAOLAIN, *unlike many of the leading Irish writers of this century (including George Bernard Shaw and James Joyce), has elected to remain in Ireland. He is a Dubliner who is generally regarded as one of the very best short-story writers of our time and is a sympathetic yet realistic interpreter of contemporary Irish life. This is one of the thirty stories which Mr. O'Faolain has selected as his best and which will be published in book form next spring by Atlantic-Little, Brown. The mood and experience which contributed to the writing of these stories, Mr. O'Faolain describes elsewhere in this issue.*

THE END OF THE RECORD

by SEAN O'FAOLAIN

THE news went around the poorhouse that there was a man with a recording van in the grounds. He was picking up old stories and songs.

"And they say that he would give you a five-shilling piece into your hand for two verses of an old song," said Thomas Hunter, an old man from Coomacoppal, in West Kerry, forgetting that five-shilling pieces were no longer in fashion. "Or for a story, if you have a good one."

"What sort of stories would them be?" Michael Kivlehan asked skeptically. He was from the barony of Forth and Bargy, in County Wexford, and had been in the poorhouse for eleven years.

"Any story at all only it is to be an old story and a good story. A story about the fairies, or about ghosts, or about the way people lived long ago."

"And what do he do with 'um when he have 'um?"

"Hasn't he a phonograph? And doesn't he given them out over the wireless? And doesn't everyone in Ireland be listening to them?"

"I wonder now," said Michael Kivlehan, "would he give me five shillings for the Headless Horseman and the Coach a Bowr?"

Thomas Hunter sighed. "One time I had a grand story about Finn MacCool and the Scotch giant. But it is gone from me. And I'd be getting my fine five-shilling piece into my fist this minute if I could only announce it to him."

The two old men sat on the sides of their beds

and tried to remember stories. But it was other things they remembered, and they forgot all about the man outside who had set them thinking of their childhood.

The doctor had taken the collector into the women's ward to meet Mary Creegan. She was sitting up in bed, alone in the long room; all the other women were out in the warm sun. As the two men walked up the bare floor, the collector was trailing a long black cable from a microphone in his hand, and the doctor was telling him that she came from a place called Faill-a-ghleanna in West Cork.

"She should have lots of stories because her husband was famous for them. After he died she went a bit airy so they had to bring her to us. 'Twas a bit tough on her at first. Sixty years in the one cottage — and then to finish up here." They stood beside her bed. "I brought a visitor to see you, Mary," he said in a loud voice.

She did not appear to see them. She was humming happily to herself. Her bony fingers were wound about an ancient rosary beads. Her white hair floated up above a face as tiny and as wrinkled as a forgotten crab apple. All her teeth were gone, so that her face was as broad as it was long; it was as if the midwife had pressed the baby's chin and forehead between thumb and forefinger. The doctor gently laid his hand under the tiny chin and turned her face towards him. She smiled.

"Put down the kettle and wet the tay," she ordered.

The doctor sat on the bed; so did the collector.
 " 'Tis down, Mary, and two eggs in the pot. This poor man here is after coming a long way to talk to you. He's tired out."

She turned and looked at the stranger. Encouraged by a brightening spark in the depths of her eyes, he turned aside and murmured quietly into the microphone: "Reggy? Recording ten seconds from . . . now."

"It's a bad road," she said. "Ask Jamesy is he keeping that divil of a cow out of the cabbage."

"She's all right," the doctor cried into her ear. "Jamesy is watching her. Be talking to us while we're waiting for the tay. You told me one time you saw a ghost. Is that true?"

She looked out of the window and her eyes opened and narrowed like a fish's gills, as if they were sucking something in from the blue sky outside. The collector stealthily approached her chin with the microphone.

"Ghosts? Ayeh! Ha! My ould divil of a tailor is for ever and always talkin' about 'um. But, sure, I wouldn't heed him. Bummin' and boashtin' he is from morning to night and never a needle to shtuck in the shtuff. Where is he? Why don't you ask him to be talking to you about ghoshts?"

The doctor looked across the bed at the collector and raised his eyebrows. "Maybe you don't believe in them yourself?" he mocked.

"I do *not* believe in 'um. But they're there. Didn't I hear tell of 'um from them that saw 'um? Aye, and often. And often! Aye," still collecting her thoughts from the sky above the bakehouse chimney.

"Wasn't it that way the night Father Regan died? Huh! They called him Father Regan, but he was not a right priest. He was silenced for some wrong thing he did when he was a young priest, and they sent him to Faill-a-ghleanna to be doing penance for it. When his time came to die it was a bad, shtormy night. And when he sent for the parish priest to hear his confession, the priest said he could not come. And that was a hard thing to do, for no man should refuse the dying. And they sent another messenger for the priest, and still the priest could not come. 'Oh,' said Father Regan, 'I'm lost now.' So they sent a third messenger. And for the third time the priest could not come. And on his way back wasn't the messenger shtopped on the road by a woman? It was Father Regan's own mother. 'Go back,' says she, 'and if the candles by his bed light up,' says she, 'of their own accord,' says she, 'he is saved.' And the messenger went back, and Father Regan gave wan look at him, and he closed his eyes for the last time. With that all the people went on their knees. And they began to pray. If they did, there were three candles at the head of the dead priest. And didn't the one beside the window light up? And after a little while the candle beside the fire-clevvy lit up. And they

went on praying. And the wind and the shtorm screaming about the house, and they watching the wick of the last candle. And, bit by bit, the way you'd blow up a fire with a bellows, didn't the candle over the priest's head light up until the whole room was like broad daylight."

The old woman's voice suddenly became bright and hard. "Isn't that tay ready a-yet? Domn and blosht it ye'll have them eggs like bullets." She looked alertly at the two men. "Where am I? Where's Jamesy? What are ye doing to me?"

The doctor held her wrist. Her eyes faded. She sank back heavily.

"I thought," she wailed, "that it was how I saw a great brightness."

The collector spoke one word into the microphone. The old woman had fainted. Overcome with regrets he began to apologize, but the doctor waved his hand at him.

"Excited. I'll send up the sister to give her an injection. Sometimes she loves to talk about old times. It does her good."

They went out of the empty ward, the cable trailing softly. They passed the male ward. Michael Kivlehan and Thomas Hunter were sitting on their beds. As the doctor led the way downstairs, he said, "When that generation goes it will be all over. Wait for me outside. There are a couple more. You might get bits and scraps from them."

The engineer put his head out of the van and said, in the gloomy voice of all engineers, "That might come through all right."

When the doctor came out again, they sat with a middle-aged man from Wicklow, named Fenelon. He had been on the roads until arthritis crippled him. When he counted the years, he spoke in Urdu. He had scraps of the tinker's language which is called Shelta. He said, "I often walked from Dublin to Puck, and that's a hundred miles, without ever disturbing anything but a hare or a snipe. I'd make for Ross, and then cross to Callan, and by Slievenamon west to the Galtees."

He did not see the microphone; he did not see his visitors; as the needle softly cut the disc he was seeing only the mountainy sheep that looked at him with slitted eyes, a thing as shaggy as themselves.

They moved on to an old woman who sang a love-song for them in a cracked voice. She said she had learned it in Chicago. She gave them a poem of twelve verses about a voyage to the South Seas. They were finishing a disc with a very old man from Carlow when the sister came out and hastily beckoned to the doctor. As they folded up the cable he came back. He said, with a slow shake of the head, "It's old Mary. I must leave ye. But ye have the best of them. The rest is only the shakings of the bag."

When they had thanked him and were driving

away, the collector said eagerly, "Pull up when we're out of the town. I want to play back those discs."

They circled up and out of the town until its murmur was so faint that they could hear only the loudest cries of the playing children. There they played back the discs, and as they leaned toward the loudspeaker, and the black record circled smoothly, they could see, sideways through the window, the smoke of the hollow town. The last voice was Mary Creegan's.

"... and after a while the candle beside the fire-cleddy lit up. And they went on praying. And the wind and the storm screaming about the house, and they watching the wick of the last candle. And, bit by bit, the way you'd blow up a fire with a bellows, didn't the candle over the priest's head light up until

the whole room was like broad daylight. . . . Isn't that taw ready a-ye? Down and blosht it ye'll have them eggs like bullets. . . . Where am I? Where's Jamesy? What are ye doing to me? . . . I thought that it was how I saw a great brightness."

The listeners relaxed. Then from the record came a low, lonely cry. It was the fluting of a bittern over moorland. It fluted sadly once again, farther away; and for a third time, almost too faint to be heard. Many times the two men played back those last few inches of disc. Every time they heard the bittern wailing over the mountains.

It was dusk. They laid the voices in a black box and drove away. Then they topped the hill, and the antennae of their headlamps began to probe the winding descent to the next valley.



CHRISTMAS POEM

by E. E. CUMMINGS

from spiralling ecstatically this

proud nowhere of earth's most prodigious night
blossoms a newborn babe around him, eyes
— gifted with ever keener appetite
than mere unmiracle can quite appease —
humbly in their imagined bodies kneel
(over time space doom dream while floats the whole

perhapsless mystery of paradise)

mind without soul may blast some universe
to might have been, and stop ten thousand stars
but not one heartbeat of this child; nor shall
even prevail a million questionings
against the silence of his mother's smile

— whose only secret all creation sings



Ever since the thick veil of censorship first descended on radar and atomic bomb developments, government offices of all sorts have tended toward increasing concealment of their operations. Neither press, public, nor Congress can break "the paper curtain" surrounding at times even the most commonplace information. HAROLD L. CROSS, author of The People's Right to Know, has been serving as guide and counsel to the American Society of Newspaper Editors and to the Moss Subcommittee of the House of Representatives in their efforts to restore public access to the nation's news.

THE BARRICADE OF SECRECY

by HAROLD L. CROSS

1

IN WIDESPREAD areas having nothing whatever to do with national security or any other public necessity, the people, the Congress, and the press are being denied information essential to the formation of public opinion, to the formulation of legislation, and to the functioning of their information media. Public officers and employees suppress information. They deny access to public records. They stamp "secret" and "confidential" on evidence of their action. They obscure the frontier between that part of the public business which they conceal because publication is not, as they say, "compatible with the public interest" and that part which they conceal because, in their view, cognizance is none of the public's business. They open to those whom they favor files which they keep secret from those upon whom they frown. They exercise authority to decide which citizen-suppliant for their indulgence is "responsible" or which one is "directly or properly concerned" with the information he seeks or which one has an "interest" sufficient to set their grace in favorable motion.

Thus the right of the people to examine public characters and measures is being obstructed increasingly during an historic interlude in which the overwhelming majority of citizens have become more competent than ever before to understand and act intelligently upon the problems of their government, including its world role and their national security. The obstruction is broadened at the very moment when government has embarked on wider and wider responsibilities and activities.

Last winter the Special Subcommittee on Government Information of the House of Representatives held hearings on the suppression of information. Created by the House Committee on Government Operations, and consisting of John E. Moss (D. Cal.), Chairman, Dante B. Fascell (D. Fla.), and

Clare E. Hoffman (R. Mich.), the Subcommittee was directed to scrutinize the trend in the availability of government information, study the information policies and practices of executive agencies and officials, disclose any unjustifiable suppressions or distortions, and recommend action. The Subcommittee staff had already taken a giant step forward by making available a questionnaire and a 552-page volume of the replies by sixty federal agencies on the subjects for investigation, plus their citations of the legal sanctions for the withholding of information.

Hearings were held at intervals, and many departments and agencies were heard, including the Departments of Justice and State. In May, 1956, a panel of non-government lawyers was interrogated. In statements presented, as well as in a staff report of the parent Committee, government assertions of expressed and "inherent" rights to secrecy on constitutional and statutory interpretations were sharply challenged. In March the Subcommittee heard some of the nation's leading scientists and technical experts. They challenged official secrecy beyond military necessity as a threat to national survival rather than as a means of national security. This cloak of secrecy, they almost unanimously reported, has made free exchange of scientific thought difficult or, in some cases, impossible, has impeded basic research, and has delayed or prevented altogether the actual application of results of research. The Subcommittee was told that some leading universities, including Harvard, Syracuse, and Oregon, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, had refused certain government research contracts because of the red tape of unnecessary security classification.

The Subcommittee was told too that secrecy seriously delayed the development of radar, and,

as a consequence, it failed to prevent the Pearl Harbor attack — a tactical failure born of military ignorance imposed by secrecy. If the Japanese had known of the existence of radar, there is at least a reasonable doubt that they would have attempted a surprise. The establishment of our northern air defenses was delayed one and probably two years by a technological secrecy “so good” that even the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff did not learn until after his retirement that the main underlying technological problems had been solved more than two years earlier.

In its nine months of operation the Subcommittee found, Chairman Moss said, “ample justification for the complaints of newsmen and Congress that the Government has tried to clamp down on many types of legitimate information.”

2

THE flooding tide of governmental secrecy and the rising demand for its abatement are not partisan political issues or problems for news-gatherers alone. To be sure, partisan politics may dictate officialdom's discretion to reveal or to conceal, and they may dictate congressional reaction to concealment. But these are additional reasons, if any are needed, for restoration of a government by law to replace the control of public information by a “government” by men.

The trouble is not lack of devotion to the principle of the people's right to know; government output abounds in lip service to this principle. Nor is there any lack of paper work; torrents of that are handed out. The jaws of secrecy are clenched against participation by the people in the basic processes of democracy: the management of government, the formulation of its policies, the executive and administrative action taken.

Specific examples of news suppression occur both nationally and locally in state and county branches. In February, 1956, at Charleston, West Virginia, Frederick D. Ehle, supervising General Services Administrator, barred press photographers from all federal buildings in the state, saying: “If you come to me for permission, sometimes I'll let you take pictures and sometimes I won't.” Questioned by the *Charleston Daily Mail*, he declared: “I own the building and I'll say what goes on there.” Intervention by Chairman Moss and the staff of the House Subcommittee on Government Information cut this arrogance back to size.

The security case of Wolf Ladejinsky, first dismissed and later reinstated in government service, involved justice and newsworthiness. While being interviewed about it, on January 14, 1955, William G. Ludwick, Chief of the Foreign Service of the Department of Agriculture, was asked whether government business was not public business. He said, “It is not and you know it.”

Among the proper interests of citizens are the identity and activities of those who seek to spring convicted criminals from custody. In some states public hearings are required by law. Denying a newspaper request for inspection of the records of an application for parole, the Chairman of the United States Board of Parole pontificated that the “desired information [will be] supplied if, in our opinion, such information would be compatible with the welfare of society.” Later, the Attorney General, as a matter of grace and as such subject to withdrawal, ruled that such applications may be inspected by the press and “interested” citizens.

Taxation is a bruising burden. Its just and even-handed administration hits the pocketbook of all. Managing Editor Virgil M. Newton, Jr., of the Tampa (Florida) *Tribune*, and Chairman of the Advancement of Freedom of Information Committee of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity, has been trying for three years, via the Civil Service Commission, the Department of Justice, and the White House, to discover the names and amounts of pensions paid, largely out of tax monies, to former Congressmen. These, it is explained with some indignation, are private matters between government and recipient. Senator Williams of Delaware, luckier, contrived a breakthrough. He told his colleagues in June, 1955, that among the windfall-pensioners was one who had wangled an additional \$444 per annum by a payment of \$10.12. Recently the Civil Service Commission agreed that the amounts of pensions may be disclosed if the recipients consent. With that, until Congress acts, the garden variety of citizen must be content.

Many citizens would prefer whisky that has not been watered down surreptitiously. Most of those who have ordered a shot of Old Comforter would like a shot of Old Comforter and not one of another, perhaps inferior, brand sneaked into Old Comforter bottles. These persons think they should have the right of access to the identity of saloonkeepers caught in the act by the alcohol tax unit of the Internal Revenue Service. Not so. These too are matters of privacy between the miscreants and their government.

Some corporate entities, by virtue of their charitable, educational, or similar public-benefit functions — but not political functions — are entitled by law to exemption from certain federal taxation. Rightly administered, the policy of the law is undoubtedly sound, but each Internal Revenue ruling granting exemption touches every taxpaying citizen. There have been great numbers of such rulings. Some, including the ideologically controversial, are of questionable validity. The applications, it has been ruled, are secret. This in effect is administration of justice behind closed doors by non-judicial officials. It has been reported that the Treasury Department favors corrective legislation.

Secrecy, sometimes relaxed by official "discretion," surrounds compromise settlements of tax liabilities. The Moss Subcommittee on Government Information was told in November, 1955, of a case involving upwards of twelve million dollars that was settled for ten cents on the dollar. A newspaperman, applying as a taxpayer and citizen, was unable to obtain pertinent information.

These cases illustrate a marked trend toward increase in secrecy covering financial transactions between the government and some classes of citizens. One aspect of the dominance of "discretion" and the absence of law is the varying federal policy on disclosure of such simple subjects as the names and salaries of employees. One agency declared to Congress that it makes them available to the public. Another said it had no policy at all. Still another admitted it revealed or concealed according to its views of the "legitimacy" of the purpose and of the "responsibility" of the newspaperman seeking the information. Policy varies on peanut butter too. One agency declined to reveal the amount purchased by the military lest a potential enemy deduce the number of men in the armed services. Meanwhile another agency housed nearby was regularly reporting to the public the number of men in these services being supported by their tax dollars.

3

THE causes for suppression are numerous. They are not to be found mainly in official malfeasance, improper motives, or incompetence. The Moss Subcommittee hearings disclosed that they include the explosive expansion in governmental activities; the heavy volume of functions shifted from the glass bowls in which legislatures and courts operate to the opaqueness of legislative committee rooms and the offices of swarms of administrative agencies acting in legislative, quasi-judicial, and executive capacities; and the tension in the world situation.

Experience shows other — and less majestic — causes: the burgeoning activities of cults of secrecy which in their misguided, though often well-intentioned, opposition to public information have contrived to produce statutory and discretionary secrets; the arrival in government positions of large numbers of persons accustomed to privacy in the conduct of their own business and unfamiliar or not in sympathy with the traditional philosophy that citizens whose taxes pay the fiddlers have the right to call the tunes; the heady wine of discretionary authority to reveal information of favorable character and to conceal that susceptible of the opposite effect; the pleasurable and, on occasion, the profitable sensation of discriminating between seekers of information; and the apathy of the people themselves. Moreover, almost invariably some sort of argument may be — and is — made for secrecy.

Edward Livingston said: "No nation ever yet

found any inconvenience from too close an inspection of the conduct of its officers, but many have been brought to ruin, and reduced to slavery, by suffering gradual imposition and abuses, which were imperceptible only because the means of publicity had not been secured." To that we have entrusted our all. It is the foundation of our guaranteed freedoms of thought and expression which without freedom of inquiry are fettered into futility.

Nevertheless, our national officers do find inconvenience from inspection of their conduct. Very frequently indeed inspection subjects a public officer to exposure, adverse criticism, irritation, extra work, or, at the least, bother. In the absence of law all these — and some additional — formulae to apply secrecy are as handy as they are tempting. And who knows but that public cognizance of some action, some statement, some recommendation, by any public officer from the highest to the lowest might adversely affect his chances for employment in private industry or his advancement within the bureaucracy or threaten his job itself. There is security in concealment and anonymity.

In another sense a prime cause of suppression is the legal basis asserted to sanction it. On its face the law seems to be that, in the absence of general or specific acts of Congress affirmatively creating clear, legal right of inspection, there is no enforceable right of the people, including the press, to inspect any federal non-judicial record. Congress itself is little, if any, better off, for, as it has been told sternly by the Department of Justice: "The long continued practice of the executive branch to withhold confidential papers, in the national public interest, from the legislative branch, and the passage of no law by Congress to change the practice argue persuasively for the possession of such a power, under the Constitution by the Executive."

Thus a vast area of federal plans, policies, and actions in the conduct of the public business is none of the public's business except as officialdom is disposed to be gracious. Blocked by "official discretion" — with which the judiciary may not interfere — as to what is "confidential" and what is "national interest," the courts stand aside as a band of silent men. It is little wonder that there is no reported case in which a citizen has established, or in which a newspaper has even ventured to try to establish, in court the right to inspect a federal non-judicial record.

The strongest points in the barricade of secrecy may be noted. Basic to freedom of information are definition of the term "public records" and declaration of a right of inspection thereof. Every state, by statute or court decisions, has such laws, naturally of varying effectiveness. Neither the Congress nor the federal judiciary has defined the term in this connection or granted general recognition of such rights. Thus the kind of records which by virtue of law lie open in glass bowls in state and

municipal offices may, by absence of law, be whisked behind curtains of secrecy in federal offices.

There are affirmative barriers. Title 5, United States Code, section 22, enacted soon after the birth of the nation, is a "housekeeping statute" granting authority to heads of executive departments to make regulations "not inconsistent with law" for the "custody, use and preservation" of records and papers. The statute is officially interpreted and applied as authorizing *non-use* — which, of course, means suppression.

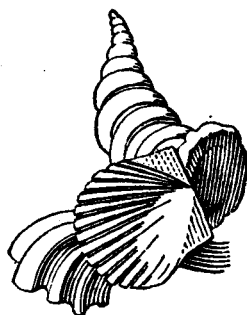
As the culmination of more than a decade of effort to safeguard against the tyranny of the fast-multiplying administrative agencies, Congress in 1946 unanimously enacted the Administrative Procedure Act, Title 5, United States Code, sections 1001-1011. Whatever its effect in regularization of procedure for the benefit of parties and attorneys in administrative proceedings, it has proved so far an abject failure as a "public records act" for the information of the citizen. As the American Law Section of the Library of Congress reported to a Senator, "the several qualifications in that Act have enabled agencies to assert the power to withhold practically all the information they do not see fit to disclose."

This Act allows officials to withhold, first, records in which "there is involved any function of the United States requiring secrecy in the public interest" — a substantially meaningless, subjective term that gets all snarled up with the "interest" of bureaucracy; and second, those in which is involved "any matter related solely to the internal management of an agency" — a singularly useful hideaway. Whatever other disagreements there may be between government officials and agencies, they speak as one for the proposition that an orderly system of government is impossible unless its "internal management" is protected. "Confidential for good cause found" is a handy label. "Good causes" abound.

In May, 1954, amidst the swirling political eddies of the Army-McCarthy hearings, the Senator felt a need to adduce, and the government felt a need to bar, testimony about conversations between officials of Army, Department of Justice, and the White House — a formidable trio. The results were a memorandum by Attorney General Brownell and a letter of May 17 from President Eisenhower to Secretary of Defense Wilson asserting a judicially unreviewable discretion to withhold any information which is considered confidential or which would be incompatible with the public interest or jeopardize the safety of the nation — this being a firm principle on which our country's strength, liberty, and democratic form of government will continue.

Whatever the validity of all this may be as related to presidential power — and it is expression of opinion only and not law — it is being exercised by other officials without President Eisenhower's prior cognizance or subsequent approval. The President's directive and the Justice Department's supporting memorandum, it is reported, have already sired nineteen "little Presidents" — lesser officials who have taken upon themselves the President's prerogative — and it is not unlikely that the progeny will increase, especially as those who withhold information may comfort themselves with the feeling that they are preserving the constitutional separation of powers and protecting our country. But the people may not feel certain that all who step into the President's shoes will walk with the circumspection and humility rightly to be expected of the Chief Executive.

This much is clear: the Congress, to which alone the lawmaking power is entrusted by the Constitution, can legislate, if it will, far-reaching freedom for itself, the people, and the press without encroaching upon actual powers of the President, whose temporary duties in that high office cannot override his permanent and fundamental duties as a citizen and as a debtor to justice.



The 1896 Olympics

The first modern Olympic games took place in Athens sixty years ago in a stadium holding seventy-five thousand people, with another fifty thousand crowding the hills above. The athletes were royally welcomed, and the events were conducted with a mixture of formality and intimacy delightful to recall. The American hurdler THOMAS P. CURTIS won the Gold Medal in his event; he also found time to make notes of what happened, and his article which originally appeared in The Sportsman for July, 1932, makes even better reading today.

HIGH HURDLES AND WHITE GLOVES

by THOMAS P. CURTIS

I

THE way our U.S. team was selected for those first modern Olympic games held at Athens in 1896 would seem extraordinary to an athlete of 1932. In effect we selected ourselves. When an invitation was received in this country, asking the United States to send representatives to Greece, the powers of the Boston Athletic Association went into a huddle and decided that the B.A.A. had a pretty good track team which had met with reasonable success at home and that the Association could afford to send a group of seven athletes and a coach to the first Olympiad. Princeton University also decided to send over a small team, and as the amateur standing of all was satisfactory, that was all there was to it. Naïve? Yes, but so was the whole idea, which had blossomed in the brain of Baron Pierre de Coubertin. So were the competitors and so were the spectators. So were most of the governments which sent representatives to Athens, and so were many of the incidents, which seem just as funny today as they did at the time, perhaps even more so, in view of modern developments.

We sailed by the southern route to Naples, passing the Azores, and we kept in condition as well as we could by exercising on the afterdeck. At Gibraltar the British officers invited us to use their field for practice, and we managed to get rid of our sea legs to a certain extent. But when we arrived at Athens on the day preceding the opening of the games — after crossing Italy by train, spending twenty-four hours on the boat from Brindisi to Patras, and then crossing Greece by train — we were not exactly in what today's Olympic coaches would call the pink.

Nor did our reception at Athens, kind and hospitable as it was, help. We were met with a procession, with bands blaring before and behind, and were marched on foot for what seemed miles to the Hôtel de Ville. Here speech after speech was made in Greek, presumably very flattering to

us, but of course entirely unintelligible. We were given large bumpers 'of the white-resin wine of Greece and told by our advisors that it would be a gross breach of etiquette if we did not drain these off in response to the various toasts. As soon as this ceremony was over, we were again placed at the head of a procession and marched to our hotel. I could not help feeling that so much marching, combined with several noggins of resinous wine, would tell on us in the contests the following day.

My doubts were deepened on meeting the proprietor of our hotel. He asked me in what events I was going to compete, and when I named particularly the high hurdles, he burst into roars of laughter. It was some time before he could speak, but when he had calmed down enough, he apologized and explained that it had seemed to him inexplicably droll that a man should travel 5000 miles to take part in an event which he had no possible chance to win. Only that afternoon, the Greek hurdler in practice had hung up an absolutely unbeatable record.

With a good deal of anxiety, I asked him what this record was. He glanced around guiltily, led me to a corner of the room, and whispering in my ear like a stage conspirator, said that the record was not supposed to be made public but that he had it on unimpeachable authority that the Greek hero had run the hurdles in the amazing time of nineteen and four-fifths seconds!

Again he was overcome with mirth but recovered to say that I should not be too discouraged, perhaps I might win second place. As I had never heard of anyone running the high hurdles, 110 meters, in such amazingly slow time, I decided that I should not take the mental hazard of the Great Greek Threat too seriously.

One of the British hurdlers, however, was more disturbing. He had quite a number of medals hung on his waistcoat, and these he insisted on showing me. "You see this medal," he would say. "That

was for the time I won the championship of South Africa. This one here was from the All-England games" — and so on. He was perfectly certain that he would win the Olympic event, but he, too, consoled me with the possibility of my taking second place. I never met a more confident athlete.

2

THE next day the games opened in a superb stadium, gift of a wealthy and patriotic Greek, built of Pentelic marble and seating seventy-five thousand spectators. Around and above it, on three sides, rose bare hills, which provided free space for the local deadheads — a sort of Athenian Coogan's Bluff. In building the stadium the Greeks had unearthed four statues which had marked the turns in the ancient Athenian games held on the same site, and these were now installed at the four turns of the new cinder track for the first Olympic revival. The track, by the way, was well intended and well built, but it was soft, which accounted in part for the slow times recorded. After the opening ceremonies before the King and Queen, the taking of the Olympic oath, and the lighting of the Olympic torch, we proceeded to business.

The first event was a trial heat in the 100-meter dash. Entered in the heat with me were a German, a Frenchman, an Englishman, and two Greeks. As we stood on our marks, I was next to the Frenchman, a short, stocky man. He, at that moment, was busily engaged in pulling on a pair of white kid gloves, and having some difficulty in doing so before the starting pistol. Excited as I was, I had to ask him why he wanted the gloves. "Ah-ha!" he answered, "zat is because I run before ze Keeng!"

Later, after the heat was run, I asked him in what other events he was entered. He was in only two, "ze cent metre and ze marathon," to me a curious combination. He went on to explain his method of training. "One day I run a leetle way, vairy queek. Ze next day, I run a long way, vairy slow."

I remember the last day of the games. The marathon had been run. All the other runners who finished had completed the race. The King and Queen had left, and the stadium was about to be closed for the night. And then, all alone, the little Frenchman came jogging into the stadium, running "vairy slow," and passed in front of the empty thrones of the Royal Box, wearing his little white kid gloves, even though "ze Keeng" was not there to see them.

When it came to the high hurdles, I learned how the Greek Threat had managed to spend nineteen and four-fifths seconds in covering the distance. It was entirely a matter of technique. His method was to treat each hurdle as a high jump, trotting up to it, leaping, and landing on both feet. At that, given the method, his time was really remarkable.

In the finals I met the confident Britisher who was, in fact, a better hurdler than I. However, he was not so fast on the ground, and I beat him in the stretch, whereupon he stopped neither to linger nor to say farewell, but went from the stadium to the station and took the first train out of Athens.

Apropos of the Greek Threat it is only fair to add that Greece, as a nation, knew very little about modern track and field sports. They had imported an English trainer named Perry shortly before the games. In the sprints, the middle, and the long-distance runs, he could give them useful hints on form and condition, but the pole vault and the hurdles and high jump were too difficult for satisfactory results from any such athletic "cramping." The Greek hopes — aside from those of my hotel proprietor — centered on two events, the discus and the marathon run. For the first they had the classic example of the *Discobolus* to study and analyze, and for the second they had the equally classic precedent of Pheidippides, who had run over almost identically the same course to death and immortal glory.

In the discus they were doomed to disappointment by a performance which illustrates as well as anything else the naïveté of the contests. We had on our team a Princeton representative, Robert Garrett, a very powerful, long-armed athlete who had never seen a discus, let alone thrown one, but who decided to enter the event just for the sport of it. When the moment came, the Greek champion assumed the attitude of the *Discobolus*, which incidentally is a very trying and complicated attitude, and proceeded to make three perfect throws in the classic manner.

Garrett, with no knowledge of form or of how to skim the awkward discus, caused infinite merriment by running up to the mark and completely flubbing his first two attempts. On his third attempt, aided by his great strength, great length of arm, and an enormous amount of good luck, he succeeded in "sailing" the discus to a new record, beating the champion by almost a foot. This was a tragedy for Greece, but high comedy for us.

I think it was on the third or fourth day of the games that the Americanization of Europe began. Our team sat in a box not far from that of the King, and whenever the circumstances seemed to call for it, such as a win for the United States or a particularly good performance, we gave the regular B.A.A. cheer, which consisted of "B.-A.-A. — Rah! Rah! Rah!" three times, followed by the name of the individual performer who had evoked it. This cheer never failed to astonish and amuse the spectators. They had never heard organized cheering in their lives. During one of the intervals between events we were much surprised to see one of King George's aides-de-camp, an enormous man some six feet six tall, walk solemnly down the track, stop in front of us, salute, and say: "His

Majesté, ze King, requests zat you, for heem, weel make once more, zat fonnee sound." We shouted "B.-A.-A. — Rah! Rah! Rah!" three times and then ended up with a mighty "*Zito Hellas!*" whereupon the King rose and snapped into a salute and everyone applauded vigorously.

King George was much intrigued by this barbarian custom. When we breakfasted with him the day after the completion of the games, he asked us to cheer in the middle of breakfast. If we had only known then about the movies and Hollywood and Henry Ford and mass production, we might have considered ourselves the advance agents of Americanization, and committed suicide.

When we left Athens, more than a hundred undergraduates of the University were at the station and gave us an organized cheer in Greek — such as never was heard before on sea or land. It was a pity that a group of Elis were not there to respond with the Frog Chorus — "Brek-ek-kek, co-ax, co-ax" — but probably the Greeks would not have understood it, Greek though it claims to be.

On the whole, our team did very well. William Hoyt won the pole vault, Ellery Clarke the high jump and broad jump, Tom Burke the 100 meters and 400 meters. I won the high hurdles, and Arthur Blake was second in, I think, the 1500 meters. Our finest performances were by the two sons of General Paine of Boston, Sumner and John, who won the revolver and pistol contests against the pick of the military and civilian shots of Europe. These were really outstanding achievements.

For the aquatic events we had on our team a very fast short-distance swimmer, who had won many races in warm American swimming pools. He journeyed to the Piraeus on the day of the first swimming competition blissfully ignorant that even the Mediterranean is bitterly cold in the month of April.

He had traveled 5000 miles for this event, and as he posed with the others on the edge of the float, waiting for the gun, his spirit thrilled with patriotism and determination. At the crack of the pistol, the contestants dived headfirst into the icy water. In a split second his head reappeared. "Jesu Christo! I'm freezing!"; with that shriek of astonished frenzy he lashed back to the float. For him the Olympics were over.

The Greek people, from high to low, treated us with great courtesy and friendliness. Sometimes their kindness was embarrassing. If we had won an event, our return to our quarters would be attended by admiring followers shouting "*Niké!*" — "Victory!" Shopkeepers would herd us into their shops and invite us to help ourselves to their wares gratis. One merchant successfully insisted on each of us taking three free neckties. Gazing on their color and design, I saw a new meaning in the phrase, *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. But the whole thing was so simple, so naïve, that in spite of our amusement we were touched and pleased.

On the last day of the games, Greece came into her own. Loues, a Greek donkey boy, led all the other contestants home in the great marathon. As he came into the stretch, a hundred and twenty-five thousand people went into delirium. Thousands of white pigeons, which had been hidden in boxes under the seats, were released in all parts of the stadium. The handclapping was tremendous. Every reward which the ancient cities heaped on an Olympic victor, and a lot of new ones, were showered on the conqueror, and the games ended on this happy and thrilling note.

We stayed on in Athens for about ten days of entertainment and merrymaking. I recall especially a great reception at Mme. Schliemann's and also a picnic in the Vale of Daphne, which the Crown Prince, later King Constantine, and his brother, Prince George, attended. Their Royal Highnesses were extremely interested in learning how American baseball was played. We explained to them the functions of the pitcher, catcher, infielders, and outfielders and the theory of running bases.

Nothing would do, however, except a demonstration, and as the picnic yielded little in the way of paraphernalia, we were obliged to demonstrate with a walking stick and an orange. We appointed Prince George pitcher and the Crown Prince catcher, and, for my sins, I was named batter. At the first orange pitched, I struck not wisely but too well, and the stick cut the orange in halves, both of which the Crown Prince caught on the bosom of his best court uniform. He was a good sport and joined in the somewhat subdued laughter, but I think the Americanization of Greece ended right there.



Mr. Justice Holmes, John Adams, and Sir Edward Coke — to the study of these three giants in law CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN has devoted no less than fifteen years. The sequence is important, for each of the three built upon the edifice of his predecessor; and for this reason perhaps Sir Edward Coke, who suppressed the conspiracies against Queen Elizabeth and fought for the Commons against James I and Charles I — perhaps he is the mightiest of the trio in that he laid the foundations of our Bill of Rights. The following excerpt is the second of three, powerful and charged with character, which the Atlantic is drawing from Mrs. Bowen's forthcoming book, The Lion and the Throne. They are highlights in a volume which in its entirety runs to 200,000 words.

THE LION AND THE THRONE

The Trial of Sir Walter Raleigh

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

1

IN THE spring of 1603, James VI of Scotland, already proclaimed King of England, left Edinburgh and with a crowd of courtiers rode down to claim his kingdom. Over the countryside, bells pealed, songs were sung, poetic welcomes declaimed. Schoolchildren threw flowers in the royal path. Sheriffs bearing white wands rode out from towns, mayors in scarlet, gold chains (when they had them) about their shoulders. Presents were showered. James was delighted. After his own barren wild domain, this kingdom seemed rich as Babylon, rich as Guiana. One of his train, a bluff plain Scotsman, was heard to say, "This people will spoil a good king." James rode down through the pleasant April sunshine, the soft April rains. In London, Elizabeth lay in her leaden coffin, wrapped in serecloth. James had ordered her funeral to proceed without him.

For one man at least, Elizabeth's death meant ruin. Sir Walter Raleigh strode behind her coffin, his helmet black-plumed, mourning band around his arm. Like everyone he expected drastic changes; James, quite naturally, would desire his old friends about him — new officers of the Bedchamber, a new Captain of the Guard. Raleigh looked for it. Moreover, he had already been rebuffed, if John Aubrey's story is true. Going north to meet the monarch (against Robert Cecil's advice), Sir Walter had introduced himself at Burghley House in Northamptonshire. Kneeling, he was greeted with a heavy royal pun: "On my soule, mon, I have heard rawly of thee!"

It was humiliating but by no means fatal. Already, James was noted for chiding his new English

friends, watching closely to see how they received it, and letting reward or punishment fall accordingly. Raleigh was known as the most independent-minded man in England. Unlike Leicester, Essex, and the rest, he had never made a step toward popularity. "There is no man on the face of the earth," he said, "that I would be tied unto." His manner was arrogant, ruthless, and it was generally said that he showed himself greedy of money, an oppressor of the poor on his estates. He made enemies as readily as the Earl of Essex had made friends — and remained perfectly indifferent to the reputation. Raleigh was fifty-one, Edward Coke fifty-two. There had always been a magnificence about Sir Walter. His sword belt was studded with gems, a famous diamond sparkled at the hilt. From James he had received a check and knew it. But that his entire fortune, credit, honor — and very soon, his life — were in danger, he could not have suspected. He knew nothing of his enemies' machinations during the past year, nothing of Lord Henry Howard's letters, Essex's letters, which had so effectually poisoned James's mind by hints that Raleigh was ambitious, opposed to the succession, harbored plans of his own. James's shrewd Scotch heart was fertile to suspicion; to turn it against Sir Walter had not been difficult. First of all, Raleigh desired war with Spain. Raleigh's name was almost a symbol for war — and James loathed fighting. Secondly, Raleigh had been Essex's enemy, whom James chose now to speak of as "my martyr," confident that the "unfortunate Earl" had desired nothing so much as to help him to the throne.

Sir Robert Cecil, while he did nothing to ac-

centuate the royal distrust, by all the records did nothing to dispel it, though at the moment Cecil had large sums invested in Raleigh's profiteering ventures. The intrigues that formed around James's accession were mysterious, greedy, shameful — and in Raleigh's case, tragic. To solve the plots, explain their motivation, is impossible. One thing, however, is sure: James left Scotland convinced that Raleigh was a threat and Cecil the strongest, wisest man in England. His *little beagle*, James called Sir Robert. Cecil, like James, was set against war with Spain, whereas Raleigh could not have enough of talking about it and had even prepared for James's edification a *Discourse touching a War with Spain and the protecting of the Netherlands*. On top of this, Raleigh, after the Burghley House rebuff, went again to see the King on his journey — at Beddington Park, where James was visiting Lady Raleigh's uncle — and offered to invade the Spanish dominions at his own expense of two thousand pounds! He had another discourse ready, *How War may be made against Spain and the Indies*. It was typical of Sir Walter, yet an extraordinary indiscretion, considering the new monarch was so fearful of blood that he fell sick at the sight of a sword.

But Raleigh, in this hopeful springtime of a reign, saw little reason why he should not win the royal confidence, bend the royal mind and purpose, and win eventual favor. He had every intention to try.

At Theobalds, Lord Treasurer Burghley's country mansion, James met Elizabeth's household officers and held a conference concerning monopolies. It was decided to cancel, among others, Raleigh's monopolies on wines and tin and to advise Sir Walter that he resign as warden of the Cornwall mines and Governor of Jersey. Already, Raleigh had learned he was no longer Captain of the Guard; the King had named a Scotsman in his place.

2

ON MAY twenty-second, Coke was knighted in the palace at Greenwich with six others, among them the Lord Mayor and Speaker of the last Parliament, Recorder Richard Croke of London. There was a grand banquet, and when darkness fell, fireworks on the Thames, the sky all sprayed with working light. "Sir Edward" went home to Stoke. James continued to make knights, not by the dozen but by the basketful — at least six hundred in three months. Raleigh, however, was forced from Durham House, his gray stone palace on the Strand. Nevertheless, he clung doggedly to his position. If enemies — men close to the throne — intrigued against him, well, it had been done before, in the Queen's time, and he had prevailed. Dressed in his old magnificence, he continued to frequent the court, his bearing easy as ever, eyes enigmatic beneath their heavy lids, thick beard curling upward. (To his rivals, Raleigh's beard had always

been a point of irritation. It "turned up naturally" while theirs must be curled with irons.)

Each move that Raleigh made now was watched, reported to the Privy Council. Sir Walter, for one who stood so high, had endured well-nigh unendurable humiliation. By every sign of his past nature he would strike back, either in open challenge to his enemies or by secret plans to overthrow them. Who then were his friends, with whom did he consort on these late evenings, and why was he so "inward" with that dubious man of riches and wayward temper, Lord Cobham, Warden of the Cinque Ports? Weeks before Raleigh left Durham House, the royal spies were out. Boats leaving his water gate were counted, their occupants noted. Already, by Lord Howard's means, James suspected some dark alliance between Raleigh, Cobham, and the Catholic Percy, Earl of Northumberland. "That diabolical triplicity," Lord Howard called the group. In June a Catholic plot had been discovered, though not as yet made public. One William Watson was at the bottom of it — a secular priest who had been a Catholic agent at James's court in Scotland and had begged a toleration. (Actually, he thought he had succeeded, and so reported to Rome.)

Even before Elizabeth's death, Watson had been in custody, but set free, on James's accession, to act as decoy. Immediately he obliged, seeking out various "discontented men," some Catholic and some, oddly enough, strongly Puritan. Chief among them were Cobham and his brother George Brooke; Sir Edward Parham, a distinguished Catholic layman; and Sir Griffin Markham, notorious spendthrift and owner of the forest of Beskwood, a place so vast and wild that should Sir Griffin take refuge there, a thousand men — so Cecil informed — could not rout him out.

At Beskwood Park, shortly after James's arrival in London, there had been a meeting of souls. A plan was formed, absurd on the face of it. The King was to be "surprised" in his palace at Greenwich, the Tower guard overpowered, and the King kept there as hostage until Catholic demands should be granted. Lord Grey de Wilton (Essex's great enemy) was, Sir Griffin told his confederates, already committed to the plan. Grey was rich and fervently Puritan. His bitter enemy, Southampton, had been pardoned by James. Grey resented it; his letters expressed dislike toward the crowd of Scotsmen in James's train — foreigners, rivals, upstarts.

Among these plotters, Raleigh had no observable connection, with one exception. Lord Cobham and Sir Walter had been close. Mutual visiting was noted, late meetings, midnight talks at Durham House — little for James to proceed upon. But it was enough. At Windsor Castle the blow fell. One morning in mid-July, Raleigh waited on the terrace, having expected to accompany the King out hunting. Cecil came to him. Would Sir Walter be

pleased to go indoors? The Lords of Council had some questions to put.

Six days later, Raleigh was in the Tower, accused of high treason. The charge was conspiracy to kill the King, raise rebellion, alter the religion of the realm, and set Arabella Stuart on the throne. Nine other suspects had been taken: Lord Grey de Wilton, Lord Cobham and his brother George Brooke, Sir Edward Parham, Sir Griffin Markham, Brooksby, Copley, and the two Catholic priests, Watson and Clarke, whose discovered activities had first brought exposure.

London was astonished. The thing had come suddenly, without warning. Moreover, the choice of confederates was bewildering. What, people asked, was Lord Grey de Wilton doing in this company of priests and atheists? "I hear muche (by pryvate means)," wrote Harington, "of strange plottes by Cobham, Grey, Raleigh and others." Of Raleigh almost anything could be suspected, and the populace was ready to believe it. But that the Queen's old Captain, sea-fighter, explorer, privateer had turned spy for the Catholic enemy — this was puzzling indeed.

On July twenty-fifth (St. James's Day) the King was crowned at Westminster. The plague was raging in London, one of the worst visitations the city had ever experienced; report had it that two thousand a week were dying. Whole rows of doors were marked with the official placard: "Lord have mercy on us." The King fled with his household. It was decided to hold the autumn term of court at Winchester, sixty miles down into Hampshire. Early in November, nine of the men accused with Raleigh made the trip under guard of fifty light-horse. On November tenth, Raleigh followed in his own coach with Sir William Waad, Clerk of the Privy Council, and Sir Richard Mansell, Vice-Admiral of the Fleet.

It was a terrible journey. The London streets were black with crowds which braved even the plague to curse at Raleigh. So great was the disorder that watches were set far into the suburbs. Winchester, when they came there, was crowded. Up a steep narrow street to the castle Raleigh's coach labored; soldiers rode ahead to clear the way. When they reached the castle courtyard and Raleigh stepped from the coach to prison, he could see in that brief moment's respite the gentle valley spread below, the chalk hills to the westward, brick barns rosy in the low November sun. Shortly before Sir Walter's arrival, seven of the conspirators had been tried in a court fitted up in the Bishop's palace. All but one had been condemned to death, news not calculated to make Raleigh sleep the sounder.

3

ON THE seventeenth of November, 1603, Raleigh was taken down the hill for trial. When he came

with his guard to the Bishop's palace, the old stone hall was crowded. People sat in the minstrel's gallery, leaned against the stone pillars until their legs must have ached. Some of them had been there since dawn; many had waited all night in the street before the doors. Here in the Bishop's palace, Cobham lay imprisoned beneath the courtroom or in some turret chamber. And Cobham was Raleigh's only accuser, the single witness on which the prosecution must build its case.

The jury of twelve knights had been brought down from Middlesex County. Such a panel was considered harsh and somewhat biased; King James himself remarked that he would not wish to be tried by a Middlesex jury. There was rumor that Sir Edward Darcy, Raleigh's friend and neighbor, had been named and removed overnight from the panel. But there is no proof that the jury was packed, and Raleigh declined to challenge a single juror. He "thought them all honest and Christian men and knew his own innocency." He had however one request. His memory was never good; sickness in prison had weakened him. Might he answer questions severally, as they came up, rather than all at once? Coke objected. The King's evidence "ought not to be broken or dismembered, whereby it might lose much of its grace and vigor."

The judges conceded the point to Raleigh. Yet Coke's remark concerning the King's evidence came as no surprise in Winchester Hall. A threat to the sovereign was a threat to every English subject, dangerous moreover to a Protestant Reformation which even yet was not secure. The King's evidence (not the prisoner's) must serve as focal point. To bring out this evidence was the business of the Attorney General. Unfortunately for Raleigh, his four judges considered it their business too, as did the seven lay commissioners who sat upon the dais with the judges. The majority of these men already knew the evidence by heart. Since the moment of Raleigh's arrest (and likely a month before), they had been searching it out, fitting part to part until confession matched confession. In Essex's case such "preparation" had been easy; hundreds saw his armed passage through London. With Raleigh the evidence was slim. Moreover, the court considered that it had here a knight far cleverer than Essex, one who by common parlance was an easy liar; in Coke's own words, "the father of wiles."

Raleigh's judges plainly were part of the prosecution, determined from the start to prove the prisoner guilty. Yet there could have been no question of collusion; Popham, old Judge Anderson, Gawdy, Warburton were neither venal nor corrupt. On the contrary, they were men of high character who sat to do their duty. And judicial duty in the year 1603 (and for two centuries after) meant bringing forward every damaging fact of character and circumstance which could be gathered in the King's favor — hearsay evidence, gossip at third hand, the

confession of confederates. In treason cases, smoke was hot as fire and bare suspicion tantamount to the act overt. Those keeping company with traitors were *ipso facto* guilty; any evidence could pass. Yet Coke, Chief Justice Popham, Robert Cecil, who sat with the commissioners, took pride in the English legal tradition, pride even in their system of trial at common law. Was not such trial by accusation rather than inquisition, as in France and Spain? Was it not, by general agreement, speedy, open, viewed by any citizen who cared to come? Above all, was not the accused permitted to speak in his own defense, holding, if he wished, a daylong altercation with judges, commissioners, Attorney General? "Sir Walter Raleigh," wrote Cecil to a Privy Councilor before the trial, "yet persists in denial of the main treason. Few men can conceive it comes from a clear heart. Always, he shall be left to the law, which is the right all men are born unto."

Cecil believed what he said. Moreover he was to be the only man in Winchester courtroom who stood out for Sir Walter in the matter of his legal rights and privileges.

4

RALEIGH's indictment, read aloud by the Clerk, was short: Sir Walter had conspired to "kill the King, raise a rebellion with intent to change religion and subvert the government." The overt acts charged were listening to Spanish bribes, conferring with Lord Cobham concerning Arabella Stuart's claim, together with promises, plans, statements, and conspiracies to that end.

Serjeant Heale opened for the Crown. He was brief; his speech is remembered only for a startlingly facetious peroration where he remarked that as for the Lady Arabella, upon his conscience she had no more title to the Crown than he had himself, "which, before God," he finished, "I utterly renounce." Even Raleigh smiled. It was the last time he would smile that day.

Coke followed and spoke at length. Foul treasons had been unearthed, though no torture was employed to find them, and no "rigorous usage." (The prosecution invariably took care to make this claim in treason trials, and the audience took care to disbelieve it.) "This great and honorable assembly," Coke said, "doth look to hear this day what before hath been carried on the rack of scattering reports. . . ."

Two conspiracies had been discovered, Coke reminded the jury; the *Bye Plot* and the *Main*, they were called. The *Bye* was the Priests' Plot, hatched by Watson and Clarke; the *Main* was Raleigh's conspiracy. As Coke continued, it became plain he was describing, not Raleigh's plot at all, but the *Bye*, a business far more flagrant and more foolish. Raleigh broke in, addressing the jury: "I pray you,

Gentlemen, remember that I am not charged with the *Bye*, which was the treason of the priests."

No, Coke said, Sir Walter was not so charged. Yet all these treasons, "like Sampson's foxes, were joined together at the tails, though their heads were severed." Coke went on to describe and define the law of treason, and was proceeding reasonably enough until, after a sugary panegyric on the character of James, he suddenly turned on Raleigh and demanded, "To whom, Sir Walter, did you bear malice? To the royal children?"

It was the first of Coke's attacks, unexpected, startling, brought on perhaps by Raleigh's quick positive denial of Coke's charge, perhaps by the realization that here was a prisoner equipped to defend himself with skill and passion. "Mr. Attorney," Raleigh answered, "I pray you, to whom or to what end speak you all this? I protest I do not understand what a word of this means, except it be to tell me news. What is the treason of Markham and the priests to me?"

COKE: Nay, I will prove all. Thou art a monster! Thou hast an English face but a Spanish heart. . . . I look to have good words from you, and purpose not to give you worse than the matter press me unto. But if you provoke me, I will not spare you and I have warrant for it. . . . You would have stirred England and Scotland both. You incited the Lord Cobham. . . .

Cobham, rich, discontented, and apparently somewhat of a fool, had been one of the "diabolical triplicity" which, according to Lord Henry Howard, met at Durham House to conspire the King's death and set Arabella in his place. Cobham planned to cross the Channel and obtain money for the support of Arabella's title — a bargain which included promise of a "toleration of the Popish religion in England." All this, said Coke, Lord Cobham had confessed: dealing with Aremberg, the Spanish agent; Aremberg's offer of 600,000 crowns. Raleigh, Coke urged, pretended the money was merely a Spanish offer "to forward the peace." Yet if the Spanish King had in mind such an offer, would he have chosen a recipient like Cobham, who was "neither politician nor swordsman"? No! It required a Raleigh to carry through these plans. "Such," said Coke, "was Sir Walter's secrecy and Machiavellian policy that he would confer with none but Cobham, 'because,' saith he, 'one witness can never condemn me.' It will be stood upon Sir Walter Raleigh today," Coke continued, "that we have but one witness. But I will show your Lordships that it is not necessary to have two witnesses."

On this point, so crucial to Raleigh, Coke was securely within the law. It was true that during the reign of Edward VI (1547-1552) statutes had been enacted declaring for two witnesses. But on the accession of Mary Tudor, these statutes were repealed (1553), and since then one witness was held sufficient in cases of felony tried under the

common law. This was the legal view as known to every barrister who had argued in Westminster Hall. Nevertheless, the country at large clung stubbornly to the old two-witness rule. The Bible declared for it, and was not Holy Scripture corroborative of the common law?

Coke turned now to the jury and repeated the charge of setting up Arabella as "titular queen." On Raleigh's interrupting, Coke retorted that he did not wonder to see Sir Walter "moved." "Nay," Raleigh replied, "you fall out with yourself. I have said nothing to you. I am in no case to be angry."

As the reporter's bare account moves forward, it is hard to see why Raleigh's calm interpolations were to Coke so palpably infuriating. Was it something in Sir Walter's manner, the old easy arrogance, impossible of description, which for thirty years had earned a host of enemies? Whatever it was, it caused Coke to lose control again and again, spitting out words shameful, unworthy, never to be forgotten. After Raleigh's quiet rebuke, Coke reverted once again to the Bye Plot, of which the prosecution well knew that Sir Walter was innocent, yet which, as the tale unfolded, seemed to implicate the prisoner by the very telling. As Coke talked, his anger mounted. "And now," he informed the jury, "you shall see the most horrible practices that ever came out of the bottomless pit of the lowest hell. . . ."

There followed the recitation of an involved, fantastic maneuver of Cobham's, turning on a forged letter "placed in a Spanish Bible," an answer forged and falsely dated.

RALEIGH: What is that to me? Here is no treason of mine done. If my Lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me?

COKE: All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper: For I *thou* thee, thou traitor! I will prove thee the rankest traitor in all England.

RALEIGH: No no, Mr. Attorney, I am no traitor! Whether I live or die, I shall stand as true a subject as any the King hath. You may call me a traitor at your pleasure, yet it becomes not a man of quality and virtue to do so. But I take comfort in it, it is all you can do, for I do not yet hear that you charge me with any treason.

CHIEF JUSTICE POPHAM: Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Attorney speaks out of zeal of his duty for the service of the King, and you for your life. Be patient on both sides.

Coke now ordered the Clerk to read Cobham's confession from the Tower, dated July twentieth. It was almost a repetition of the formal indictment, but more impressive, coming direct from Cobham: "Confesseth: that he had conference with the Count Aremberg about procuring 500 or 600,000 crowns, and a passport to go into Spain to deal with the King, and to return by Jersey, the Channel island where Raleigh was then Governor. And that nothing should be done until he had spoken with Sir

Walter Raleigh for distribution of the money to them which were discontented in England. Being shown a note under Raleigh's hand [Cobham], when he had perused the same, brake forth, saying, 'O traitor! O villain! I will now tell you all the truth!' And then said that he had never entered into these courses but by Raleigh's instigation, and that he [Raleigh] would never let him alone."

Coke directed the Clerk to repeat the last words — "Sir Walter would never let Cobham alone." As for the "note under Raleigh's hand," so disturbing to Cobham, it was to prove one of the deadliest facts toward Raleigh's conviction. Written in July, before Sir Walter's imprisonment, it was addressed to Cecil. Coke explained the occasion. At Windsor, when Raleigh first was questioned by the Privy Council, he had said he knew of no plots between Cobham and the Spanish agent. But later the same afternoon, Sir Walter, riding home to London, remembered an incident of early spring, after Cobham had spent an evening at Durham House. Cobham had left by the water gate, and Raleigh, looking out a turret window, saw the barge turn upstream, glide past Cobham's own stairs, and stop at the house of La Rensi, a Spanish agent. As soon as Sir Walter returned from Windsor, he wrote out the story and sent it to Cecil.

To the jury, this action of Raleigh's was positively damning. Why should Sir Walter, this early in the game, have taken it on himself gratuitously to inform against his friends, unless as a guilty man he hoped by such betrayal to save his own skin? Cobham, when first arrested, had sworn to Raleigh's innocence of all plots and "conversations." Only when shown this letter had Cobham broken down and accused Raleigh of treason.

Sir Walter, in rebuttal, asked to see Cobham's confession. While it was being carried to him, he addressed the court: "Gentlemen of the Jury, this is absolutely all the evidence that can be brought against me. This is that which must either condemn me or give me life, which must free me or send my wife and children to beg their bread about the streets. This is that which must prove whether I am a notorious traitor or a true subject to the King. . . ." Having read Cobham's confession, Sir Walter answered at once concerning his own July letter to Cecil. Yes, he had written it. But it revealed to Cecil nothing new. Long since, in the late Queen's time, said Raleigh, it was known that Cobham had dealings with agents from the Low Countries. Even Cecil's father, Lord Burghley, had been aware of it. Cobham, glimpsing this letter in the Tower, had jumped, added Raleigh, to wild unwarranted conclusions. Were not Lord Cobham's bitter railings well known? The man's passions, indeed, had "such violence," said Raleigh, "that his best friends could never temper them."

The note was never produced in court. Apparently it had vanished, or at least it made no part of

the bundle of depositions at Coke's disposal. Chief Justice Popham now intervened. He himself had been in Cobham's Tower cell when Cobham saw this letter. The Lords of Council had brought it at the exact moment when Cobham was signing his first statement of innocence. (Actually, Cobham had balked at signing. Subscription was like taking an oath. And noblemen, Cobham protested, were not required to swear to documents, their bare word being considered sufficient.) At Popham's insistence, however, Cobham took up a pen — and as he wrote his name, the Lords walked in the door bearing Raleigh's note "of betrayal." Cobham looked at it and burst into fury, calling out upon Sir Walter as a wretch and a traitor. "Hath he used me thus? Nay then, I will tell you all!" Cobham's face as he said it (testified Popham) was the face of a man speaking truth; his face and all his actions.

The testimony of a Chief Justice is not easy to disregard. Clearly, Popham believed in Cobham's word, which meant he disbelieved in Raleigh's. And upon this point — which man spoke truth, Raleigh or Cobham — the trial hung, and Raleigh's life.

To the jury in Winchester courtroom, Raleigh's word was, if anything, less reliable than Cobham's. Both were liars, opportunists. Sir Walter by all reports was much the cleverer and stronger. Did it not follow he was also the more guilty?

5

IT WAS now Raleigh's turn to speak in full. He had two lines to pursue: 1) show that Cobham's word was not to be trusted; 2) convince the jury that his own circumstances made the alleged plots ridiculous, his past history being incompatible with such ill-timed and evil machinations. He began with the second argument, and what he said covers three printed pages; it is instinct with poetry and dignity, and, throughout, magnificently reasonable. By nature his voice was weak; in Parliament, men had complained they could not hear him when he spoke. Why, he asked now, if he desired to plot with Spain, would he have chosen this time of all times, when England was strengthened by a union with Scotland, the Irish rebels quieted, the Low Countries at peace with England, Denmark's friendship assured by the royal marriage — and on the English throne, "instead of a Lady whom time had surprised, we had now an active King, a lawful successor to the Crown who was able to attend to his own business"?

Elizabeth, the old Queen! *A Lady whom time had surprised.* No man had said it half so well. The phrase would be repeated, would become famous. "I was not such a madman," Raleigh was saying, "as to make myself in this time a Robin Hood, a Wat Tyler, a Kett, or a Jack Cade. I knew also the

state of Spain well, his weakness and poorness and humbleness at this time. I knew that he was discouraged and dishonoured. I knew that six times we had repulsed his forces, thrice in Ireland, thrice at sea, and once at Cadiz on his own coast. Thrice had I served against him myself at sea, wherein for my country's sake I expended of my own properties, four thousand pound. I knew that where beforetime he was wont to have forty great sails at the least in his ports, now he hath not past six or seven; and for sending to his Indies he was driven to hire strange vessels — a thing contrary to the institutions of his proud ancestors, who straitly forbade, in case of any necessity, that the Kings of Spain should make their case known to strangers. I knew . . ."

It was a saga, as Raleigh told it; it was the story of England's glory unrolling. Men who had forgotten Drake, forgotten Hawkins, remembered them now and for one quick moment remembered also the days before '88, when England, a small and feeble island, had lived in terror of the Spaniard. Raleigh had never lost his broad Devon accent. It was impressive, here in the courtroom; it breathed of the sailor, not the courtier.

"What pawn had we to give the King of Spain?" Raleigh went on, passionately. "What did we offer him?" He turned to Coke. "And to show I was not *Spanish*, as you term me, I had written at this time a *Treatise to the King's Majesty of the present state of Spain*, and reasons against the peace. . . ."

The jury listened. ("Never," wrote a spectator, "any man spoke so well in times past nor would do in the world to come.") Yet as Raleigh left his own history and came to Cobham's dubious character — his second argument — what he said seemed less convincing. Sir Walter acknowledged an intimacy with Cobham, an "inwardness," he called it. But their frequent meetings had been concerned only with private business; Cobham had wished advice about his estate. Moreover, Raleigh argued, if he himself desired a treasonable confederate, why would he have chosen Cobham, one of the richest noblemen of England? Raleigh finished speaking, and Cobham's second examination was read by the Clerk: When he had been about to return from Spain with the 600,000 crowns, Cobham had feared to stop at Jersey and confer according to plan. At Jersey he would have been wholly in Raleigh's power, and Raleigh "might well have delivered him and all the money to the King."

Was Raleigh, then, doubly nefarious, mistrusted even by his accomplices, ready to play his cards both ways and betray his own confederate for credit with the King? Even if Cobham lied, these plots and counterplots were shocking, disturbing. They could not be all invention. . . . Had Cobham, Sir Walter asked quickly, put his signature to this second statement in the Tower? No, Coke replied.

A declaration given in the presence of Privy Councilors needed no subscription to be valid.

RALEGH: Surely, Mr. Attorney, you would not allow a bare scroll to have credit with a jury?

COKE: Sir Walter, you say the Lord Cobham's accusing you was upon heat and passion. This is manifestly otherwise: for after that the Lord Cobham had twice called for the letter and twice paused a good while upon it and saw that his dealing with Count Aremberg was made known, then he thought himself discovered and after said, 'O wretch and traitor, Raleigh!' As to improbability, is it probable that my Lord Cobham would turn the weapon against his own bosom and overthrow himself in estate, in honour and in all his fortunes, out of malice to accuse you? . . . If he feared that you would betray him, there must of necessity be a trust between you. No man can betray another but he that is trusted, to my understanding. . . . You seek to wash away all that is said, by affirming the evidence against you to be but a bare accusation, without circumstances or reason to confirm it. That I will fully satisfy. For as my Lord Cobham's confession stands upon many circumstances, and concerns many others, I will, by other means, prove every circumstance thereof to be true.

RALEGH: But, my Lords, I claim to have my accuser brought here face to face to speak. And though I know not how to make my best defence by law, yet since I was a prisoner, I have learned that by the law and statutes of this realm in case of treason, a man ought to be convicted by the testimony of two witnesses if they be living. I will not take it upon me to defend the matter upon the statute *25th Edward III*, though that requires an overt act. . . .

Raleigh turned to the commissioners. "Consider, my Lords, it is no rare case for a man to be falsely accused, aye, and falsely condemned, too! And my Lords the Judges — remember, I beseech you, what one of yourselves said in times past. I mean Fortescue, a reverend Chief Justice of this kingdom, touching the remorse of his conscience for proceeding upon such slender proof. '*So long as he lived [he said] he should never purge his conscience of that deed.*' And my Lords, remember too the story of Susannah; she was falsely accused. . . . I may be told that the statutes I before named be repealed, for I know the diversity of religion in the Princes of those days caused many changes. Yet the equity and reason of those laws remains. They are still kept to illustrate how the common law was then taken and ought to be expounded. By the Law of God therefore, the life of man is of such price and value that no person, whatever his offence is, ought to die unless he be condemned on the testimony of two or three witnesses.

"If then," Raleigh finished, "by the statute law, by the civil law and by God's word it be required that there be two witnesses at the least, bear with me if I desire one. Prove me guilty of these things by one witness only, and I will confess the indict-

ment. If I have done these things I deserve not to live, whether they be treasons by the law or no. Why then, I beseech you, my Lords, let Cobham be sent for! Let him be charged upon his soul, upon his allegiance to the King. And if he then maintain his accusation to my face, I will confess myself guilty."

6

IT WAS now midday, the trial was half over. Through high windows, light drifted down; on stone floors the rushes were pulled around chilly feet. Raleigh had argued brilliantly from the statutes, but his judges were quick with refutation. The laws quoted did not apply, later statutes had repealed them. "I marvel, Sir Walter," Judge Warburton said, "that you being of such experience and wit, should stand on this point; for many horse-stealers should escape if they may not be condemned without witnesses. By law, a man may be condemned upon presumption and circumstances, without any witness to the main fact. As, if the King (whom God defend!) should be slain in his chamber, and one is shown to come forth of the chamber with his sword drawn and bloody, were not this evidence both in law and opinion without further inquisition?"

Raleigh's own words were now produced, as taken down in the Tower on August thirteenth: "He confesseth the Lord Cobham offered him 10,000 crowns of the [Spanish] money for furthering the peace between England and Spain, and that he should have it within three days; but said, 'When I see the money I will make you an answer,' for [Raleigh] thought it one of [Cobham's] idle conceits and therefore made no account thereof."

To the jury, this was a serious acknowledgment: Raleigh had actually listened to an offer from Spain. That he had not accepted the money — had never even seen it — they promptly forgot. Men who listened to bribes were tainted men, dangerous, vulnerable. . . . Raleigh's "confession" (which in truth confessed nothing) upset this jury of Middlesex knights who knew little of the tangled politics of faction, the bargains by which courtiers lived and moved, and the shifting of loyalties with each wind that blew from Europe. (Cecil himself was later to accept a pension from Spain.) Raleigh saw that he had lost ground and urged again that Cobham be produced in court. "Were the case but for a small copyhold, you would have witnesses or good proof to lead the jury to the verdict. And I am here for my life!" Once more the Chief Justice refused: "Sir Walter, you plead hard for yourself, but the laws plead as hard for the King." Cecil interposed. Might he hear the opinion of all the Judges on this point?

The judges all answered [wrote the reporter] that in respect it might be a mean to cover many treasons

and might be prejudicial to the King, therefore by law it was not sufferable.

As the afternoon wore on, spectators showed themselves restless; the temper of the hall was seen to alter. ("Sir Walter behaved himself so worthily, so wisely, so temperately, that in half a day the mind of all the company was changed from the extremest hate to the greatest pity.") Raleigh had employed no histrionics but bore himself with simplicity, abusing no one beyond his own accuser, Cobham, and keeping his argument to the law and the state of the realm. Coke, on the other hand, digressed into any field that seemed fruitful. He now produced, with something of a flourish, his only oral witness of the trial, an English sailor, a pilot named Dyer, who put his hand on the Bible and testified that last July, in Lisbon, he had heard "a Portugal gentleman say that King James would never be crowned, for Don Cobham and Don Raleigh would cut his throat first."

Nobody was impressed; such a fellow could palpably be bought for a few pounds. The sailor retreated. Raleigh spoke contemptuously: "This is the saying of some wild Jesuit or beggarly priest. But what proof is it against me?"

COKE: It must perforce arise out of some preceding intelligence and shows that your treason had wings.

Again it was the old tactic of the treason trial, wherein the prosecution quotes damaging statements made by anybody at all, and then, by hinting association, or merely by constant repetition of the words, hypnotizes a jury into laying on the prisoner the initial responsibility for what was said. Robert Cecil, at this point, rose to remark that two innocent names had been implicated. Count Aremberg, the Ambassador, should not be blamed for "what others said to him or presumed of him, but of how far he consented or approved." (Raleigh, hearing this, must truly have despaired; he was himself being tried on nothing beyond "what others said to him or presumed.") Among the auditory, Cecil went on, was a noble lady whose name should be cleared, seeing the indictment charged a plot to set her on the throne. All eyes turned to the box where sat Arabella with the Earl of Nottingham. The old Earl rose. "The Lady," he said, "doth here protest upon her salvation that she never dealt in any of these things."

That, apparently, disposed of Arabella, a lady habitually dragged into public notice and then summarily dismissed. Coke, however, had reserved his two best points of evidence. He now produced the first one: a confession by Cobham, under date of October thirteenth, saying that Raleigh had sent a letter to the Tower bidding Cobham not to be dismayed because "one witness could not condemn him." If they both kept silence, both were safe. The man who carried it was

Kemys, a soldier and sea captain who had accompanied Raleigh to Guiana in 1595.

RALEGH: I deny the writings of any such letter! For Kemys, I never sent him on any such message. This poor man hath been a close prisoner these eighteen weeks and hath been threatened with the rack to make him confess, but I dare stand upon it he will not say it now.

Instant clamor broke among the commissioners; the lords all spoke at once. There had been no torturing of any prisoner. The King had given order that "no rigor should be used."

RALEGH: Was not the keeper of the rack sent for and he threatened with it?

SIR WILLIAM WAAD, from the commissioners' bench: When Mr. Solicitor [Fleming] and myself examined Kemys, we told him he deserved the rack but did not threaten him with it.

COMMISSIONERS: That was more than we knew.

The matter was dropped, but not until Kemys's own confession had been read, wherein he swore he had delivered the letter to Cobham. This time it was Raleigh's word against his own servant, a man known to be both faithful and brave. To the jury it looked as if Mr. Attorney had trapped Sir Walter into a lie. For the last time, Raleigh begged to have Cobham brought into court. "It is you, then, Mr. Attorney, that should press his testimony, and I ought to fear his producing, if all that be true which you have alleged." Cecil supported Raleigh. Could not the proceedings be delayed while the judges sent to ascertain the King's pleasure? But the judges resolved that the proceedings must go on.

What Sir Walter said now included little of law or logic. It was a simple, eloquent appeal: "You, Gentlemen of the jury: for all that is said to the contrary, you see my only accuser is the Lord Cobham, who with tears hath lamented his false accusing me, and repented of it as if it had been an horrible murder. I will not expect anything of you but what reason, religion and conscience ask for every man. . . . Remember what St. Augustine saith, 'So judge as if you were about to be judged yourselves, for in the end there is but one Judge and one Tribunal for all men.' . . . Now if you yourselves would like to be hazarded in your lives, disabled in your posterities — your lands, goods and all you have confiscated — your wives, children and servants left crying to the world; if you should be content all this should befall you upon a trial by suspicions and presumptions — upon an accusation not subscribed by your accuser, without the open testimony of a single witness — then so judge me as you would yourselves be judged!"

7

SERJEANT PHILLIPS, ordered by Popham to sum up for the Crown, repeated the charges briefly,

adding that Cobham had confessed to all of them. "Now the question is," Phillips said, "whether Sir Walter Raleigh be guilty as inciting or procuring the Lord Cobham to this treason. If the Lord Cobham say truth, Sir Walter Raleigh is guilty. If Sir Walter Raleigh say true, then he is free; so which of them says true is the whole question. Sir Walter Raleigh hath no proof for his acquittal, though he hath as much wit as man can have. But he uses only his bare denial. But the denial of a criminal is not sufficient to clear him, neither is the evidence on oath of a defendant in his own cause allowed to clear him in any Court of law or equity, much less therefore in matters of treason."

Now the business [wrote the reporter] seemed to be at an end. Then said Sir Walter Raleigh, "Mr. Attorney, have you done?"

COKE: Yes, if you have no more to say.

RALEGH: If you have done, then I have somewhat more to say.

COKE: Nay, I will have the last word for the King.

RALEGH: Nay, I will have the last word for my life.

COKE: Go to, I will lay thee upon thy back for the confidentest traitor that ever came to the bar!

CECIL: Be not so impatient, good Mr. Attorney. Give him leave to speak.

COKE: I am the King's sworn servant and must speak. If I may not be patiently heard, you discourage the King's Counsel and encourage traitors.

Was it now the spectators hissed? (A spectator, writing afterward, said the auditory hissed at Coke, not specifying the moment.)

Mr. Attorney [says the reporter] sat down in a chafe and would speak no more until the Commissioners urged and entreated him. After much ado, he went on and made a long repetition of the evidence for the direction of the jury. And at the repeating of some things, Sir Walter Raleigh interrupted him and said he did him wrong.

It was here that Coke lost all control, speaking words which are held forever to his shame. Nor were they phrases a man can whisper. Coke stood directly in front of Raleigh. Sir Edward was a big man and, at fifty-two, still in the prime of strength and vigor; his full, dark robes made him seem even larger. Long afterward, it was said he shook his fist at Raleigh, though no eyewitness mentioned it. Nevertheless, Coke's voice must have filled the hall: "Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor," he shouted, "that ever lived!"

RALEGH: You speak indiscreetly, uncivilly and barbarously.

COKE: Thou art an odious fellow! Thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

RALEGH: It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney.

COKE: Well, I will now lay you open for the greatest traitor that ever was. This, my Lords, is

he that hath set forth so gloriously his services against the Spaniard, and hath ever so detested him! This is he that hath written a book against the peace [with Spain]! I will make it appear to the world that there never lived a viler viper on the face of the earth than thou! I will show you wholly Spanish, and that you offered yourself a pensioner to Spain for intelligence. Then let all that have heard you this day judge what you are, and what a traitor's heart you bear, whatever you pretended.

During this terrible exchange, Coke carried in his hand a scroll. It was his final evidence, a surprise card he had withheld, a last damning word against Raleigh, given by Cobham only yesterday from his prison cell. Coke's first words would indicate he held the paper up so all could view it. "See, my Lords, what it hath pleased God to work in the heart of my Lord Cobham, even since his coming hither to Winchester! He could not sleep quietly till he had revealed the truth to the Lords, and therefore voluntarily wrote the whole matter to them, but yesterday. And to discover you, Raleigh, and all your Machiavelian tricks, hear what the Lord Cobham hath written under his own hand, which I will read with a loud voice, though I be not able to speak this s'ennight after."

Turning to the audience, Coke began to read Cobham's words, "commenting," says the reporter, "as he went along": —

"Sir Walter Raleigh, four nights before my coming from the Tower, caused a letter, inclosed in an apple, to be thrown in at my chamber window, desiring me to set down under my hand and send to him an acknowledgment that I had wronged him, and renouncing what I had formerly accused him of. His first letter I made no answer to; the next day he wrote me another, praying me, for God's sake, if I pitied him, his wife and children, that I would answer him in the points he set down, informing me that the Judges had met at Mr. Attorney's house, and putting me in hope that the proceedings against me would be stayed. Upon this I wrote him a letter as he desired. I since have thought how he went about only to clear himself by betraying me. Whereupon I have resolved to set down the truth, and under my hand to retract what he cunningly got from me, craving humble pardon of his Majesty and your Lordships for my double dealing. . . ."

"The truth" — as Cobham saw it in this last retraction — was Raleigh's bargain with Aremburg for a flat yearly pension of 1500 pounds in return for spying service, "to tell and advertise what was intended by England against Spain, the Low Countries or the Indies." To the jury this was new and shocking. Bribes had been mentioned, but nothing so damning as a continuous, yearly payment. As instance — Cobham wrote further — Sir Walter, returning one night from the palace at Greenwich, revealed "what was agreed upon betwixt the King

and the Low Countrymen, that I should impart it to Count Aremberg. . . . And Sir Walter in his last letter advised me not to be overtaken by confessing to any preacher as the Earl of Essex had."

Here Coke broke off his reading, and turning to Raleigh, spoke in passion: "O damnable atheist! He counsels not to confess to preachers, as the Earl of Essex did! That noble Earl died indeed for his offence, but he died the child of God, and God honored him at his death. Thou, Raleigh, wast by when he died. *Et lupus et turpes instant morientibus ursae!*" Wolves and bears press close upon the dying. The Latin, rolling out, was like a curse; it was anathema, incantation, and, considering Coke's own part in Essex's trial, was least excusable. This was not law but rabble-rousing. It was the stones and mire hurled once more at Raleigh. Whatever the jury thought, they could not disregard the new evidence—a letter written at Winchester not twenty-four hours past. Tomorrow or next day, Cobham himself would stand trial in this very hall. Impossible that a man with death so close upon him would lie thus to the Lords. What had he to gain thereby? Was any favor, Popham inquired of the commissioners, "promised or offered" to Cobham for the writing of this letter? No, Cecil replied, to his knowledge there was none. "I dare say not," Raleigh interposed drily. "But my Lord Cobham received a letter from his wife that there was no way to save his life but to accuse me."

This, to the jury, was beside the point. "The Lord Cobham's confession," wrote the reporter, "seemed to give great satisfaction and cleared all the former evidence, which stood very doubtful." Coke's triumph was plain. For him, the trial was over. The withholding of this evidence until the end had been wise, he could tell himself—especially in dealing with a man of Raleigh's skill. Now it was too late for denial. No trick of Sir Walter's, no appeal of eloquence could counteract this final accusation of his enemy. Raleigh, said the reporter, stood "much amazed."

"Now, Raleigh," Coke said, "if thou hast the grace, humble thyself to the King and confess thy treasons."

But Coke (though for the last time) underestimated his adversary. Sir Walter too had reserved a surprise.

By-and-by [wrote the reporter] Sir Walter Raleigh seemed to gather his spirits again, and said: "I pray you hear me a word. You have heard tale of a strange man. . . . Before my Lord Cobham's coming from the Tower, I was advised by some of my friends to get a confession from him. Therefore I wrote to him thus, 'You or I must go to trial. If I first, then your accusation is the only evidence against me!' Therefore it was not ill of me to beg of him to say the truth. But his first letter was not to my contenting. I wrote a second, and then he wrote me a very good letter."

Raleigh thrust a hand in his breast and produced a folded small sheet. "It is true," he said, "I got a poor fellow in the Tower to cast up an apple with the letter in it, at Lord Cobham's window; which I am loath to mention lest Mr. Lieutenant of the Tower might be blamed, though I protest Sir George Harvey is not to blame for what passed. No keeper in the world could so provide but it might happen. But I sent him his letter again, because I heard it was likely now he should be first tried. But the Lord Cobham sent me the letter a second time, saying it was not unfit I should have such a letter."

Raleigh held up the paper. "And here you may see it, and I pray you read it."

The Clerk came forward to take the note. The jury watched. In the history of trials, had evidence ever been so given and retracted, so sworn and forsworn? No matter what this new note of Cobham's might say, Raleigh, in producing it, confessed what he had earlier denied—communication with Cobham in the Tower. "But what say you," Popham interposed, "to the pension of 1500 pounds a year?"

He could not deny it, Raleigh replied, though it was never his purpose to accept it. "It was my fault I did conceal it, and this fault of concealing, I acknowledge. But for attempting or conspiring any treason against the King or the State, I still deny it to the death and it can never be proved against me."

"I perceive," Popham said gravely, "you are not so clear a man as you have protested all this while, for you should have discovered this matter to the King."

The Clerk, during this exchange, stood waiting, Cobham's letter in his hand. "Hear now, I pray you," Raleigh said, "what Cobham hath written to me."

Mr. Attorney would not have this letter read, saying that it was unfairly obtained from Lord Cobham. And upon Lord Cecil's advising to hear it, he said, "My Lord Cecil, mar not a good cause!"

CECIL: Mr. Attorney, you are more peremptory than honest. You must not come here to show me what to do.

RALEIGH: I pray my Lord Cecil particularly to read the letter, as he knoweth my Lord Cobham's hand.

Then was read the letter of the Lord Cobham to Sir Walter Raleigh, to this effect: "Now that the arraignment draws near, not knowing which should be first, I or you, to clear my conscience, satisfy the world with truth and free myself from the cry of blood, I protest upon my soul and before God and his angels, I never had conference with you in any treason, nor was ever moved by you to the things I heretofore accused you of. And for any thing I know, you are as innocent and as clear from any treasons against the King as is any subject living. Therefore

I wash my hands and pronounce with Daniel, I am innocent of this blood. And so God deal with me and have mercy on my soul, as this is true!"

It was impressive; this was a day when men did not lightly call upon God's name. Raleigh followed it quickly. "My Masters of the Jury," he said, "this is a confession made under oath, and the deepest protestations a Christian man can make." Yet the jury was weary with these retractations and denials of retractations; they came too late. Cobham's confession of yesterday, as read aloud by Coke, invalidated this earlier statement, eloquent though it had been. Too much lay counter to it — notes tied to apples, servants bearing secret letters, connivance, and what looked like deliberate falsehood in court. "The acknowledging," wrote the reporter, "of this 1500 pounds a year pension made the rest of the Lord Cobham's accusation the better credited. . . ." Chief Justice Popham addressed Raleigh direct. "In my conscience I am persuaded that Cobham accused you truly. I observed his manner of speaking. I protest before the living God I am persuaded he spoke nothing but the truth."

8

THE prosecution rested its case. Coke's three points had been stated, embellished, gone over until twelve knights of Middlesex knew them by heart: 1) Raleigh's July letter to Cecil, informing of Cobham's midnight visit to La Rensi; 2) Raleigh's letter to Cobham in the Tower, reminding Cobham that two witnesses were necessary for conviction and urging that as long as Cobham kept silence, they both were safe; 3) Cobham's confession of November sixteenth, given from his cell in Winchester. The first two points were hearsay, the letters never seen by the jury, never produced in court. Yet testimony which the judges accepted, the jury accepted also. As for point two, the fact that Raleigh denied the writing of such a letter seemed only to enhance his guilt; Kemys had confessed to delivery of it. That Cobham had three times retracted his testimony proved only that he was, like all traitors, untrustworthy and should be destroyed. The Attorney General had trapped Sir Walter into a lie concerning communication with Cobham in the Tower. And though Magna Carta said that no man should be forced to testify against himself, in the jury's mind, Coke's harsh questioning was no derogation of this law. On the contrary, the prisoner had been given every opportunity to reply and clear himself of guilt.

The Jury were willed to go together; who departed and stayed not a quarter of an hour, when they returned, bringing in their verdict, GUILTY OF TREASON.

Raleigh was led to the bar. Chief Justice Popham stood up, bareheaded. In his hand he held the black cap that signified a death sentence. "Sir Walter Raleigh," he said, "I am sorry to see this fallen upon you this day. You have always been taken for a wise man. And I cannot but marvel to see that a man of your wit, as this day you have approved it, could be entangled with so many treasons. I grieve to find that a man of your quality would have sold yourself for a spy to the enemy of your country for 1500 pounds a year. This covetousness is like a canker, that eats the iron place where it lives. . . ."

There was more; to Raleigh it must have been well-nigh unendurable. "O God!" he had written to his wife from the Tower, "I cannot live to think how I am derided, the scorn I shall receive, the cruel words of lawyers, the infamous taunts and despites, to be made a wonder and a spectacle! O death, destroy the memory of these and lay me up in dark forgetfulness!"

Of all these cruel taunts, Popham's solemn pronouncement was the worst. Coke had raved but Raleigh could answer him. Now, for Raleigh, denial and affirmation were forever blocked. What the Chief Justice said, the world (or so thought Raleigh) would take as truth. "It now comes to my mind," Popham continued, "why you may not have your accuser brought face to face: for such an one is easily brought to retract when he seeth there is no hope of his own life. . . . It now only remaineth to pronounce the judgment, which I would to God you had not to receive this day of me. I never saw the like trial, and I hope I shall never see the like again."

Raising both hands with the deliberation of an aged man, Popham set the black cap on his head. "Sir Walter Raleigh," he said, "since you have been found guilty of these horrible treasons, the judgment of this court is, That you shall be had from hence to the place whence you came, there to remain until the day of execution. And from thence you shall be drawn upon a hurdle through the open streets to the place of execution, there to be hanged and cut down alive, and your body shall be opened, your heart and bowels plucked out, and your privy members cut off and thrown into the fire before your eyes. Then your head to be stricken off from your body, and your body shall be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of at the King's pleasure.

"And God have mercy upon your soul."

In the third and last installment, Mrs. Bowen shows Sir Edward, as Chief Justice of England and leader of the Commons, in a startling yet entirely convincing reversal of attitude — champion of men's rights against a monarch who believed that the King of England was above the law.

Will you pay the tax on my new fur coat?

Strange request? Not so strange as it sounds. Almost every day you actually do pay taxes for other people. Whenever you pay your income tax, or buy anything that is federally taxed, you're paying taxes for customers of federal government electric systems.

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*Names on request from this magazine





Books and Men



A Dubliner who is generally regarded as one of the best short-story writers

of our time, SEAN O'FAOLAIN is a sympathetic yet realistic interpreter of contemporary Irish life. He has made a selection of his thirty best stories, which are to be published in book form next spring, and in looking back over them Mr. O'Faolain has this to say about the development of a creative writer.

LOOKING BACK AT WRITING

by SEAN O'FAOLAIN

WHEN I was in my twenties I did not know from Adam what I wanted to say. I had no grasp at all of the real world, of real people. I had met and mingled with them, argued with them, lived with them, shared danger with them. They were mysteries to me. I could only try to convey my astonishment and delight at the strangeness of this bewildering thing called life.

Besides, when I wrote "Fugue," my first successful story, in 1927, I had come out of an experience which had left me dazed — the revolutionary period in Ireland. Not that it was really an experience as I now understand that word. It was too filled with dreams and ideals and a sense of dedication to be an experience in the sense of things perceived, understood, and remembered. I perceived all right, I remembered all right, but it had all been far too much to understand; especially the disillusion at the end of it all, for, as few people who are not Irish now remember, that revolutionary period ended in a civil war, and civil war is of all wars the most difficult thing for its participants to understand. Besides, as I found myself yesterday making a character in a story I am writing say: "It's a terrible and lovely thing to look at the face of Death when you are young, but it unfits a man for the long humiliation of life."

I suppose that is why those early stories were full of romantic boss-words like *dawn*. At that time if you said *dawn* to me, my mouth would begin to dribble. *Dawn* is not a prose writer's word. I doubt if it is any longer a decent word for even a poet to use. It is a sounding word, a rhetorical word. Words like that are all right for Frenchmen. They are able to use rhetoric as if it were not rhetoric; we are not. (The other day a producer said to me: "I'm doing a French play. Every time one of the characters makes a speech I want to make him stand with his back to the audience. Otherwise he seems as if he were about to take off in an aeroplane.")

But those first stories I wrote were all the time trying to take off in an aeroplane. They are, I now

see, very romantic, as their weighted style shows. I have sometimes thought of rewriting them, but I realize that I should have to change their nature if I were to change their style, which is full of romantic words, such as *dawn*, *dew*, *onwards*, *youth*, *world*, *adamant*, or *dusk*; of metaphors and abstractions; of personalizations and sensations which belong to the author rather than to the characters. The stories also contain many of those most romantic of all words, *and* and *but*, which are words that are part of the attempt to carry on and expand the effect after the sense has been given. Writers who put down the essential thing, without any cocoon about it, do not need these *ands* and *buts*. The thing is given and there it lies; whereas the writer who luxuriates goes on with the echoes of his first image or idea. His emotions and his thoughts dilate, the style dilates with them, and in the end he is trying to write a kind of verbal music to convey feelings that the mere sense of the words cannot give. He is chasing the inexpressible.

If I were to rewrite those stories, it would be a lie. A story is like a picture, caught in the flick of a camera's trigger, that comes nearer and nearer to clarity in the bath of hypo which is the writer's blend of skill and imagination; he trembles over it as the bleach trembles and wavers over the sensitive halides of the film, waiting for the final perfection of his certainty, of his desire. Then the experience, complete or incomplete, is fixed forever. You can rewrite while you are the same man. To rewrite years after is a form of forgery.

My second volume of stories, *A Purse of Coppers*, appeared after I had more or less come out of the daze. I came out of it by writing myself out of it in a novel, *A Nest of Simple Folk*, and a biographical study of a beautiful Irishwoman, a romantic guerrilla, Constance Gore-Booth, later Countess Markievicz. The biography was slight and groping, but it helped me to get all those romantic figures into some sort of perspective, and myself along with them. I could grin a bit at my solemn self and at my solemn countrymen. I hope a certain

adjustment and detachment shows itself in the stories that follow "A Broken World."

Naturally, of course, I still did not know what was happening to me or what I was doing. Writers never do. For instance, a friend suggested to me that "A Broken World" was my unconscious reply to Joyce's wonderful story, "The Dead." I certainly did not consciously mean any such thing; but I can agree that what with the snow over Dublin, and the suggestion that Ireland is not dead but sleeping, as against Joyce's feeling that Ireland is paralyzed by its past, one could, I suppose, say that the stories contrast the attitudes of two different generations. After all, Joyce grew up with a strong distaste for Ireland.

But I do not think I had adjusted myself properly until my next volume of stories, *The Man Who Invented Sin* — if even then. Anyway, by the time I had more or less adjusted myself to the life about me, it suddenly broke in on me that Ireland had not adjusted herself to the life about her in the least little bit. Irishmen in general were still thinking about themselves, or rather in their usual way double-thinking or squint-thinking about themselves, in terms of *dawns*, and *ands*, and *buts*, and *onwards*, and *dew*, and *dusk*, while at the same time making a lot of good, hard cash to the evocative vocabulary of *tariff*, *tax*, *protection*, *quota*, *levy*, *duties*, or *subsidies*, meanwhile carefully compiling a third and wholly different literary style (*pious*, *holy*, *prudent*, *sterling*, *gosssoons*, *lassies*, *maidens*, *sacred*, *traditional*, *forefathers*, *olden*, *venerable*, *mothers*, *grandmothers*, *ancestors*, *deep-rooted*, *traditions*, *Gaelic*, *timeworn*, and *immemorial*) to dodge more awkward social, moral, and political problems than any country might, with considerable courage, hope to solve in a century of ruthless thinking. This ambivalence, if not triplivalence, demanded a totally new approach. I have been trying to define it ever since. For, as long as we were all in a splendidly romantic-idealistic fervor about Ireland, we could all write romantically, or idealistically, about Ireland, as Sean O'Casey did. (He is sometimes called and probably thinks himself a realist, but he is actually the biggest old romantic we ever produced.) Or if we were all being realistic we could write in the realist tradition.

But for any kind of realist to write about people with romantic souls is a most tricky and difficult business, even when he is a Stendhal gifted with a lovely irony, a Chekhov holding on firmly to the stern morality of the doctor, a Turgenev informed by an intelligent humanism, or an E. M. Forster blessed with a talent for quiet raillery. If one has not some such gift the subject is an almost certain pitfall. But when it comes to writing about people who, like the Irish of our day, combine beautiful, palpitating, tea-rose souls with hard, coolly calculating heads, there does not seem to be any way at all of writing about them except satirically or angrily. Once a writer's eye gets chilly about their

beautiful souls he becomes like the only sober man at a drunken party, and the only decent thing for him to do then is either to get blind drunk with the rest of the boys (all singing in chorus "I'll take you home again, Kathl-ee-een") or else to go home and scrub himself clean in a raging satire on the whole boiling lot of them.

I have made a few mildly tentative efforts in this direction in some of my later stories. They started out to be satirical; they mostly failed dismally to be satirical; largely, I presume — I observe it to my dismay and I confess it to my shame — because I still have much too soft a corner in my heart for the old land. For all I know I may be still a besotted romantic! Some day I may manage to dislike my countrymen sufficiently to satirize them; but I gravely doubt it — curse them! However, as D. H. Lawrence said, one's passion is always searching for some form that will express or hold it better, letting none of it leak away. And one is always searching for different forms, since otherwise one's passion would have the same form from birth to death, which would merely mean that one had got stuck, or given up, or agreed to compromise on some easy formula somewhere along the line; and that would be premature death, since not to change is to die though still apparently alive.

One thing I find very chastening as I look back at my writing: the thought that although I began writing in 1927 — that is really writing, writing well — and have since written lots of other books (far too many of them), all I have to show for all those years by way of short stories — or, at least, all I am content to show — is some thirty titles. One thinks of writers like George Sand pouring out volume after volume while — as Colette observed, enviously, wondering how on earth she managed it — never once neglecting a love affair, never missing one puff of her hookah, never denying herself any experience that came her way.

I think of the time when I wanted to be another Balzac. I saw myself scribbling away madly while the printer's devil stood by my desk picking up the pages of genius and running off with them to the printing press while the ink was still wet. I must have been *very* young then. When I got down to the business of writing, I found that half the art of writing is rewriting, and I would be happy if I achieved two hundred words of lapidary prose in a day.

I have learned in my thirty-odd years of serious writing only one sure lesson: stories, like whiskey, must be allowed to mature in the cask. And that takes so much time! Oh, dear! Why do they tell us in our youth that there are twenty-four hours in a day, seven days in a week, and fifty-two weeks in a year? Balzac, indeed! I shall be content if a half dozen, if even three or four, of my stories that have taken thirty years to write are remembered fifty years hence.

[illegible]

DOUBLE DAY
& COMPANY, INC.



MARK ANTONY DEWOLFE HOWE is the oldest and dearest of Atlantic contributors, having made his first appearance in our columns sixty-three years ago last spring. Mr. Howe published his autobiography, *A Venture in Remembrance*, at the age of seventy-seven. Then as the light began to fail he was more and more confined to his apartment on Louisburg Square; here he has continued to write his poems and his essays, and, when blindness made reading impossible, he has enjoyed the companionship of Talking Books.

BOOKS THAT TALK TO THE BLIND

by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

1

I SHOULD like to tell something of the service science and art, in the form of literature, have combined to create for the blind, and I tell the story largely in the hope that the knowledge of this service and its availability may extend its beneficent use.

In November of 1950 I lost completely the sight of one eye. On the other a cataract had begun an advance which has continued, but not yet far enough to justify an operation. The result has been a progressive inability to read. Up to the time of losing my sight I had known only vaguely about that blessed instance of the welfare state, the Talking Books for the blind. Now it was imperative to learn what could be done to avail myself of this service. I asked my oculist to inform the Massachusetts Division of the Blind that my eyesight was so impaired as to qualify me for use of the Talking Books. This was followed by a prompt call from a representative of the Division, who brought with him one of the Division's special phonographs and a 188-page catalogue of its library of records. I have also received three supplementary catalogues describing new accessions to the library. I was advised to send to the Perkins School for the Blind in Watertown, Massachusetts, the local distributing library of books for the adult blind, a list of twenty-five or thirty books that I should like to receive. In operation I have found that by telephoning the Perkins School in the morning of one day I receive on the next the records of a book or two, delivered free of charge, like everything else in the service, by parcel post. I should add that state agencies and distributing libraries like those in Massachusetts are operating under a regional system which spans the forty-eight states and the territories.

A condensed list of the general subjects covered by the library will suggest its scope: philosophy, religion, the social sciences, languages, pure science,

literature (including poetry and drama), history, biography, fiction (in most libraries the largest offering of all). Here lay a challenge even to one who, like Bacon, would take all knowledge to be his province. Others will surely have found in other fields than those I have explored abundant food for their appetites. In the six years between my eighty-sixth and ninety-second birthdays (1950-56) I have listened to approximately one hundred and fifty books chiefly in the fields of history, biography, poetry, and fiction. It would be absurd to enumerate the classics of which I wished to refresh my memory, and other classics somehow missed in the past. Fortunately books of recent years, if not of the immediate present, are also available. The following paragraph may give some idea of their range and value:—

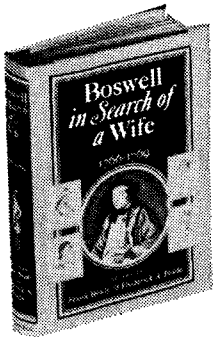
From *Paradise Lost* (which I never before read entire and continuously) to the poetry of Emily Dickinson; from the novels of Dostoevsky and Turgenev to those of Dickens, Hardy, Jane Austen, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Willa Cather (including *Trilby*, *Peter Ibbetson*, and *Huckleberry Finn*); in biography and autobiography from David Cecil's *Melbourne* to R. S. Aldrich's *Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A*, Hesketh Pearson's *G.B.S.*, Samuel Eliot Morison's *Christopher Columbus*, *Mariner*, and Helen Keller's self-portrayals; from Trevelyan's *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy* through the war volumes of Winston Churchill to the admirable Civil War books by Bruce Catton; from much happiness with William James to less of the same with Santayana; the Bible and the plays of Shakespeare, after which one asks, "Why listen to anything else when nothing else is so good?"

From a sumptuous banquet these are merely samples of the dishes offered for tasting.

It may ill become me to quote at this point from myself—the first of several stanzas of verse, "On Listening to Benét's *John Brown's Body* Read as

Gift Books from McGraw-Hill

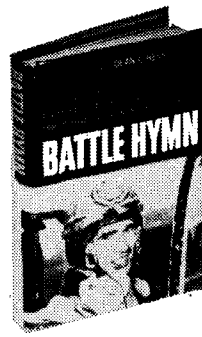
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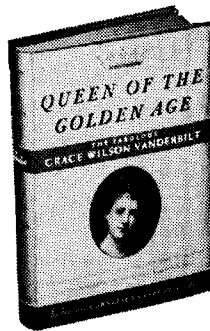
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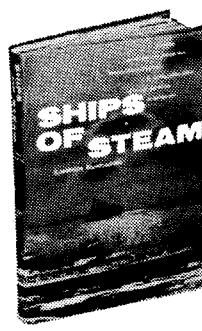
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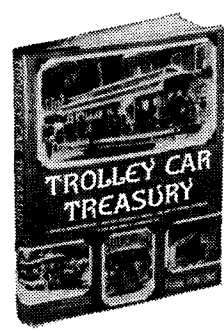
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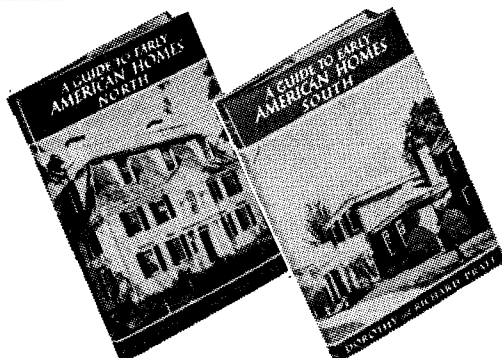
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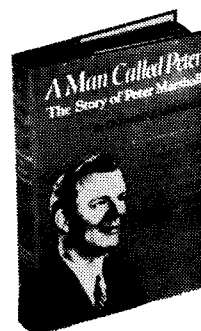


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a Talking Book for the Blind." The few lines that follow bear so close an application to what I am now trying to say that I venture to insert them here:—

He that hath ears to hear, now let him see!
For there is still a vision of the mind
That spreads before the seeing and the blind
An equal pageant of reality.

My friends often ask me about the quality of the reading—is it as good as it ought to be? My answer is that the average is high. Nothing is invariably at its best. Here, I should say, the English readers, whether on imported discs or on the many made in the United States by readers of English origin, are better than the American.

Is it perhaps because there is something more of Nancy Mitford's U speech among the English and of her non-U on American lips? My leaning toward U-speech is natural to a New Englander; a chance railroad seat-mate once remarked, "Tell me, are you an Englishman or a certain sort of Bostonian?" It may be observed that American speech, as heard both on the radio and in Talking Books, is becoming standardized in a clear, direct form. It is distressing when an American reader of an English novel in which a daughter frequently addresses her father as "Papá" pronounces it "Poppa." So too one bristles when a reader, probably once an actor, forgets that he is not on the stage and dramatizes a character in the story by dropping, with raised or lowered voice, into dialect—cockney or what not—with confusing sounds. He should remember that he is now a reader, not an actor.

The beginner at Talking Books should note one thing: there is to be no skipping. Many excellent books contain pages, even chapters, not necessary to the reader's salvation. A glance ahead will tell the expert quickly what he can spare. Not so with a Talking Book. If you move your needle forward or turn to the next disc, you may be missing the very best thing in the whole book. You have enlisted for the duration; it is a matter of start to finish. "It's dogged as does it."

The reservations here expressed are indeed of negligible moment in comparison with all the pleasure and profit derived from my six years of intimacy with the Talking Books. I sometimes think that if I could continue that intimacy for a few years longer I might, apart from all enjoyment, become a reasonably cultivated person.

2

THUS far I have drawn almost wholly upon my own knowledge and experience. It is now time to turn from the personal to the general.

In any review of the Age of Electrification the phonograph must of course be mentioned. More

specifically in relation to Talking Books it must receive still further mention. After Edison had invented the phonograph he wrote an article for the May-June, 1878, issue of the *North American Review* in which he said: "Books may be read by the charitably inclined professional reader, or by such other reader especially employed for that purpose, and the record of such book used in the asylums for the blind."

This nineteenth-century prophecy had to wait fulfillment until our own century came of age, and then it came about not so much through the "charitably inclined" as through the libraries of the country, especially the Library of Congress and privately supported organizations devoted to the welfare of the blind, notably the American Foundation for the Blind, in New York, and the American Printing House for the Blind, in Louisville, Kentucky. It is especially to the Library of Congress and the Printing House that I am indebted for much of the information employed here, information rendered usable with the help of other eyes than my own.

Since these words are written in Boston, it may be appropriate to note that the Boston Public Library, having acquired a small collection of books in embossed type, established a department for the blind in 1868 in coöperation with the Howe Press of the Perkins School. Many libraries in other American cities, following this example, did likewise. It was in Boston that Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe performed his miracle of liberating Laura Bridgman from the darkness and silence to which she had seemed condemned. This occurred at the Perkins School for the Blind, the very institution at which Anne Sullivan, who became the "teacher" of Helen Keller, was taught to perform her still greater miracle.

From about 1830 the blind in both Europe and America had been learning to read the embossed type of books in Braille. Shortly before 1900 the Library of Congress had turned its attention to special provision for the blind, and was soon effecting participation in this work with many public libraries throughout the country and with the private agencies already mentioned, besides the American Library Association and the Red Cross. It was seen as the work went on, at first with Braille only, and then through the addition of Talking Books initiated under the leadership of the American Foundation for the Blind, that more of the totally and partially blind could profit from books on phonograph records than from Braille, with its demand for special training. Thus the idea of producing Talking Books in quantity came into being.

The first necessities were for funds and the organization of a national plan to deal with the project in its larger aspects, by inducing libraries throughout the country to coöperate with the Library of Congress. The first provision of public funds was

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made by the passage of the Price-Smoot bill on March 3, 1931. This legislation was recommended by President F. D. Roosevelt as one of the WPA measures to give employment to the unemployed by other means than the organized raking of leaves. The bill was implemented by an appropriation of \$100,000 for the first year. President Roosevelt's interest in the project continued, and in 1935 he requested, successfully, the transfer of \$211,500 from the Emergency Appropriation Act to the Library of Congress "for the construction of talking book machines." The annual appropriations by Congress have continued to grow, and within the past decade they have reached the total of \$1,000,000 a year.

The extent of the work done by the Library of Congress in organizing the coöperation of other libraries, now more than thirty in number and in many states of the Union, may well be imagined.

The actual production of the Talking Books — their selection and manufacturing — begins with a special committee in the Library of Congress alert for promising titles old and new, chosen from publishers' lists and current reviews. The committee receives help also from readers, blind and seeing, outside the Library. The lists so formed are submitted quarterly to the Librarian of Congress for approval. When this is given, the titles are sent, let us say, to the American Printing House for the Blind, with exact instructions for recording. The consent of authors and publishers must be obtained. Readers must be chosen. Volunteers are found to lack that constancy at an exacting job found in paid professionals, preferably those with radio or stage

experience. The reader's pronunciation is checked from the best of American and English dictionaries, such as Webster and the Shorter Oxford. For certain books it is important that he can speak foreign languages, especially French, as they should be spoken. The job requires both capacity and taste.

When it is remembered that more than 43,000 Talking Book equipments are now enjoyed in America under the conditions here set forth, all without a penny of cost to any beneficiary, it is impossible not to imagine the waves of gratitude that must constantly be flowing towards the Library of Congress and the government behind it.

One of many expressions of this feeling came from an author, after listening to the talking of a book of his own, who wrote to the American Printing House for the Blind: "Just want to tell you what a fine job I think you did with my story. . . . No melodramatics, no shouting, just damn decent reading with subtle differences of style to fit each piece. Just right."

And surely speaking as many others might have spoken, a retired general wrote these words to the Library of Congress: "While submitting a list herewith of desired Talking Books let me state that in the dark watches of each night when 'old age' prevents sleep and dimming eyesight prevents reading, I bless you and your staff and the producers of Talking Books for the assistance they all give to me toward passing the hours. There is never a night that I do not think of you all with thanksgiving."

May the number of those who derive such comfort continue to increase!



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by R. G. EVERSON

WHEN the play — *The Tempest* — ended, they resumed
 Reality's topcoats, but white coral reefs
 Of snow outside made them again bemused
 Like castaways on an island in the sea.
 The whole town had been silenced. A deep nap
 Of sidewalk plush kept up a whispered count
 Of their footsteps. In a dark house that they passed
 A telephone hunted with magical empty sounds.
 Snow bleached the hung long bones that were the elms.
 Across the frozen quiet, far away
 A motor car was swelling out its chest
 And a tantrum of steam engine started a train.

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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

ON A June day more than a century ago Henry Thoreau noted in his journal: "If a man walks in the woods for love of them for half his days, he is esteemed a loafer; but if he spends his whole day as a speculator, shearing off those woods, he is esteemed industrious and enterprising — making earth bald before its time." Few Americans wake up to this irony before middle life, and the people who wake us, who lead us to appreciate the value of wild places, are the naturalists. They form a goodly company, they and their books: Thoreau; the two great ornithologists, Audubon and Alexander Wilson; George Catlin, friend and painter of the Indians who was first to propose the creation of a great national park; Louis and Alexander Agassiz; T.R. and Pinchot; Tom Barbour and John Phillips; in California and the Northwest, John Muir; in the Southwest, Roy Bedichek; the great anglers, Edward R. Hewitt in the Adirondacks and Roderick Haig-Brown in British Columbia; Sally Carrighar and Rachel Carson; Donald Culross Peattie and Sigurd F. Olson, and Edwin Way Teale. What a gathering they would make could we get them all together and hear them talk about this country and its precious, perishable heritage.

It is not until autumn, not until Indian summer, that we realize how much we have been missing. The signals are usually surprising: a pheasant exploding out of a familiar thicket, a sugar maple seen suddenly in flame, the honking of the migrating geese, a flood tide in the salt marsh, the smell of burning leaves — signals of how little of the year is left. These golden days have an urgency that makes us feel truant; if only one could step off time's treadmill, relegate the job to one's assistant, and be free — free for a visit to the Vermont uplands, for two days of surf casting on Monomoy, for a slow troll down the Parker River or a midday picnic collecting shells on Plum Island. But, for

an editor, the best time of year is always the busiest.

Edwin Way Teale is one of those fortunate few who are paid to live in the open. Writer, naturalist, and explorer of forgotten trails, he is now devoting himself to a series of four books on the American seasons. In *North With the Spring* he followed the first season from its awakening on a Florida key all the way North to its late arrival in Canada. Now in the second volume, *Autumn Across America* (Dodd, Mead, \$5.75), he pursues the magnificent progress of the fall from Cape Cod to California, "cutting across the advancing front of a season . . . across the four great flyways of the migrating birds, through the multicolored forests of the hardwoods, over the prairie fall, through the high autumn of the Rockies and the desert autumn of the salt flats and the rain-forest autumn of the Northwest." It is a magnificent assignment and Mr. Teale is just the man for it. He sees so many things we have no eyes for; all nature is his province — he is an observer in the prime, and his chronicles are diverse in color, lively and precise, his photographs magnificent.

I have read his book not from first to last but moving about in it, now to those familiar parts of the country where I could follow his experiences with a kindred interest, now to those parts which are strange. The index provides an excellent road-map for this kind of reading. Monomoy and Cape May were old stamping grounds for me, though I had never witnessed such concentrations of white-breasted swallows as he describes. (He reminds us that they were once sold for food in the New York market, and that a meat-gunner near Cape May "fired into a cloud of tree swallows, killing or maiming 102 birds with a single shot.")

It is his special gift to take a subject of which we have a sketchy knowledge and to fill it in with fascinating detail. He tells us, for instance, of how the swallows, making ready for fall migration, gorge themselves on bayberries, building up the fat that will provide fuel for the longer flights ahead; he tells us of the eelgrass of Shinnecock Bay, of the mysterious epidemic which attacked it in the 1930s, and of what the destruction meant to all manner of organisms along the seaboard; he tells us of the migration of the monarch butterflies at Point Pelee; of why the graylings disappeared from the Michigan Peninsula, and the experiments which demonstrate that salmon can tell apart, by their smells, fourteen different kinds of aquatic plants. He tells in delightful detail of the visit which he and his wife

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

made to Lake Itasca, "the very beginning rill of the mighty Mississippi"; of the fossil birds' eggs in the Bad Lands and of the tall fossil story of Jim Bridger, the pioneer trapper who reported seeing "petrefied birds on petrefied limbs singing petrefied songs." He tells us of the fern gatherers in the forests of western Washington, and his talk with Donald Braun and Orlo Stephens makes the whole incredible business come alive. He tells us of the sea lions in their cavern on the Oregon coast, and of Leslie Peltier, the backyard astronomer who in his homestead observatory over the past thirty-six years has found more new comets than any other amateur alive. He writes of John Muir roaming alone among the mountains with "a sack of bread over his shoulder and a notebook tied to his belt"; and of Mariposa Grove, the great stand of redwoods where Muir camped with Theodore Roosevelt in 1903, and of how thirty-two years earlier he had shown the same sequoias to Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mr. Teale gets the best out of people as he does out of books; he is good for wild life and particularly good for Americans who should know more about America.

The life and death of vaudeville

When I was a boy growing up in New Jersey I spent many a wintry Saturday afternoon at Proctor's Vaudeville. It was a place of inextinguishable anticipation; you would step into the lobby out of the raw cold and study the billboards before you plumped down your quarter, and I shall always remember the strong odor of disinfectant which enveloped you as you entered the darkened interior. The movie was on. Bill Hart was riding across the prairie and the pianist was playing "Pony Boy." When that was over, the screen was hoisted up, the footlights and spot flooded the stage, and against a pictorial curtain crowded with local advertisements a comedian made his appearance. The show was on. I liked the animal acts, the soft-shoe dancers, and the jugglers. Women who sang "The Rosary," women in spangles who shook their hips, were a pain in the neck.

I never saw **Fred Allen** in his heyday as "the Worst Juggler in the World," but I wish I had. I didn't meet him until many years later, when "Allen's Alley" was my favorite show on the air. Meeting him then and hearing him talk about his early days in vaudeville gave me the instant conviction that his autobiography, when he wrote it, would be a joy of a book. For ten years I urged him to write it, and the manuscript was nineteen-twentieths completed before his death.

Much Ado About Me (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.00) is the wry, wistful, always funny, often penetrating story of a Boston boy born John Florence Sullivan whose father was a Micawber and whose mother died when he was two. It was the boy's Aunt Lizzie who stood between him and the world,

and he never forgot her. Until he met Portland she was his nearest thing to a heroine. The transition by which the Sullivan boy became first a juggler, then "Fred Allen," and eventually, after Will Rogers, the most intelligent comedian on the stage, began in the Boston Public Library. There he celebrated his fourteenth birthday by going to work in the stacks; when the employees put on their annual Christmas show and asked the youngster to do something, he said he could juggle — tennis balls, tin plates, cigar boxes, and silk hats. He had even memorized a few jokes ("I had a dream last night. I dreamed I was eating flannel cakes. When I woke up the blanket was half gone." And "How can you stop a dead fish from smelling? Cut off its nose.") which he told as he did his routine. At the end of the show a girl in the audience burbled, "You're crazy to keep working here at the library. You ought to go on the stage." And Fred adds: "If she had only kept her mouth shut that night, today I might be the librarian of the Boston Public Library."

Fred's book is his own story, set in the golden age of vaudeville and full of those incredible and dedicated people with whom he lived and acted during his rise from small-time to top booking at the Palace. Fred wrote every word of it; I think it gave him great happiness in his last year, and it is fun for us all the way.

To preserve a country

The lost cause is almost always a more poignant story than that of the winning side. For this reason and because the flower of our professional army went with the South, the history of the Confederacy and the biographies of its great leaders, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart and Longstreet, have held first place in our reading and remembrance of the Civil War. We have waited for a book which would speak fairly, critically, and yet respectfully of those who were striving to preserve the Union, and at long last **Bruce Catton** has righted the balance in his spirited volume, *This Hallowed Ground*, The Story of the Union Side of the Civil War (Doubleday, \$5.95), a big book full of action, alive with soldiers and politicians, persuasive in its judgments. It is remarkably concise for so panoramic a theme, and it makes fast, vivid reading. In his biographical portraits as in his judgment of the military campaigns, the author is as free from prejudice as a historian should be. It is, in short, an illuminating book, and a major contribution to the Mainstream of America Series.

What strikes me very early is the fresh emphasis with which he points up this great and supposedly familiar theme. He shows more clearly than ever I had realized before the cohesion which existed in the North, Midwest, and the border states. What men saw, he writes, "briefly but clearly — after so many years in which nothing was clear — was the fact that they did have a country and that their



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S. Radhakrishnan

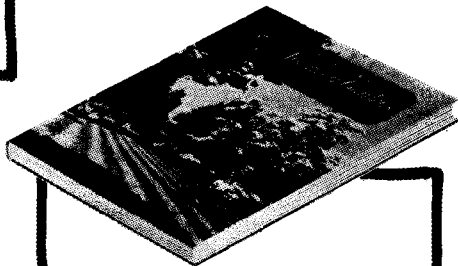
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For a
Merry Christmas



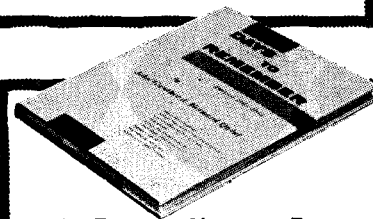
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By **RAYMOND B. FOSDICK.** A remarkable American and his era in "an unsung classic of American biography." —*Time*. *Handsomely illustrated.* \$6.50

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common possession of it was the most precious thing in the world. For a time this lifted them up, so that they went off to war jubilantly. . . ." The land was used to peace, and in pompous, dropsical Winfield Scott, commanding general of the United States Army, the North began with a leader too old to take the field. Yet even in the dim days before Bull Run, it was General Scott who foresaw the winning strategy: "seal off the coast, strike down the Mississippi, destroy Secession state by state, working east from the west" — the strategy which would divide the South and eventually compel the surrender.

Mr. Catton is shrewd, critical, and ironic in his characterization of the Union generals: the romantic, undependable Frémont; Pope the bombastic; Burnside so stubborn and so stupid; Joe Hooker whose will crumbled when Lee faced him. He tells of Allen Pinkerton, the most preposterous source of military intelligence an American army ever employed. He is excellent in his appraisal of McClellan, "Little Mac," who lacked only the willingness to fight; and his best portrait of them all is of that square, solid, brown figure, Ulysses S. Grant. He explains with graphic touches the differences and the destinies of the three great armies, the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the Cumberland, and the Army of the Mississippi, and makes clear why the last was the most rugged and decisive of the three.

Lincoln grows in these pages. We see his hesitation and his disinclination to evoke emancipation as long as there was any chance of bringing the rebellion to a swift conclusion, and how that chance went glimmering when McClellan let it slip away from him on the Chickahominy in June of '62. We hear Lincoln remark that if McClellan did not propose to use the army, he himself would like to borrow it for a time; and we understand, thanks to Mr. Catton, the President's uncanny and accurate grasp of the military situation. We see his relentless quest for a general who would fight, and why he gave Grant the latitude he did.

All through this epic of heroism, fallibility, and destiny there are echoes of the past, some of them in Mr. Catton's eloquent phrasing, some of them as they were spoken at the time. A Wisconsin soldier looking on in silent wonder at a Negro prayer meeting writes home, "I beg you not to think of it as being in the jargon of the burnt cork minstrels who sing for money. I cannot describe the pathos of the melody, nor the sweet tenderness of the words as they arose on the night air." A Confederate officer picked up by Union stretcher-bearers at Corinth tells them as they made him comfortable, "You licked us good today, but we gave you the best we had in the ranch." And Lee looking down from the heights of Fredericksburg on those blue waves soon to be decimated, says quietly, "It is well that we know how terrible war really is, else we would grow too fond of it."

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Fiction

THE LAST OF BRITAIN by *Meriol Trevor*. (St. Martin's Press, \$3.75.) The decadent remains of Roman Britain collapse before the barbarous Saxons in a sad novel full of amusing talk. An odd pitch, but interesting.

QUEEN OF THE EAST by *Alexander Baron*. (Ives Washburn, \$3.95.) Zenobia of Palmyra was an Oriental queen who gave the Roman Empire a brief and memorable jolt. This novel about her is suitably romantic, but also plausible and backed with solid research.

THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE by *Hammond Innes*. (Knopf, \$3.75.) Ripsnorting marine mystery, vaguely recalling the Marie Celeste affair, but more satisfactory since the skulduggery is, after prodigies of exertion, revealed.

Commentary

THE MIRROR IN THE ROADWAY by *Frank O'Connor*. (Knopf, \$4.50.) Mr. O'Connor's deceptively casual comments on a number of novelists gradually reveal his theories about the purpose and practice of novel writing. His ideas are sound, thought-provoking, and as always most elegantly expressed.

D. H. LAWRENCE: Selected Literary Criticism, edited by *Anthony Beal*. (Viking, \$5.00.) Sometimes wise, sometimes absurd, Lawrence as a critic was never dull, nor is it necessary to agree with him to enjoy his exuberant enthusiasms and vituperative enmities.

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS WOLFE, selected and edited by *Elizabeth Nowell*. (Scribner, \$10.00.) A tornado of letters, an earthquake, an inundation. Wolfe wrote about practically everything sooner or later, and while not every word is gold, the nuggets lie thick.

English Lives

RICHARD THE THIRD by *Paul Murray Kendall*. (Norton, \$5.95.) This thorough, judicious, well-written life of a much maligned monarch does wonders toward elucidating that vast muddle called the Wars of the Roses.

THE EARLY CHURCHILLS by *A. L. Rowse*. (Harper, \$6.50.) Brilliant, greedy, and ruthless, the founders of the Churchill family are hardly a lovable group, but they are highly interesting, and Mr. Rowse describes their world with conviction.

MR. VESSEY OF ENGLAND, edited by *Brian Waters*. (Putnam, \$2.95.) John Henry Vessey visited the United States in 1859 and kept a journal, now published. The book is full of information on farming and transport and the habits of hotel managements, these being Vessey's particular interests. Pleasant little historical sidelight.

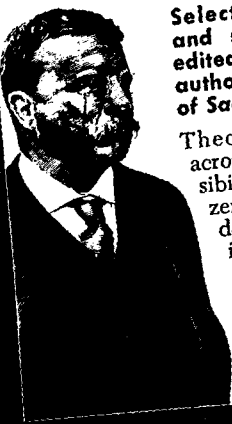
OF CARRIAGES AND KINGS by *Frederick John Gorst* with *Beth Andrews*. (Crowell, \$4.00.) Reminiscences of a juvenile career as footman to Edwardian royalty. It's the things he doesn't appear to know he's telling that make Mr. Gorst's book engaging.

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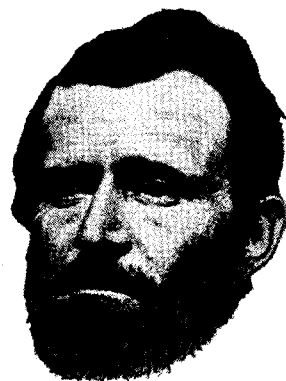
"...a solid feast, rich, various, sometimes breath-
lessly exciting though always cool-minded, and
as close to being final as we are likely ever to
get."—Bernard De Voto.

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL

Vol. IV: Iuka to Vicksburg

By

KENNETH P.
WILLIAMS



"Grant's achievement forms the primary theme of the
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DAVID M. POTTER—*The Saturday Review*

Vol. IV	624 pp.	24 maps	6 photos	\$7.50
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The Peripatetic Advertiser



Among many indefensible compulsions that the book trade moves by the most curious and toughly-rooted is that of ganging publication dates. The first two weeks of November offer an orgy of debuts, a feast to satiety for book reviewers, booksellers, book buyers, and browsers.

Since it is apparently an act of gross self-indulgence to buy a book for oneself, let us decently camouflage these temptations of the big book season under the noble label of books as gifts. Recipients may be roughly sorted out — on your shopping list — as Fiction Type, NonFiction Type — Fanatics and Children. Pinned to the titles that follow are identifying tags that should suggest fare for everyone from tea-table aunt to howlingly precocious infant.



Everyone reads fiction including, sometimes especially, those who whimsically confess they cannot. In this list several compass points are covered — India, Africa, Montana, Manhattan, California and Korea. There are some big names that always turn up on the bestseller lists and a new name that hit best sellerdom with a first novel.

In the foreground are — **These Thousand Hills** by Pulitzer Prize winner **A. B. Guthrie, Jr.** (\$3.95). The sweep of that 'forever land,' the human destinies that made its history comprehensible are here in a novel, an age and a frontier that we will not forget. **The Great World and Timothy Colt** by **Louis Auchincloss** (\$3.75). "A biopsy of a class and a system, Louis Auchincloss is an expert diagnostician and a smooth raconteur — on a par and a parallel with J. P. Marquand." **Mamba** by **Stuart Cloete** (\$3.00). "Few men know more of Africa than Stuart Cloete, few comprehend so clearly the intricacies of the human mind." **The Ninth Wave** by **Eugene Burdick** (\$3.95). A novel of a warm voice and a cold heart in politics — "the-book-of-the-year." **The Year of Love** by **Margaret Lee Runbeck** (\$3.25). "More than a novel. It is an intimate study of



the customs and mores of India . . . dramatically human and vivid." **Able Company** by **D. J. Hollands** (\$4.50). "... the first full-bodied novel of the British troops in the Korean War . . . Hollands can write."

NonFiction Types are a wide assortment from the bearded uncle in leather patches to paperback-budget sophomore. One of the sprightliest books in this or other years is **Roman Candle** by **Letitia**

Baldrige (\$3.75). "An effervescent account of three years spent completely and delightfully as social secretary to Clare Boothe Luce in Italy, this encompasses the ardent and arduous aspects of on and off duty hours. Thoroughly down to earth in its sense of values, and up to heaven in its zest for living . . . a sparkler."

Nostalgia: A Psychoanalytic Study of Marcel Proust by **Dr. Milton Miller** (\$4.00). In this a distinguished psychoanalyst brings Freudian theory to bear on Proustian art, with the most interesting and unexpected results. **Sir Robert Walpole: The Making of a Statesman** by **J. H. Plum** (\$5.50). The amazing career of a debt-encumbered squire who rose to become 18th Century England's greatest statesman. **In Search of Adam**, The bestselling story of man's quest for the truth about his earliest ancestors by **Herbert Wendt** (Illus. \$6.50). **The Last Grain Race Around the Horn under sail in 1939** by **Eric Newby** (Photographs \$4.00). **Men of The Western Waters The taking of America's first West — 1781-1794** by **Dale van Every** (Illus. \$4.00). **The World in the Postwar Decade 1945-1955** — a British look at the events that shape our present by **J. Hampden Jackson** (\$3.00) and in a new revised edition the standard **American Capitalism** by **John Kenneth Galbraith** (\$3.00).



A blessing undisguised on any shopping list is the recognized fanatic who wants every honest and illuminating word in print on his special subject. We suggest a few of the recognizably single-minded and the books they want and mean to have. For instance for the man who has the **Peterson Field Guides** marching numerically along a handy shelf nothing could be more obviously welcome than the newest, **Field Guide To The Ferns** (\$3.75).



For one of the race of the serious jazz fancier, **Panassié's encyclopedic Guide to Jazz**, (\$4.00), is naturally the greatest. Anti-bop and R & R. With a foreword by Louis Armstrong.

For the owner of the first published volume of the **Times Atlas of the World** (confusingly it was Volume III) the next volume — **Southern Europe and Africa**—will be simply necessity. (\$25.00).



For almost any new or imminently prospective bride **The Complete Guide for the Serviceman's Wife** by **Elizabeth Land** and **Lieutenant**

Houghton Mifflin

Colonel Carroll V. Glines, Jr. U.S.A.F. (Illus. \$5.00 hardbound, \$2.75 paperbound).

For everyone who reads any book reviewer a copy of **The Outsider** by **Colin Wilson** (\$4.00) certainly at once the season's most controversial and resoundingly praised entry in the egghead race that is conducted in literary media.



Bullfighting is beginning to edge out all other outdoor sports in literary mileage. One of the pros in the arena is **Barnaby Conrad** (Matador, La Fiesta Brava). His new book is one done with Mexico's top bullfighter **Carlos Arruza**. It is the autobiography of a person whose life is superbly adapted to legend. **My Life as a Matador** (Illus. with photographs \$4.00).



Shortstory collections, whether variations on a theme, or medlied, are ideal Christmas presents. **City of The Living** by **Wallace Stegner** (\$3.00), for devotees of the single theme, and **The Best Short Stories of 1956** edited by **Martha Foley** (\$4.00), for diversification, are recommended.

For people — may their tribes increase — who read just for pleasure, **Women and Children First** by **Cady Hewes** the name that was assumed by **Bernard DeVoto** (\$3.75) in his role of domestic chronicler. And the profile of a great city, **The London Season** by **Louis T. Stanley** (Illus. \$4.00), and for one sex — at a time — **Women are Wonderful** edited by **William Cole** and **Florett Robinson** (\$5.00). A cartoon history of a hundred years with America's most controversial figure. For the prospective or merely hopeful home owner **Living on the Level** by **Royal Barry Wills** (Cloth \$5.00, paper \$2.69).



To people who generously and fatally loaned their copies of these bestsellers months ago, replacement copies of **The Edge of the Sea** by **Rachel Carson** (\$3.95). **Wild America** by **Roger Tory Peterson** and **James Fisher** (\$5.00), and **Cash McCall** by **Cameron Hawley** (\$3.95).

For at least everyone who saw the magnificent Omnibus series "The Constitution," (and the program's fan mail was gratifyingly enormous) the adaptation of that series in book form with **Joseph N. Welch** fortunately omnipresent as commentator and lavish illustrations, one or more to every page — **The Constitution** by **Joseph N. Welch** with **Richard Hofstadter** and the Staff of "Omnibus" (\$3.75). And for everyone who missed the programs, too.

For armchair or over-the-stove cook a book that is half entrancing folk lore, half recipes as exotic as they are habit forming, **Classic Cooking From India** by **Djaram Singh** (\$4.00), and not an ingredient therein that you cannot find in the supermarket worthy of its name.



The younger generation, divided into self-propelled readers or those more docile who are still read aloud to, have as always a rich spread of books. And oddly and happily relatively more children's books become classics than those on the adult list. If you have a child old enough just now for the delectable **Virginia Lee Burton** books, **The Little House** (Illus. \$3.00) is a wonderful introduction. The **Holling** books — **Minn of the Mississippi** (\$3.00), **Tree in the Trail** (Illus. \$3.00), **Paddle-to-the-Sea** (Illus. \$3.00), and **Seabird** (Illus. \$3.00) are treasure lore. **Johnny Tremain** (\$3.50) by **Esther Forbes**, is currently moving into another dimension — TV. There is the Caldecott winner **The Biggest Bear** (Illus. \$2.75) by **Lynd Ward**, and bridging all generations, **The Complete Uncle Remus** (Illus. \$5.00) edited by **Richard Chase**.

And now to introduce the newest ones: — For the picture age there is another by the incomparable **Rey** — **See The Circus** (Illus. \$1.00) a habit-forming book that will lead back to the other fold-out-books **Where's My Baby?** (Illus. \$1.00), and **Anybody at Home?** (Illus. \$1.00) and then to the **Curious George** stories. There is a new **Laura Bannon** book — **The Scary Thing** (Illus. \$2.00) with a gentle mystery for the nursery school set. This same set will lose out to their elders when they fish **Loco Locomotive** (Illus. \$2.00) all sixteen feet of it, out of the Christmas stocking. By **Marilyn and Varujan Boghosian**. **Jean Lee Latham** won the Newbery Award with **Carry on Mr. Bowditch** (Illus. \$2.75), published in the Spring she has now turned to a biography of **Matthew Fontaine Maury** — **Trail Blazer of the Seas** (Illus. \$2.75). **Daphne Rooke** is a name established in both adult and juvenile fields. **Twins in Australia** (Illus. \$2.00) is for the 9-12 market and offers attractive people, exotic locale and a double-barrel mystery. **Mary and Conrad Buff** have collaborated in a book for this same age group in **Hah-Nee** (Illus. \$3.00) the dramatic working of an epic theme based on the history of the now-vanished **Cliff Dwellers**.



This list could put a book in the hand of everyone around your Christmas tree, but before they begin to lose themselves in their separate worlds produce **The Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols** (Illus. \$4.95), edited by **Henry A. Simon** — and start them singing.



Company, Publishers

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



SINCE 1948, seven well-nourished volumes of memoirs and history by Winston S. Churchill have marched before our eyes in a grave yet zestful procession, to the accompaniment of an immense symphony from the critical bandstand. Now an eighth tome has appeared: *The New World* (Dodd, Mead, \$6.00), Volume II of *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*. As I sat down to write about it, an intruder materialized before my typewriter. I had no trouble recognizing him: he was Frank Sullivan's Mr. Arbuthnot, the Cliché Expert. "You'd better let me lend a hand," he murmured. "There's nothing you can say about Winnie, at this stage, that isn't in the Arbuthnot domain."

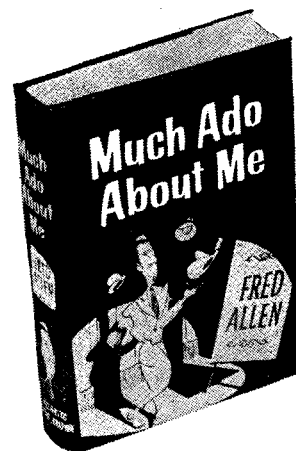
"As a matter of fact, there is," I objected. "For once, a Churchillian title is misleading: out of twenty-four chapters, there are only one and a half about the discovery and settlement of the New World. The book is essentially a history of the British Isles from 1485 to 1688." Arbuthnot: "True enough. But in the succeeding volumes Churchill's commanding sense of historical perspective will no doubt reassert itself." Self: "Well, there's another surprise. Churchill says next to nothing about the cultural flowering of the Elizabethan-Jacobean era; and he conspicuously neglects the broad social background — limits himself to such summations as 'Beggars and vagabonds were many!'" Arbuthnot: "Come now, you can't maintain that really surprises you. The first volume made it clear we were going to get from Churchill an old-fashioned narrative history — a schoolbook made grandiose by the well-known Churchillian magic. You simply can't get by without paying tribute to the fine familiar stuff: the gusto with which Churchill reconstructs the battles on land and on sea; his flair for dramatic imagery — that memorable picture of Mary Queen of Scots as she removed her outer garments for 'the headsman's act' and stood in crimson velvet, 'blood-red from head to foot against the black background of the scaffold'; the bold, magistral character sketches, like that

"The dummy is on your left."



Fred Allen, America's

best loved humorist, has told, as only he could, the story of his rocky road from the stacks of the Boston Library, through old-time vaudeville, to Broadway — in the year's most entertaining book.

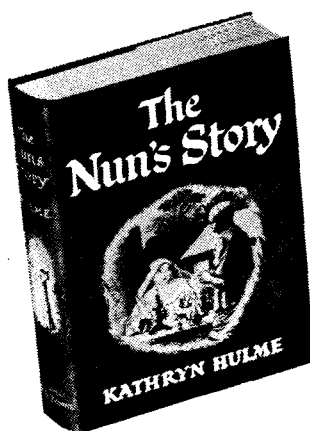


BY FRED ALLEN

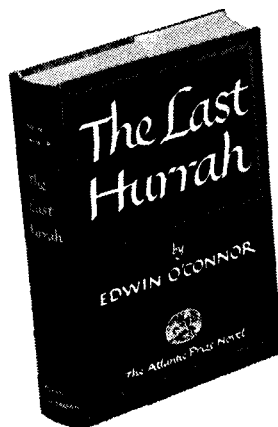
A warm, wise, continuously funny book — Fred Allen in his happiest vein (with just the right touch of vinegar) — recounting the behind-the-scenes story of hectic years and a gaudy era. Illustrated. At all bookstores. \$5.00

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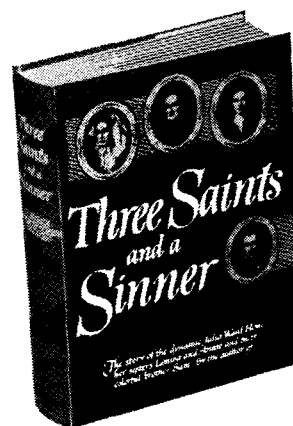
LITTLE, BROWN



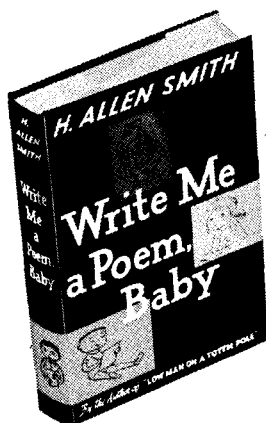
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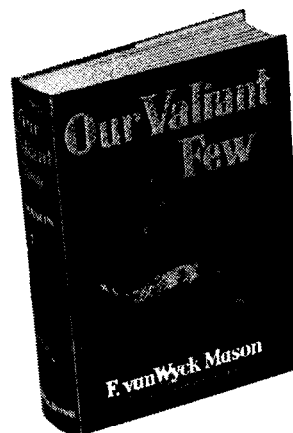
THREE SAINTS AND A SINNER by Louise Hall Tharp. The delightful story of "one of the most remarkable and fascinating of all American families." Illus. \$5.00



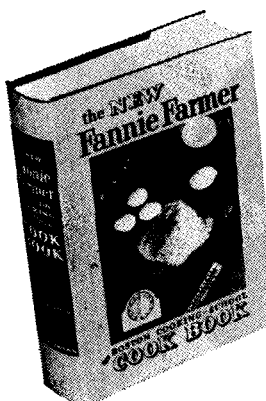
WRITE ME A POEM, BABY by H. Allen Smith. Maybe Johnny can't read, but when he writes — look out! The funniest book of the year. Illus. \$2.95



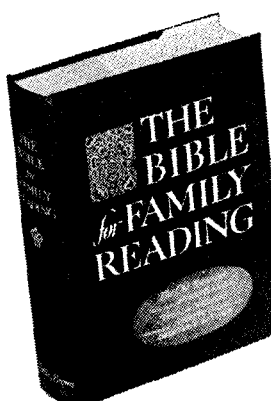
***LES GIRLS** by Constance Tomkinson. The minister's daughter who danced in the Folies Begère tells her "witty, spirited, amusing story."—N. Y. Times. Illus. \$3.95



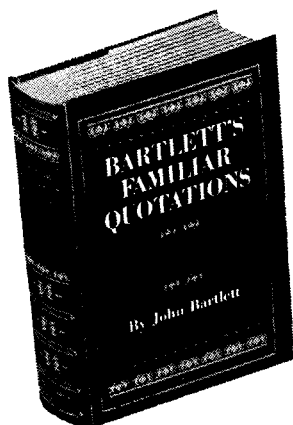
OUR VALIANT FEW by F. van Wyck Mason. The "blazingly dramatic" Civil War romance of the South's efforts to break the Union naval blockade. Illus. \$3.95



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of Oliver Cromwell — 'the harsh, terrific, lightning-charged being, whose erratic, opportunist, self-centered course is laid bare upon the annals.' Then there's the famous style. You'd better quote examples — 'Now [1485], in the advance of culture, precedence was regulated by gunpowder'; the 'smoky soul' of Cromwell; and that bit about the Puritan Revolution, 'a brew of hot Gospel and cold steel.'"

With a parting salvo of clichés about "glorious readability" and "a history which in itself is a historical event," Mr. Arbuthnot left me to wind up with a note of my own about Churchill's interpretation of the past. To Churchill, the essence of the English spirit is a shunning of fanaticism, an openness to sensible compromise, a deep-seated respect for law and order. Consequently Churchill, citing our contemporary knowledge of where techniques of "frightfulness" can lead, takes issue with the Victorian condonement of Cromwell and offers us a more searching and harsher reassessment. He views the whole Puritan interlude as a period in which English life was more sorely distempered ("everywhere was spying and prying") than under even the personal rule of Charles I. And the tolerance and mercy shown by Charles II earns him warmer commendation from Churchill than has usually been accorded to "the merry monarch."

But for all the excesses of the English Revolution, the dominant subject in this majestic volume, Churchill finds in it a reaffirmation of his central theme. "Here," he writes, "is the salient fact which distinguishes the English Revolution from all others: that those who wielded irresistible physical force were throughout convinced that it could give them no security. Nothing is more characteristic of the English people than their instinctive reverence even in rebellion for law and tradition. Deep in the nature of the men who had broken the king's power was the conviction that law in his name was the sole foundation on which they could build."

Love in a cold climate

Boswell in Search of a Wife, 1766-1769 (McGraw-Hill, \$6.00) — edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle — is the fifth installment of the Boswell Papers. It is the first in the series which focuses steadily on a story with a clear-cut beginning, middle, and end.

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The book opens with Boswell's return to Scotland, and it immediately launches him — he is now twenty-six — on a determined search for a wife. A remarkably diversified array of ladies are considered, and three of them figure prominently in the story. First Boswell pursues the dazzlingly desirable Catherine Blair — referred to as "The Heiress" or "The Princess" — who presently dashes his pretensions in a scene of unconscious farce, in which she politely repeats that she likes him no better than any other man and that he doesn't stand a chance. Then Boswell hies himself to Ireland to court a sixteen-year-old beauty, "formed like a Grecian nymph" and endowed with inviting financial prospects. Simultaneously, he records a growing love for his cousin and long-suffering companion, Margaret Montgomerie, whom he patronizes insufferably as the poor relation and who, in the concluding pages, becomes Mrs. Boswell.

Boswell's earnest pursuit of matrimony is counterpointed by an unusually busy sex life. He has a romp with the gardener's daughter, then takes an accredited mistress who bears him a daughter; and even before this liaison is liquidated, each drunken evening ends on the couch of street-walkers.

There are four other main strands in the present volume. One is Boswell's campaign on behalf of Corsican independence: he wrote his *Account of Corsica*, which made a strong impression and won him fame; he pleaded (unsuccessfully) with the Prime Minister, Pitt, for British intervention; and he kept planting propaganda in the press, a mixture of fact and amusingly imaginative fictions. Two other major themes are Boswell's strained relationship with his father and his growing practice at the bar, which involved him dramatically in a *cause célèbre* of the period. Finally, there is the maturing of his friendship with Dr. Johnson, solidified by two visits to England in the course of which Jamie begins to take his place among the leading spirits of the day.

As Mr. Brady says in his helpful Introduction: "These were [Boswell's] marvellous years." Any reader who still retains, as I do, a relish for Boswell may find this section of his autobiography the best to date.

Russia revisited

Russia Without Stalin (Viking, \$3.75) by Edward Crankshaw, a

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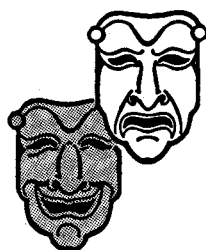
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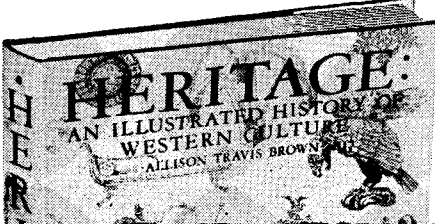
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British authority on Russia, is in part the product of a return visit to the Soviet Union in 1955. Finished just before Khrushchev initiated the anti-Stalin campaign last spring, the book has been published unaltered. The new trend in Soviet policy confirms Crankshaw's general argument and attests to his discernment. Some recasting would have given his report a greater immediacy; another weakness is that it is something of a hodgepodge. The main point, however, is that Crankshaw's potpourri of observations really does shed light on "the emerging pattern" of the post-Stalin era.

Never having been a Communist, Crankshaw is free from the guilt, the rage, the absolutitis, which have warped the vision of most of the ex-Communist pundits on Russia. Unlike them and the apologists of Communism, he never makes the fatal mistake which might be called *reductio ad abstractum*: the mistake of viewing everything in terms of theory and ideology. To Crankshaw, the Soviet Union is not a symbol of this or that, but a geographic area inhabited by real people with human impulses, good and evil. Consequently, his scrutiny of the Soviet scene has a down-to-earth quality which is rare in books about Russia and exceedingly refreshing.

Crankshaw found that, with Russia now in the advanced stages of the Industrial Revolution and with Stalin gone, the people were beginning to make good their demand for more consumer goods — at least in the towns. This rise in the standard of living is a process which, Crankshaw believes, the authorities will find it virtually impossible to reverse. In fact, they can no longer put off coping with the problem of improving the condition of the peasants, from whom greater food production is needed and cannot be obtained by coercion.

The appreciable relaxation of tyranny since Stalin's death has already shown that, despite four decades of Communist conditioning, the Russians retain most of the foibles of non-Communist peoples. The Soviet press is full of articles about two sets of disoriented juveniles — the *gooligani* or hooligans and the more prosperous *stilyagi*, playboys, who affect the same dress mannerisms as London's "Teddy Boys," are "sent" by American jazz, call each other "Mister" in place of "Comrade," and in Moscow



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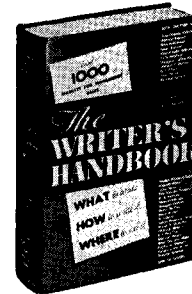
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refer to Gorki Street as "Broadway." *Blat* — a mixture of "pull" and graft — is a major element in the functioning of the Soviet economy; and everywhere Crankshaw heard of the *tolkach* or "fixer" and the *spekulant*, a racketeer whose most flourishing operations are in the black market for spare parts and for imported jazz records.

Crankshaw does not suggest that there is any breakdown in the Soviet system. On the contrary, he finds it recovering from "the paralysis that crept over so many aspects of life during Stalin's last years." His survey ranges all the way from the drabness of Soviet fashions to the revival of Leninism as a substitute for Stalin's authority; and one of its main conclusions is that Russia will always be Socialist in some shape or form.

An American abroad

Easter in Sicily (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95) by **Herbert Kubly**, whose *American in Italy* won the non-fiction National Book Award for 1955, is a travelogue which weaves together things seen, anecdotes, character sketches, and what Aldous Huxley has called "culture gossip." Mr. Kubly did not locate the Madonna with a *female* Jesus, of which he had heard rumors; but he did meet up with a *black* Madonna and with another Madonna whose miracle-working tears cost the Communist Party a number of supporters in Syracuse. His narrative cuts a broad swathe which takes in Aphrodite, Demeter, and Persephone, whose legends are still a felt presence on the island; an orgiastic day in Palermo when the U.S. Fleet hits town; the saga of the bandit-hero, Giuliano; the raffish sex life of Taormina; and the correspondence of a young waiter-Don Juan, whose heart belongs to any and every foreign female who might send him an immigration visa and make an honest man of him.

While it does not match up to Sean O'Faolain's Sicilian travelogue, *An Autumn in Italy*, Mr. Kubly's book is sprightly reading throughout. In a somewhat patchy way, it does achieve an image of the moral and physical landscape of Sicily, with its long roll-call of invaders; its veneration of the Mother-figure; its peculiar sense of truth, in which fact and fantasy are inextricably intertwined; and its people's proud spirit of independence counterpointed by a fierce yearning to leave a land where most are

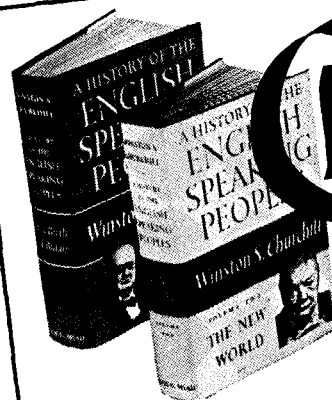
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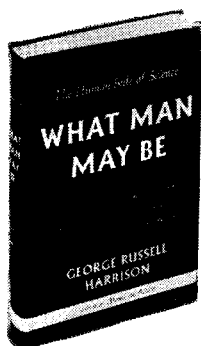
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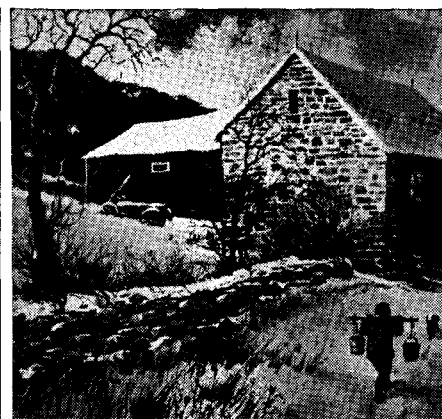
under sentence of poverty for generations to come.

Other voices, other rooms

Giovanni's Room (Dial, \$3.00) by **James Baldwin** — author of one of the most impressive first novels published in the 1950s (*Go Tell It on the Mountain*) — confirms the original impression that here is an exciting talent: a writer endowed with exceptional narrative skill, poetic intensity of feeling, and a sensitive command of language. This endorsement is made despite the fact that Mr. Baldwin's subject is one of which I have had my fill. His story, to sum it up crudely, is about a young American in Paris who, when his girl goes off to Spain to decide whether she really wants to marry him, becomes embroiled in a homosexual relationship with a barman in a pansy night-club.

Mr. Baldwin says on the jacket: "David's dilemma is the dilemma of many men of his generation; by which I do not so much mean sexual ambivalence as a crucial lack of sexual authority." This sounds to me pretentious nonsense. We know that David's problem is not uncommon; and it merits compassion. But there is surely no "lack of authority" as to whether boys should like girls or other boys. Fortunately, Mr. Baldwin's literary artistry pushes such objections into the background. *Giovanni's Room* is a book that belongs in the top rank of fiction concerned with homosexuality.

Count Luna (Criterion, \$4.00) — subtitled "Two Tales of the Real and the Unreal" — marks the first American appearance of the Austrian novelist, **Alexander Lernet-Holenia**, who is clearly a maestro at conjuring up an atmosphere of mystery and suspense. As Robert Pick says in his Introduction, both of these Gothic tales are basically ironic parables about guilt and sin. In "Baron Bragge," a bachelor much censured for having driven two women to suicide explains why he is incapable of loving. He narrates an hallucination he experienced when wounded in wartime — an hallucination in which he married an enchantress so haunting that he still feels wedded to her. The second novelette chronicles the mounting desperation of a company director whose irresponsibility sent a certain Count Luna to his death in a concentration camp, and who becomes convinced that Luna is stalking him to wreak a murderous re-



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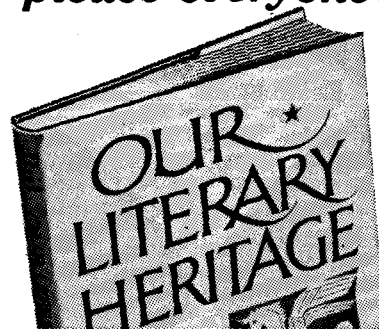
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venge. An elegant and urbane writer, Lernet-Holenia is working in the tradition of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who once wrote: "As soon as we actually sum up reality, we approach dreaming, or rather, poetic creation."

Art books

This being the season when the problem of Christmas presents is spreading harassment if not anguish throughout the land, it might be helpful to say a few words about some of the outstanding new art books. My own choice for such as deserve good gifts is *Venice Observed* (Reynal, \$15.00) — a collaborative venture in which top billing goes to **Mary McCarthy**, author of the text. Three photographers are mainly responsible for the sixty pages of color illustrations of paintings and of Venice, and for the seventy-odd photographs in black-and-white. André Chastel, Professor of Art at the Sorbonne, contributes comments on Venetian civilization and notes on the plates. And the whole project has been executed under the editorship of Georges and Rosamond Bernier, directors of the art review, *L'Oeil*.

The tourist Venice, says Miss McCarthy, is the real Venice. Venice is "a folding picture-postcard of itself," and its inhabitants are all "Professori di Belle Arti" — even Harry's Bar has confectioned drinks named Tiziano, Bellini, Giorgione. Modulating from past to present, from literature and painting to life, Miss McCarthy develops the theme that the fairy tale which is Venice is the logical creation of a people "who lived solely for gain"; a people who — having inherited from Byzantium a taste for sensuous luxury and therefore desiring above all business as usual — shrank from fanaticism, carefully curbed their rulers' power, and produced a way of life and an art characterized by reverence for the concrete world.

Visually, *Venice Observed* is a splendid affair even though some of the color plates fall short of the highest standard. And Miss McCarthy's text — while it may be unpalatable to those who expect Venetiana to be pitched only in the high romantic key — has the signal attraction of conveying an individual interpretation of a city about which almost everything that can be said has been said.

Salaams are also in order for *Post-Impressionism*: From Van Gogh to

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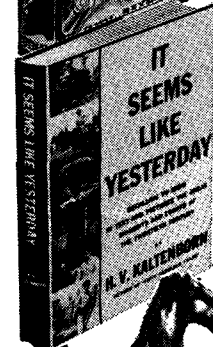
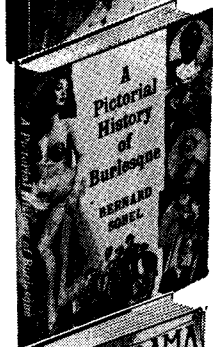
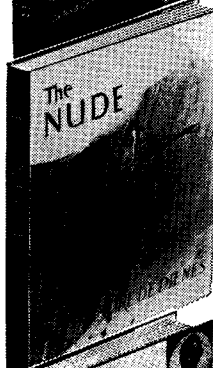
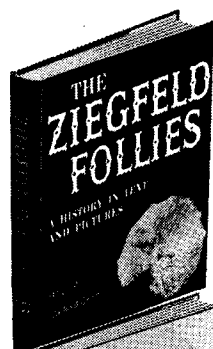
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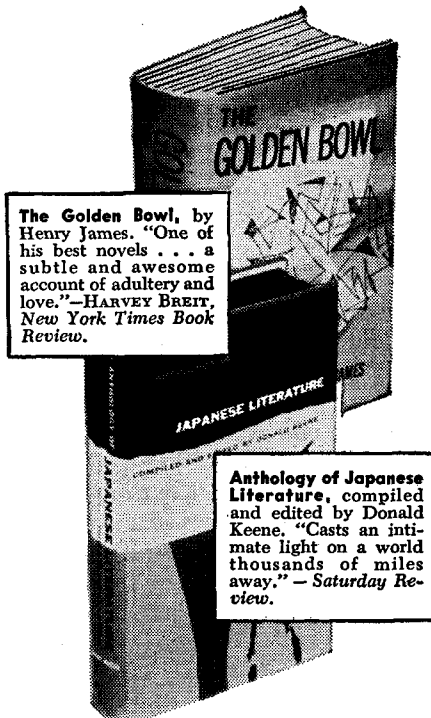
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Gauguin (Museum of Modern Art, \$15.00) by John Rewald, whose *History of Impressionism* established his eminence as an art historian of this era. The plates — 442 in black-and-white, 47 in color — are of the highest quality; and the text is admirably written, though its encyclopedic richness of detail limits its appeal to those seriously interested in the period. Mr. Rewald opens in 1886, when Paris was "literally bursting with new movements and new ideas"; and he chronicles the ensuing seven years of ferment, weaving into his study the contemporary literary currents and personalities in such a way as to re-create the whole aesthetic climate of the times. While Gauguin and Van Gogh dominate the book, Seurat, Signac, Pissarro, Odilon Redon, and half-a-dozen lesser painters — little known today but prominent in the development of post-impressionism — also receive full-dress treatment.

Another book from the Museum of Modern Art is *Masters of British Painting, 1800-1950* (\$5.50) by Andrew Carnduff Ritchie, Director of the Museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture. The panorama Mr. Ritchie brings to us is characteristically British in its eccentricity — its curiously individual mixture of revolutionary and reactionary movements. Mr. Ritchie has singled out thirty-one artists, whose work is represented by a total of 104 plates (16 in color). Beginning with Turner and Constable, he includes, among others, Blake, the Pre-Raphaelites, Sickert, Augustus John, and such contemporaries as Ben Nicholson, Paul Nash, Graham Sutherland, and Francis Bacon. The accompanying text is terse and to the point — an admirable introduction to the subject for the layman.

The Selective Eye, 1956-57 (Reynal, \$8.75), edited by Georges and Rosamond Bernier, is one of the most visually exciting and certainly the most startlingly diversified of the recently published art books. This is an annual anthology of the best from *L'Oeil*, a European art magazine. The essays range from "Work, Fun and Games in the Middle Ages" to "Miró the Ceramist"; from "The Friday Mosque of Isfahan" by Sacheverell Sitwell to recollections of Soutine; from the frescoes of ancient Crete to the avant-garde artists of today. There are 51 pages in full color and 190 illustrations in black-and-white.



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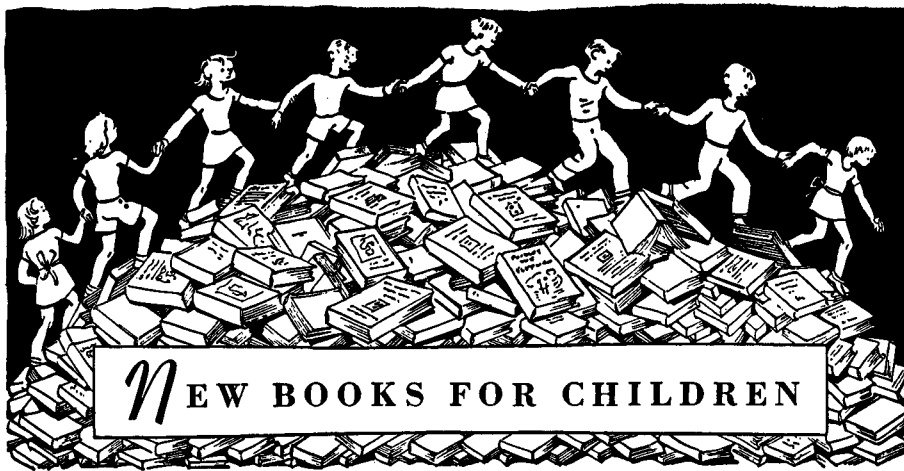
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by CHARLOTTE JACKSON

Widow of the author and critic Joseph Henry Jackson, CHARLOTTE JACKSON does a monthly round-up of children's books for the San Francisco Chronicle.

CHRISTMAS, with all the joyous mystery of the season and the gradual building up to the climax of the day itself, is indeed exciting. But then comes the pause, the afterglow, when young people have time left, before schoolwork claims them again, to read and consider the books that thoughtful friends and relatives have selected for them.

An enchanting hide-and-seek story for the youngest child is *Gone Is My Goose* by Dorothy Koch (Holiday House), with pictures in soft colors by Doris Lee, in which a little farm girl wanders everywhere seeking her pet goose. When she finds the runaway, there is a wonderful surprise of five downy goslings in the tall grass by the creek.

The Cat Who Thought He Was A Tiger, written and illustrated by Polly Cameron (Coward-McCann), is a delightful story of a confused tiger-striped cat who is quite positive he is a tiger until he visits a real tiger at the zoo and is promptly disillusioned.

If I Ran the Circus by Dr. Seuss (Random House) is a superb fantasy with excruciatingly funny pictures by the well-known purveyor of rhyming nonsense. It will delight children and anyone else who opens it.

In the same vein is *Edward Lear's Nonsense Book*, selections and illustrations by Tony Palazzo (Garden City). These tantalizing samples of Lear will give today's children an idea of what amused their parents and grandparents. The illustrations are disappointing, but the rhymes are timeless and as charming as ever.

Anatole by Eve Titus, with en-

gaging pictures by Paul Galdone (Whittlesey House), is the success story of a mouse who lives with his wife and six children in a mouse village outside of Paris, and who succeeds in becoming vice president of a cheese factory.

Mister Penny's Race Horse by Marie Hall Ets (Viking). Children who have enjoyed *Mister Penny* will be enchanted this time with the way Limpy, the old race horse, carries off all honors at the fair after the other animals have got into every kind of mischief.

Harry the Dirty Dog by Gene Zion, pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham (Harper). Harry has a great deal in common with little boys and some little girls, for Harry is allergic to baths. In fact, he dislikes soap and water so much that one day when he hears the water running in the tub he makes off with the scrubbing brush and buries it. The reason Harry finally gets clean and stays that way makes a charming story.

The Elephant and the Flea, pictures and story by Alain (Whittlesey House). This well-known artist who has found time and inclination to turn his talents to the picture-book field has produced a most entertaining tale about an elephant who was constantly being badgered by an elusive flea. The beast's only relief was to lie flat on his back in the water, but even then he thought he heard the flea laughing.

For young readers from seven to ten, the artist Esphyr Slobodkina has done more than a picture book in *The Clock* (Abelard-Schuman). This deceptively simple story is set in a town in Vermont where the townspeople have become accustomed to having the voice of the clock in the church tower direct their various activities. The day the clock breaks down there is utter confusion until a

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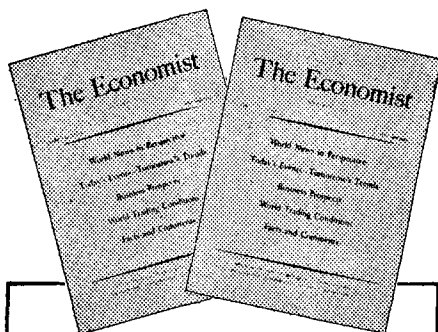
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deaf old woman takes charge while the clock is being repaired.

Ride on the Wind by Alice Dalgliesh, pictures by Georges Schreiber (Scribner). The author gives a thrilling interpretation for the six-to-ten-year-olds of what Charles Lindbergh in his *Spirit of St. Louis* did for aviation almost thirty years ago. Handsome design and illustrations.

A Friend Is "Amie" by Charlotte Steiner (Knopf) is almost a French primer with its captivating picture story in rhyme about two small neighbors — Milly from Harris and Lili from Paris — who have no trouble with the language barrier and become fast friends as well.

For young enthusiasts of space-ship travel, **Eleanor Cameron** has written an exciting successor to her *Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet* in *Stowaway to the Mushroom Planet* (Atlantic-Little, Brown). David and Chuck, with the help of Theodosius Bass, build a space ship for the 50,000-mile flight to Basidium, the Mushroom Planet. Trouble, in the person of serious-minded Horatio Q. Peabody, a stowaway on this second flight into space, who wants to tell all, keeps the boys busy protecting the Mushroom people from being discovered.

The Impractical Chimney Sweep by Rosemary Anne Sisson, pictures by Fritz Wegner (Watts). John William really tried to be as practical a chimney sweep as his father. He wriggled up the narrow chimneys that were too tight a squeeze for his corpulent parent and swept them clean of soot. But then, unlike his father, he would linger at the top to watch the pink glow of a sunrise or the twinkling of a silver star. That wasn't at all practical, and not the way to get on in the world, so John William decided that he must get off on his own and think things out. His travels took him to far places, and his experiences, particularly with the gypsies of Sussex Downs, were revealing indeed. At last he was able to understand many things about himself and return home a happier and perhaps a bit more practical sweep.

Cobblers' Knob by Eleanor M. Jewett, illustrated by Christine Price (Viking), tells of the experiences of a small girl who accepted a dare to explore a haunted house. What she found in the cobwebby rooms proved more exciting than the expected

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ghost, and more rewarding still was the discovery of a new friend her own age. Absorbing reading for the nine-to-twelve-year-olds.

For children of this age group who enjoy being transported to ancient times and far places, *Black Fox of Lorne*, written and illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli (Doubleday), is a tale filled with derring-do of clansmen, Piets, and invading Englishmen, who range the misty dunes of tenth-century Scotland.

The Amazing Vacation by Dan Wickenden, illustrated by Erik Blegvad (Harcourt, Brace). When Joanna and Ricky set out to spend their vacation with Uncle Hubert and Aunt Cordelia, they imagined they would have a quiet holiday with perhaps parlor games and the like, but no. From the moment Mrs. Breadloaf, the housekeeper, met them in the Model T and briefed them on their teen-age cousin, Emmeline, whom she described as all *there* but not exactly all *here*, then casually mentioned Uncle Hubert's interest in magic, the stage was set for an amazing summer.

South Sea Holiday by Lydia Davis, illustrated by Tom Davis (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Ten-to-fourteen-year-olds with a wanderlust will delight in the adventures of Mandy and Michael Johnston, who sailed with their doctor father when he visited patients on little-known islands in the South Pacific. With Kimi, a native boy their own age, they hunted for treasure, explored lagoons, and even learned to enjoy eating bits of *wahoo* (raw fish dipped in lime juice and coconut milk).

For young adult readers, especially those who are eager to read, understand, and enjoy Shakespeare, *Stories from Shakespeare* retold by Marquette Chute (World) is a fine reference book. Miss Chute, one of the best contemporary writers about Shakespeare, has synopsized in one volume all the comedies, tragedies, and histories with helpful notes and comments.

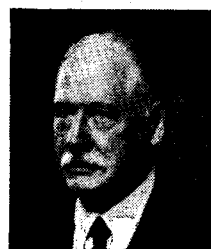
In the Landmark series (Random House) for ages ranging from ten to sixteen, there are ten new titles to choose from, all by writers who know their fields and how to make their subjects interesting to young people. One, *The Witchcraft of Salem Village* by Shirley Jackson, is an account of the weird goings on of a group of mischievous girls who started all that horrible business in 1692 — one of the most unbelievable

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periods of our history, when innocent people were accused of being witches, tried, and punished with no chance to defend themselves. Mrs. Jackson creates of these shocking facts a fascinating suspense story.

Another noteworthy book in this series is *Leonardo da Vinci* by Emily Hahn, in which the author tells little-known facts about the gifted painter-inventor of the fifteenth century and skillfully weaves into the story vignettes of Renaissance Italy, the period when Borgias and Medicis were dominating the impecunious artist and exterminating by sword and poison people who got in their way.

Lost in the Barrens by Farley Mowat, with illustrations by Charles Geer (Atlantic-Little, Brown). This adult story for boys tells of the harrowing adventures of Jamie Macnair and his Cree Indian friend, Awasin, when they accompany the Chipewyan tribe on a hunting trip at the beginning of an Arctic winter. How they survive after losing the rest of the party and how they learn to live off the frozen Canadian Barrens, their encounters with wild animals and Eskimos, and finally their discovery of ancient Viking cairns, make thrilling reading.

For girls interested in the dance, professionally or otherwise, there are two excellent teen-age novels, *Castanets for Caroline* by Lorna Hill (Holt) and *Dancer's Daughter* by Constance M. White (Dodd, Mead).

Up Periscope by Robb White (Doubleday), for older boys, is the exciting, tightly knit story of a navy frogman who is commissioned during World War II to find and photograph a secret radio code on a Japanese-held island. He travels by submarine, and much of the book is concerned with the terrific tensions of the men who are trapped under water while warfare goes on above them. An excellent naval action story.

Fifteen by Beverly Cleary (Morrow). Jane Purdy knew she wasn't the sort who attracted the outstanding boys; but she did wish that one day a boy would magically appear to take her out of the humdrum baby-sitting jobs and family duties that absorbed her free time. The circumstances under which the boy did appear, and the events that follow, make one of the most hilarious yet poignant teen-age novels on the current list. Catnip for girls over twelve.

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worthy and well worth looking over with an eye to the particular child. *The World We Live In*, a de luxe Golden Book (Simon & Schuster), adapted from *Life's* best seller of last year, has over two hundred pages of expert information on land, sea, stars, planets, plus many related fine paintings, maps, and photographs.

Sashes Red and Blue by Natalie Savage Carlson (Harper) is a collection of French Canadian folk stories with detailed pictures, for eight-to-twelve-year-olds. *Action Starboard* by Victor Mays (Houghton Mifflin) is a rousing sea story for older boys, set in 1813 and filled with exciting battles against a background of espionage and intrigue. *The Hawaiian Sword* by Cyrus T. Fisher (Funk & Wagnalls) is another fast-paced tale, its locale present-day Hawaii.

Don't miss two late arrivals for the picture-book set, both illustrated with wonderfully composed photographs. The first, *1, 2, 3, 4, 5*, is a counting book with delectable rhymes, for example, "To see a carrot and to grab it, is the habit of the rabbit. . . ." Verse is by Arthur Gregor and photographs by Robert Doisneau (Lippincott). The other is *The Little Elephant*, text by Arthur Gregor, photographs by Ylla (Harper). The photographs of a baby elephant taken in natural surroundings and carried on through the stages of growth up to and including his part in the famous festival of Mysore are magnificent.

A worthy addition to the older child's library is *The Silver Horn of Robin Hood*, written and illustrated by Donald Cooke (Winston).

America by Ruth Tooze, decorations by Valenti Angelo (Viking), besides being a poetic documentary of the geography and culture of our country, will spark young minds to seek further information about Mike Fink, Casey Jones, Johnny Appleseed, and other legendary greats. For the sports fans, *Ball of Fire* by Earl Schenck Miers (World) will provide an entertaining saga of the Northfield nine. *Five Were Chosen* by William Cox (Dodd, Mead) tells how an unpromising basketball team was molded into a smooth-functioning group by a good coach. Football enthusiasts will find a powerful story in *Hard to Tackle* by Gilbert Douglas (Crowell), and one that deals, too, with the many pressures that a team comes up against.

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help giving pleasure to the recipient
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Gypsies' Fiddle* by M. A. Jagendorf
and C. H. Tillhagen (Vanguard),
is a collection of gypsy stories filled
with the gusto of gypsy living. The
second, *This Way, Delight* by Her-
bert Read, illustrated by Juliet
Kepes (Pantheon), is a discerning
poetic anthology with selections rang-
ing from the Elizabethans on down,
with poems of Emily Dickinson,
Tennyson, Kipling, and such moderns
as Dylan Thomas and T. S. Eliot.

Two books exactly right for the
Christmas stocking are *A Christmas
Story* by Mary Chalmers (Harper),
a story that tells of a small girl's
search for a star for the top of her
Christmas tree, and *Harold's Fairy
Tale*, also from Harper, written and
illustrated by Crockett Johnson.
This is a worthy successor to last
year's *Harold and the Purple Crayon*.

The Magic Christmas Tree by
Lee Kingman, with delicate water
colors by Bettina (Ariel), tells the
story in a Hans Andersen manner of
two seven-year-old girls who decorate
the same pine tree in the woods but
fail to meet until the snows come
and Christmas magic begins to work.

Wumpy's Christmas Gift by
Nancy Nash, illustrated by Richard
Floethe (Lothrop). This wonderful
childlike tale tells how Wumpy, the
nursery elephant, tweaks out his
cotton stuffing to patch up the
other nursery toys until he gets ter-
ribly wobbly. Wumpy is resourceful,
though, and before long he is kicking
his heels along with his friends in the
best party the nursery has ever known.

The Fairy Doll by Rumer God-
den, captivating pictures by Adri-
enne Adams (Viking). The lovely
fairy doll, given to the youngest child
by her grandmother, stays close by
through the year, lending magic en-
couragement to a little girl whose
brothers and sisters are not as helpful
as they should be.

Christmas on the Mayflower by
Wilma Pitchford Hays (Coward-
McCann), with soft winter blue and
gray pictures by Roger Duvoisin.
That first Christmas dinner, aboard
ship, was provided by two of the boy
passengers who went ashore and shot
enough game for a feast.

*The Golden Book of Christmas
Tales* by James Lewicki (Simon &
Schuster). Christmas legends from
many lands that have been handed
down to each new generation. Many
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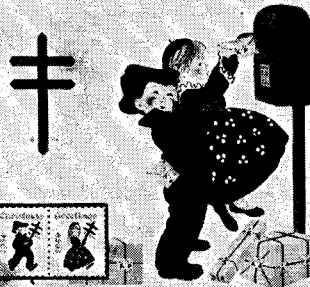
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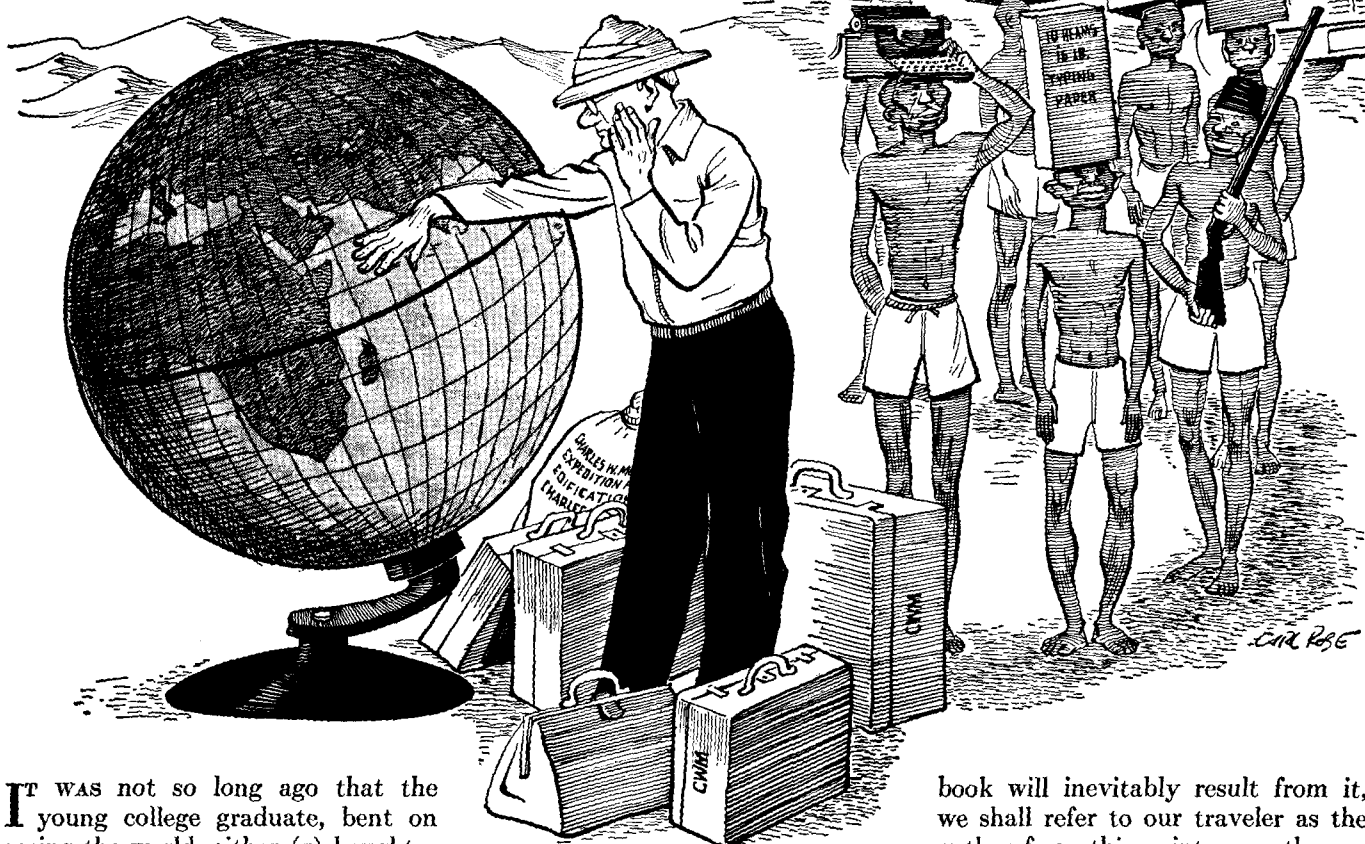
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ACCENT ON LIVING



IT WAS not so long ago that the young college graduate, bent on seeing the world, either (a) bought a ticket to foreign parts if he had the price, or (b) worked his way, or (c) devised some combination of these methods to fit his needs and capacities. Those who could not afford it, and who did not want to work, simply stayed home. Such was the drab, prosaic way of life in The Twenties. To judge from a fair number of recently published books, today's would-be globetrotter enjoys a much fatter prospect.

All a man really needs nowadays is the desire. Where shall it be? Sumatra? Middle East? Bengal? "I remember that even in the earliest days of my childhood I had always dreamed of going to — (Bangkok, Andorra, Easter Island, Copenhagen, etc., etc.)." It won't cost a cent, either. He may even find himself possessed of some cash to jingle at the natives and to cover his stop-overs at various famous hotels. "I could hardly believe my good fortune, as I was shown to my suite at the Raffles. . . ." If he wants to do it up on a big scale, he can bring along

some companions, a few relatives, a secretary or two, and a staff of porters, chauffeurs, and professional assistants. The size of his entourage is for him to choose, because it's all free, anyhow.

The adventurer begins with a few simple declarations. He is, he announces, "a scientist." (This means he was a college major in something or other.) In the interest of science, he proposes to make the arduous journey to Bali, or Norway, or Peshawar. What will he do there?

The safest answer to this question is grasses; our man will collect and study grasses; grasses are a much better bet than buried cities or dinosaur bones. When you get right down to it, there aren't many places in the world worth seeing where a man couldn't find grasses of some sort or other. This means that our man has probably taken a couple of botany courses, but with this modest credential he is comfortably in the clear.

As the next step — and because a

book will inevitably result from it, we shall refer to our traveler as the author from this point on — the author consults the venerable professor of botany, himself something of a noodle, at Nirvana University. Flattered that anyone should wish to pursue the subject he has taught more or less fruitlessly over the years, the professor writes a smashing endorsement of what becomes thereby an Expedition.

The author is now an accredited Expedition Leader: the Nirvana Botanical Expedition, Everett Doakes, Executive Director. Stationery to this effect follows in short order. It would be equally correct to call the venture the Expedition for the Edification of Everett Doakes, but that title would hardly attract donations, and donations mean the difference between that suite at the Raffles and staying home and going to work.

Transportation, which used to be a formidable hurdle, is perhaps the largest and certainly the easiest of the donations. For transportation, Doakes turns to the Army, the Navy, or the Air Force. "I could see, from his frosty manner, that the General

knew little about grasses and cared less. But my enthusiasm must have caught his interest, and he soon thawed when I was able to show him that my studies might some day be necessary to the national security and the armed forces of the United States." Blight? Rust? Pollens? Mildew? Parasites? Few generals, thinking it over, would care to send American boys out among foreign grasses in a distant land without a pretty fair idea of what they were getting into.

The wisdom of having chosen grasses instead of prehistoric wall paintings or ancient burial practices comes to the fore vigorously at this stage. It would have taken a lot more thawing to convince the General that the eventual security of his command might depend on what the

author could find in a Sumerian tomb, provided, also, that he could find the tomb in the first place. But with grasses it all moves briskly. "How many in your party? When do you want to start?" Before I could realize what was happening, the General summoned his aide — the same Colonel who had received me so coldly and who was now all smiles and good humor — and was dictating the orders for my flight."

The small expedition is preferable for a starter — just Doakes, his wife, and possibly a friend or two. Not so many arrangements are necessary. Nirvana U. may cough up some cash for expenses; perhaps some timorous millionaire will be just as worried as the General was about the future security of the nation and the menace

of foreign grasses. As a full-blown expedition leader, Doakes will have plenty of lecture engagements on his return, and these will help him, also, in enlarging the sales of his book.

With several expeditions and books under his belt, Doakes can hang out his shingle as an Institute. Detroit motor manufacturers will hasten to endow him, or rather the Institute, with trucks; oil companies are ready to tender gasoline; weapons, food-stuffs, and special equipment roll in on Doakes. He has to rent a warehouse for it. And nothing will exceed Doakes's clear-eyed self-satisfaction when he tells us all about it in his next book. The Grand Tour, nowadays, is whatever a man wants to make it.

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE WEIMARANER

by KEN W. PURDY

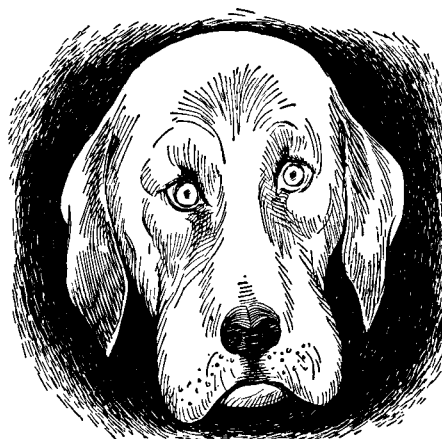
KEN W. PURDY, formerly editor of *Argosy*, *True*, and *Parade*, is now free-lancing. His book *Kings of the Road* was published by Atlantic-Little, Brown in 1952.

LIKE sports cars and Italian movie actresses, the Weimaraner dog was a post-war phenomenon in this country. The Weimaraner is a big dog, built like a pointer, floppy ears and a docked tail, usually smooth-coated. His color is distinctive, ranging from liver-brown to silver-gray. He has blue or amber eyes. He's strong, heavily muscled, fast-moving. He's among the most beautiful of all dogs and among the most intelligent of all animals.

For 150-odd years the right to own a Weimaraner was a prerogative of the Prussian nobility, who used the dogs for hunting, as they did many other breeds, including such esoteric *Hunde* as the Benegalese Brache and the St. Hubertus Brache. But only the Weimaraner was kept in the house. He was a constant companion, and as a result he developed an instinct for protection that is now so strong it's embarrassing — if you're the thin-skinned type that gets queasy at the sight of blood.

I was given a Weimaraner a few years ago. He was named, if memory serves me, MacBain's Discovery of Rock Ridge, and he was a handsome

gift in more ways than one, since the going price of good Weimaraners at the time hovered around \$1000. My son Geoffrey and I fetched him home from the kennel, seventy-five miles away, one Saturday afternoon. We were within five miles of home when the pup began to scratch at the door of the car. Geoff was convinced the dog had to meet a call of nature, and



to humor him I stopped the car and opened the door. Mac fell out and demonstrated that the boy was right. I suppose it was one of the last things his mother told him before he left her. He had never been in an automobile before.

It would be incorrect to say that Mac was bright. A bright dog, or a bright child, is one who learns quickly. The word inadequately covers one apparently born knowing. The intel-

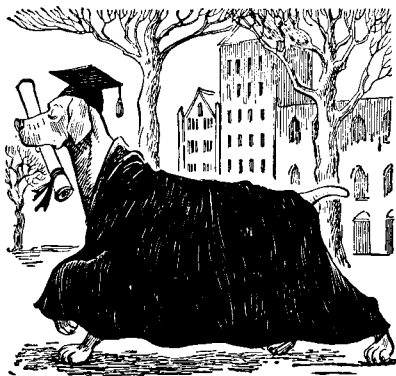
ligence of the Weimaraner is a cliché among his devotees — one I knew of used to answer the telephone when it rang, put it on a table, and sit there breathing heavily into it — but even rated by such standards Mac was exceptionally gifted. Moreover, he was kind, amiable, even-tempered. No dog ever bit a man to the bone with less display of animosity.

Mac was a year and a half old when he scored his first bite. He had formed the inevitable attachment of a Weimaraner for one member of the family — in his case, my wife. When Mac was alone in the house with her, nothing could persuade him to leave her side. He treated her like an idiot who must be kept from falling down the cellar stairs.

One winter day the newspaper delivery man came around to be paid. He and my wife chatted for a bit, Mac sitting beside her calmly enough, and then the fellow handed over a copy of the *New York Times*. Mac bit him just once on the wrist, hard enough to draw blood through a leather jacket and two woolen shirts, but he didn't growl, strip his teeth, try to chew the arm, or do any of the other things a biting dog typically does; he just hit the man one dreadful lick and dropped him.

A few weeks later, at the mailbox down the road, a woman from a neighboring house, talking with my wife, suddenly said, "Oh, this is your

magazine," and handed it over. She was badly hurt, because her arm was bare. Mac watched with tail-wagging solicitude as my wife bandaged the arm. He couldn't have been nicer about it. It was obvious that he re-



gretted the woman's foolhardiness in attacking his mistress.

I consulted with other Weimaraner owners. Mine was a thrice-told tale, they assured me. One fellow had had an argument with a handy man over the dusting of some rosebushes. The man raised the tube of insecticide to show the quantity left; whereupon the faithful Weimaraner hit his arm so hard, at a dead run from about ten feet away, that he literally threw the poor fellow, as a wrestler would have done.

Another devoted owner had had two incidents on one Christmas Day. He'd been in his parked car and a woman friend had stuck her hand in to shake his. The fellow had just had time to wrap her wrist in his handkerchief and get her to a nearby doctor's office when a man friend came along and did exactly the same thing with exactly the same results. To the Weimaraner, both offenses had been the same, too: willful and intentional trespass.

Were my friends and fellow members of the Weimaraner Club (membership was obligatory) thinking of giving up their dogs because of these peccadilloes? Certainly not. One, whose dog had scored eight bites, was moving to Florida to give the beast a fresh start in life. Another, asked by a stranger if he'd sell, replied, "If I weren't sixty years old I'd knock you down for that."

I was of the same mind. It was unthinkable to part from such a princely animal. Who could sell a dog that could learn in twenty minutes to go into the pantry and bring back a can of dog food, almost never slipping so far as to pull one off the shelves where the soup was kept? But I didn't

feel that I could reach far enough into the crevices of Mac's doggy brain to change his ways myself. I looked for professional counsel. I sent Mac to a posh country training school — it called itself a college, as a matter of fact.

We missed him while he was away, but my wife confessed a certain relief. Aside from the sensation of having a short-fused grenade in her pocket that Mac gave her, she was happy to be able to come home and not be greeted by being slammed up against the side of the house, another endearing Weimaraner trait. The only practical aid was a garbage-can cover. My wife would open the door of the pen and then spring back, the can cover in front of her like a gladiator's shield. Whimpering happily, his front teeth chattering together like castanets, Mac would bounce off the poor woman ten or fifteen times before he felt she knew he was really glad to see her. She became very adept.

I have seen a Weimaraner slam a 175-pound man to the ground in the excess of emotion engendered by a four-hour absence. In my researches I encountered one Wisconsin owner who has twice been under doctors' care as a result of such greetings. (Yes, I know: you are supposed to step on their toes. But a Weimaraner thinks you are just being clumsy, forgives you, and ignores it. Weimaraners have no pain thresholds.)

There was the matter of fur coats, too. The Weimaraner is likely to be upset by any moving object that seems to him excessively shaggy. As a rule, Mac was satisfied merely to point a woman wearing a fur coat. He would freeze and stare at her, his blue eyes unwinking. His first and only encounter with a man wearing one of the old-fashioned black-bear coats, wooden toggle-buttons and all, was more exciting. He pulled me six feet across a wooden floor against a chain-choke collar in his determination to have at the fellow.

The Weimaraner generally stays out of dogfights unless he's provoked, and Mac was true to standard in that regard, too. He bit only two dogs: one English sheep dog, out of whom he tore enough hair to stuff a small mattress, and a boxer who bit first without warning and was rewarded with thirty-six stitches.

Eventually Mac was returned to us, sporting a diploma and impeccable manners. We picked him up at the school, and he didn't knock either of

us down. He waited until he got us home, when he belted both of us all over the place. We should have taken warning.

Shortly after the home-coming my wife was alone with Mac one day when a neighbor boy came to the house on an errand. She gave him two cookies. Mac, as always, was standing at her left side. The child handed one cookie back, saying he couldn't eat two. Mac's muscles bunched violently, but he made no other move. My wife was delighted, and made mental note to send the trainer a bottle of Scotch. She left the room for a minute. Mac turned and gravely watched her go. When she was out of sight he reached over and bit the child, just once, very hard, and as amiably as ever. It was all too clear: the school had convinced him only that people didn't like to *see* other people bitten. Very well, he would humor them.

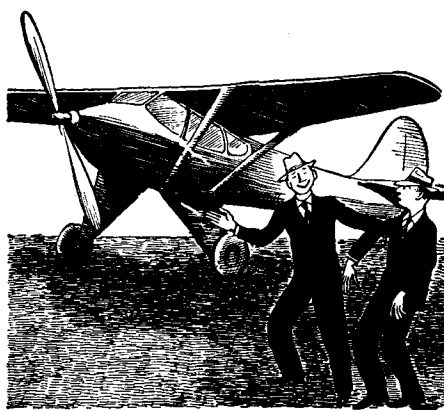
Two days later I took him back to the school and gave him to the man who had trained him. I couldn't bear to sell him but, on the other hand, I couldn't stand the bloodshed that keeping him entailed.

A few weeks ago my wife saw a big Weimaraner waiting with his master for a Madison Avenue traffic light. Having once been an Owner, one can't resist, and she fell into conversation with the man. She told him about Mac, and particularly about his propensity for fur coats. The fellow was fairly supercilious, a tendency that all Weimaraner owners have to some degree. Very amusing, he said, but his dog was *much* too well disciplined to commit any such breach of discipline. My wife looked admiringly at the noble animal. The hair on his neck was up. He rose from his haunches, pointed briefly a woman in



mink, loosed a scream of rage, and lunged for her.

We're dogless now. We're waiting for Modern Science to produce a biteless Weimaraner. Until then we'll stick with Siamese cats.



BETTER FOR THE BIRDS

by RICHARD CHURCHILL

RICHARD CHURCHILL prefers to be identified as "a middle-aged writer," and is at present living in the Southwest. He is using a pseudonym to avoid embarrassing the pilot friend in the harrowing story that follows.

A COLLEAGUE of mine is a new member of a flying club and, as such, is entitled to speak for one of their little four-seat Piper Tripacers once every couple of months or so.

He wanted to make a rum run to Mexico and invited my wife and me and another friend to a share-expense trip. We had been having some very nice weather, so in a weak moment we said we would go.

Accordingly we gathered in the chilly dawn at the appointed time out on the west mesa. Our host appeared from behind a cloud, where he had been taking his kids joy-riding (it would be a little bitter to say on "our" gas). When he landed, he filed his flight plan. We all took a last loving look at terra firma, squeezed in, and bade fond farewells. Our host stepped on the starter but nothing happened. He called for a boy to "prop" him, and the poor lad nearly wore his arms off before the motor finally popped, sputtered, fluttered, caught, and spun. The boy pulled the brick out from under the wheel (the brakes weren't so hot) and we were on our way.

Our host explained to me in a soft shout, as we giddily climbed, that this should be very interesting since he had never flown cross-country before but was anxious to log that kind of time as he might want to take a commercial pilot's license examination someday.

He then flew low through the Sandias via Tijeras Canyon. It was turbulent and we were glad to hit

the eastern plains. Then the pilot thought he'd better study the chart; so, the plane being a dual-control job, he ordered me to take over.

"Who, me?"

He told me it was just like driving a car — and it was, except the motor began to cough. It seems I was climbing without gunning her, a common beginner's fault, and had already reached an altitude above the flight pattern, where in New Mexico you can expect to be buzzed by an angry jet. Never have I driven a car that required pulling back on the wheel to make a hill on high. In a plane I thought that was done with a "stick." Not so; it's just the steering wheel.

I didn't mind at all when he got through studying those charts. The easy way would have been to follow the river down, but that was too simple for mine host. He wanted to see the White Sands and Alamogordo; so we flew a tunnel between two restricted areas and, except over some malpais (volcanic badlands), experienced smooth air and were genuinely surprised, when we did pick out recognizable landmarks, to discover that we'd made much better time than planned.

When we approached El Paso we banked around looking for other planes and turned on the radio. Our skipper nervously fidgeted with the mike: "Alpha 34-75, calling El Paso. May I come in — over." In our far from airtight cabin, the loudest shout was a soft whisper; but now a voice like the crack of doom came over the air: "Alpha 34 gobbledygook schmerz blur schnek schnek bloop — that is all." Whereupon our host selected the biggest, longest runway and banked into what looked like to me a professional approach. The voice came back tinged with slight concern, "Alpha 34 southeast blurp umphing Runway 26."

"Maybe he wants us to come in on Runway 26."

I was only trying to be helpful. "Could be," snarled the man at the wheel. I don't think he knew which was Runway 26, but he tried another promising one and was waved off. Then he landed and it was a nice smooth landing.

Juárez was all right. We had filet mignon at Dominguez's — and that would conquer anybody's prejudice against Mexican cooking — and drank some good Carta Blanca beer, purchased our jugs and a few other

trifles, took our dramamine tablets, and taxied back out to the airport.

All wind socks were quivering rigidly in an easterly direction. The clouds were getting grayer and thicker and skittering raggedly but fast. Our host asked us what we thought. We told him we didn't think, it was up to him, and the tumbleweed kept a-tumblin' and a-tumblin'. He heaved a sigh and firmed his jaw. "Let's go."

Now the plane wouldn't start at all, but half an hour and three prop boys later, after some extra-special priming, it sputtered and caught.

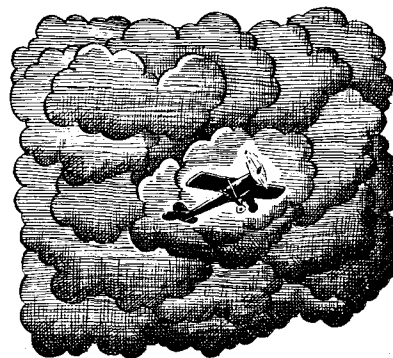
We started out on the longest runway, the one headed straight for the Organ Mountains, which rose mile-high just beyond the high-tension wires. The clouds looked darker and dirtier to me, and now we had cargo as well as passengers. We headed dead into the wind, which must have given us an extra lift. We took off like a banshee, but what happened next shouldn't happen at a rodeo. It seemed we were at the mercy of every vagrant breeze, a little chip to be flung and tossed in an infinitely gray and hostile universe with hard jagged mountains sometimes under us, sometimes over — and sometimes sideways.

El Paso then got gabby with Alpha, and our host politely answered with one hand, his head knocking the roof occasionally, the other jerking frenetically at the wheel. Over the unearthly racket, he shouted in my ear, "I think we better go back."

"So do I," I shouted.

We did. This time there were no others coming in. We congratulated our hero on his happy landing, and also ourselves.

Now we were fairly broke and the banks were closed. We all felt crumby



and disheveled, but managed to cash a small check at the airport. We helped the sore-armed prop boys tie down the plane. We hiked to a public bus that took us to a streetcar queue,

where we were finally jammed into a streetcar full of Mexicans, and trolleyed ignominiously back to Juárez.

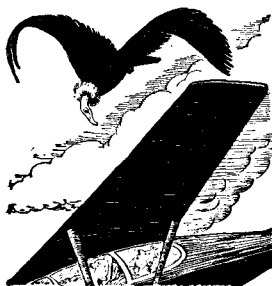
There the best hotel, patronized by matadors and movie stars getting divorces, was within our means but full; so we settled for the second best, which was slam-bang on the main street of the town that never sleeps. *We* did though, and were up at 5:30 to try again.

It didn't take any longer to start the plane than previously. We were well shut of the place when we made a routine check of gas. We had a little bit left. "Maybe that was because I forgot to close off the gas line last night," said mine host. "It musta leaked out the carburetor."

Well, that changed our carefully laid plans. We had intended to have one empty tank to compensate for our big pay load, and then to land at the longest strip between Texas and Albuquerque — Socorro — for a gas stop. As it was, we had but two alternatives: turn back to El Paso or make it to the still nearer but smallest strip in New Mexico — Las Cruces. We chose Las Cruces and after three wavering passes hit our postage-stamp target.

Only one thing went wrong after that. With fine engine speed we seemed to be making very poor air speed and thought we must be bucking a tremendous headwind, except that it wasn't as rough as it had been the day before. About the time we picked up Belen, practically suburban Albuquerque, we saw that the wing flaps were down. After we put them up we sped like the wind, having burned, lost, or otherwise consumed 75 per cent more gas than we estimated.

Our pilot's fellow club members were very sore at him; but we were very grateful, not so much to him as to God, which is the way it should be on the Lord's Day. Anyway I can recommend amateur flying to anyone who thinks the family bus is small or rides bumpy. Those bumps felt awfully good and solid and reassuring as we drove home from the west mesa.



THE EYES HAVE IT

by MILDRED CLINGERMAN

MILDRED CLINGERMAN is a Tucson, Arizona, housewife, who has written extensively in the field of science fiction.

I KNOW a man who can glance up at the summer sky, note the white, towering, majestic clouds, and say, "Cumulo-nimbus. We may get some rain," and then stroll on without further comment. This man astonishes me, not for his knowledge of cloud formations and their weather meaning, but for his inability to see the faces and figures ranging overhead. How can he miss the fact that the third cloud on his left looks exactly like a parrot wearing enormous slippers?

"It's easy," my friend assures me. "I'm not, thank heaven, one of those people who see profiles in mountain ranges. I've never seen the man in the moon, either, or rabbit heads in larkspur, or cute little faces in pansies. On conducted tours through caves, I've been shown what the guide called pipe organs and cathedrals. All I saw were stalactites and stalagmites. One huge rock balanced on another doesn't, to my mind, look at all like Harry Truman wearing a baseball cap. Water pouring over the side of a cliff doesn't remind me of bridal veils; moreover, the chickens and dogs I've met never resembled their owners."

The nice thing about friendship is that you can't strain it to the breaking point over a cloud-sheep wearing a George Washington wig, particularly if you don't mention it. It's highly unlikely that my friend will ever notice, either, that the crack in his front walk is a long, crooked gun pointing right at his door. But how could he lie for two weeks in that hospital room with the plaster ceiling

and not see the angel overhead? True, the angel sometimes, late in the afternoon, put on a Mexican sombrero, thus lightening the atmosphere somewhat; but the legless Crusader riding the legless horse still pursued the fat toad who was trying to swallow the wrong end of a toothbrush.

"Don't you find this room a little too busy?" I asked, a day or so before he was allowed to go home.

"Busy?" he snorted. "It's dull as ditchwater. Before you go, pull down that window shade for me, will you? I think I'll take a nap before dinner."

With the shade down, the Crusader turned into a Ubangi woman carrying a monkey by the neck. *I think* she was headed for the cathedral in the corner, but she may have had her eye on the old-fashioned meat grinder. I couldn't stay to find out. Visiting hours were over.

I rode down in the elevator with a man who looked exactly like the turkey I once raised, and then couldn't bring myself to kill and eat, because he reminded me so much of sore throats wrapped in red flannel.

I caught a taxi outside, and after several blocks the driver pointed to an ugly building with a yellow cupola. "See that?" he said. "Ever notice how much it looks like an egg yolk with a toothpick stuck in it?"

I smiled and nodded, but the truth is, it looks like a knitting needle rammed viciously into half a beach ball. Why can't people be more observant?

CLOTHES TREE

by LOYD ROSENFELD

Who is this skinny girl I've seen
In every fashion magazine?

She always has the latest bangles
A-dangling from her many angles;
She stands so tall and straight and
slim

She looks less like a her than him;
And be it H, V, B, or Y-line,
On her they all look like the I-line;
She has the same sweet, glassy stare
In satin, mink, or underwear;
Poor thing — she'll never snag a fella,
With picture hats she's an umbrella;
For years she's posed through storm
and strife,
No signs of wear, no signs of life.

I'd rather see her wearing burlap
And have a little shape to her lap.

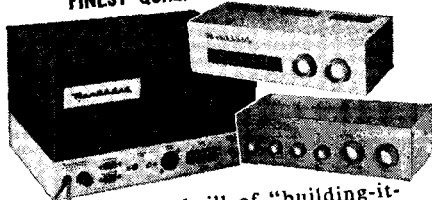


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THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

THE HIGHER FI

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

THE recreational art called high fidelity first began really to obsess the avant-garde of home music listeners in the late 1940s. There had been experimenters before the war—I know, since I was one of them—but they were a frustrate few: they had no fit fare to feed their amplifiers and speakers. What changed the picture after the war was the sudden availability of FM broadcasts and of wide-range magnetic phonograph pickups, together with an influx of foreign high-fidelity records, notably British Decca's "ffrr" line. Microgroove helped when it came, but it came later. The vanguard of listeners already had gone hi-fi before the acronym LP was heard in the land.

The second surge of interest is, I think, upon us now. At the various audio exhibitions in early autumn, manufacturers of records and home sound equipment could be heard on all hands, telling each other with dazed glee that August had been the biggest month in their history. Normally, of course, August sales are such as to make a dealer wonder why he didn't shut up shop and go fishing.

The change this year had nothing to do with August as against any other month; September was to be even bigger. The change was something permanent, illustrated by a growing human flood outward from cities and apartments into countless new separate dwellings—ramblers, ranch-types, semicolonials, and Cape Cods, each with its TV set in the

corner, each situated in the geographical center of a baby-sitter shortage. The living room was establishing (or perhaps re-establishing) itself as the center of American recreational life.

Sometimes a sort of prescience seems to alert the purveyors of amenities which soon are to be in great demand. As a general instance, there has been lately among home sound equipment makers a great flush of interest in quality control, a subject that most of them heretofore have rather pointedly ignored.

Sightliness and simplicity of operation are other features common to new high-fidelity custom equipment. The former quality embodies an economic attraction, too. If an amplifier can sit openly and inoffensively upon a shelf, it spares its owner the price of cabinet concealment and lets him spend money on woodwork that really works: his loudspeaker enclosure.

These are very general trends, however. Even specific new developments seem bent to the enticement of new listeners, not that they won't appeal also to folk well seasoned in audiophilia. What I have particularly in mind are electrostatic loudspeakers, transistor preamplifiers, and stereophonic tapes. And I do not want to give the impression that any of these heralds the millennium in living-room music. None does. But they betoken interesting prospects, as will be seen.

An electrostatic speaker works on the ancient principle illustrated by the amber rod and the cat's fur, or the gold-foil leaves of an electroscope: like charges repel, unlike charges attract. A push-pull electrostatic speaker (and this is the only high-fidelity variety) resembles nothing so much as a very small plastic storm window sandwiched between two rigid metal screens. The screens accept the signal from the amplifier in the form of voltage, and the plastic diaphragm

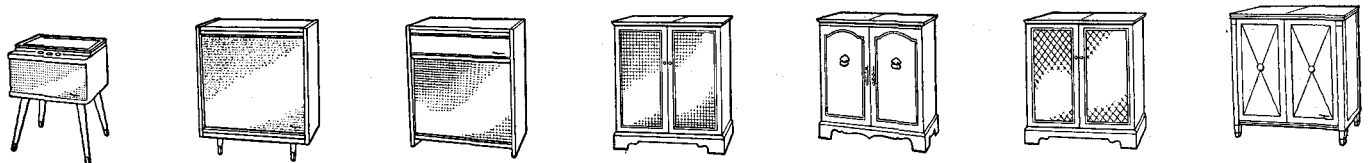
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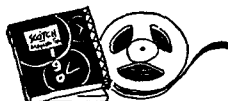
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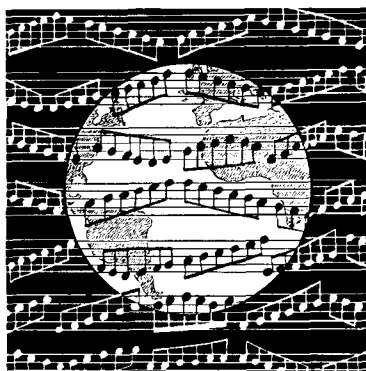
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vibrates between them as one attracts it and the other repels it, and vice versa. This generates the sound, and since the diaphragm vibrates almost



as if inertia-less, and uniformly over its whole surface, the result is sound of great cleanliness and very low distortion. Especially is this so in the treble range.

Conventional electromagnetic loudspeakers, of either paper-cone or aluminum-dome variety, have inherent treble trouble. A big paper-cone speaker renders treble vibrations accurately only from its center area, near the voice-coil that furnishes the impulse. Such of the vibrations as travel out to the cone's edge get there late, out of phase, and contribute nothing helpful. Hence the dual distribution in many high-fidelity speaker systems: a big cone for the bass, a small one or an aluminum dome for treble. (Elaborate systems may subdivide beyond this—four-way systems are not uncommon.) An aluminum dome can reproduce treble tones accurately, but in such small voice that some kind of horn structure usually must be added to build it up. And most horns add their own coloration to the sound, though some are astoundingly good.

Usually cone and dome tweeters, for this reason, are heard best at some little distance, a dozen feet or so. An electrostatic's sound, however, is as clear and easeful at close quarters as at a distance, which makes it peculiarly desirable in a small living room.

I refer here to tweeters only. I have heard only one electrostatic bass speaker, or woofer, and it seemed to me to offer nothing that a solidly mounted cone speaker wouldn't. Indeed, it offered a complicating factor, in that—presumably to make its tone big—it was mounted to radiate from both front and rear. In most living rooms, this would make its placement critical, to prevent cancellation or reinforcement of some sound

frequencies by the back-wave off the wall.

For the nonce, the best use of an electrostatic tweeter would seem to be in conjunction with cone-type woofers. Incidentally, push-pull electrostatic tweeters (only two were in production as this was written) are not inexpensive, and do not bring out the best in all amplifiers. Circumspection is indicated, but some lovely sound reproduction can lie beyond it.

The first, or phono-stage, tube in a preamplifier has a fantastically delicate job to do. It must take the tiny electrical impulses furnished by the phonograph cartridge and make them strong enough for the power amplifier to work on. If the tube malfunctions, if it adds any distortion or noise of its own, this too will be amplified, in the same degree as the electromusical signal, and you will get considerable grit with your Grieg.

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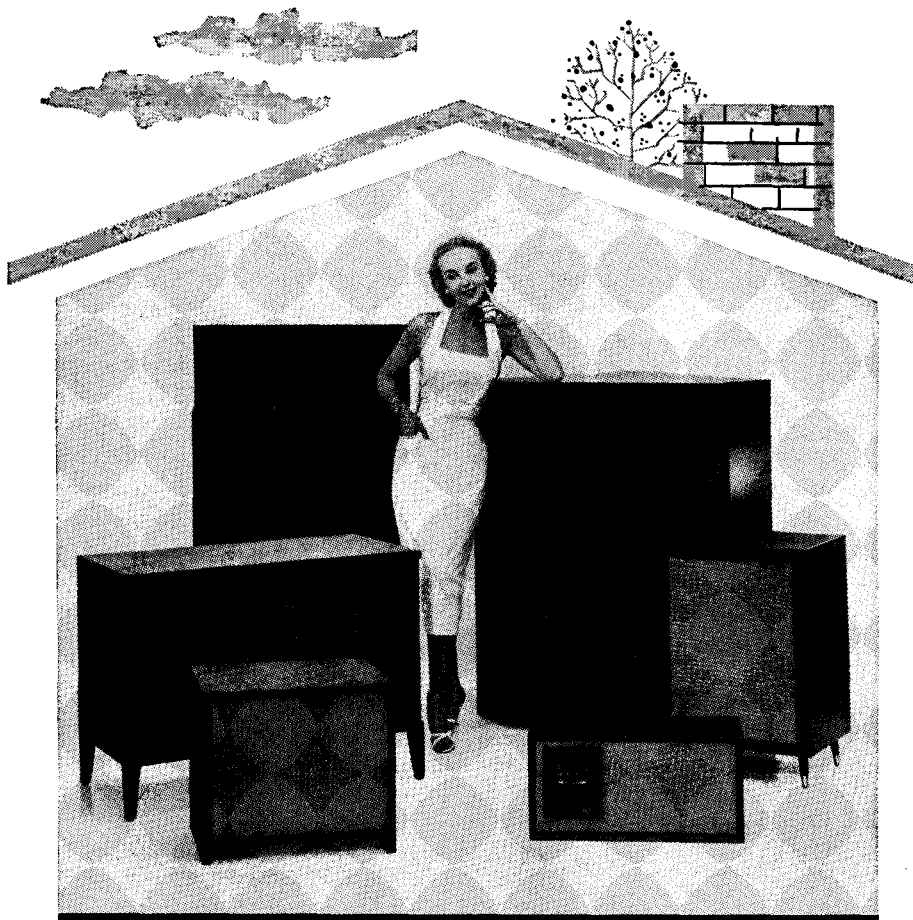
It is this that makes some people—including some manufacturers—think it was unfortunate technically, if astute commercially, for preamplifier makers to change from big to miniature tubes, as they did around the turn of the decade. The miniatures and large tubes are comparable in performance when new, but the little ones age and deteriorate much the more rapidly. Among ailments they develop are hum, microphonism, gassiness (squeals and pops), and, worst, intermodulation distortion. The last is worst because subtlest. The music develops a harsh edge, very similar to that heard when the pickup cartridge's elastic damping has worn out, or when the jewel tip of the stylus has been damaged. Diagnosis can be difficult. Most people don't have spare cartridges for purposes of comparison. Nearly anyone *can* have a spare 12AX7 or 12AY7, or whatever his phono-stage tube happens to be, but he cannot have any assurance that it is not defective in the same way as the one he is replacing. A tube can distort quite seriously and still pass the test of the dealer's tube-checking device. There are obvious ways out of this difficulty—have two spare tubes, or check the suspect one in somebody else's amplifier—but they are elaborate ways. This kind of nonsense does not encourage people to try high fidelity.

Manufacturers certainly are not going back to big tubes. What they are trying, however, are transistors. Transistors are small—very small—devices wherein a crystalline structure with a certain calculated impurity is made to perform the same function that metallic elements and a vacuum perform in conventional tubes. Transistors are not much subject to hum or noise, and they age much more slowly than tubes. Their compensating liability is probably an aspect of newness. It is that they are hard to make uniform, partly because of the infinitesimal quantities of material that must be measured into their composition.

Despite this, there is at least one transistorized preamplifier on the market now—the Fisher TR-1—and a very interesting item it is. It is not in any sense a complete control unit. It is simply a phono-preamplifier with one knob—a volume control. It has built-in equalization for records made according to Record Industry Association (RIAA) standards, universal for the last two years.

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In other words, when plugged directly into a power amplifier, it can play the best of your recent records. No old ones, none which require trimming of the treble or bass. It — the TR-1 — can also be plugged into the high-level input (radio or TV) or a conventional control unit, permitting use of the latter's bass and treble controls, but this brings at least one miniature tube back into the act, which may not be desirable. Why Mr. Fisher did not start with a complete transistorized control unit I do not know.

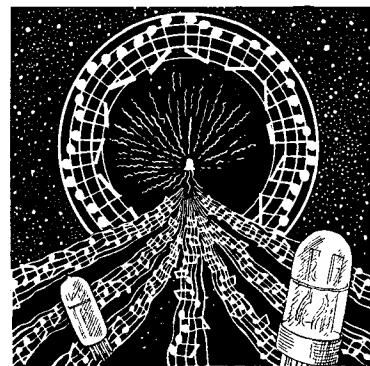
At any rate, I was able to test a sample TR-1 against two very good conventional preamplifiers. When new, I must in fairness say, I think either of them could have matched it. Neither was new, and in the comparison they audibly displayed their age, or rather their tubes' age (not more than a year in either case). It immediately occurred to me that at its price, which is less than \$30, the TR-1 would be a very good comparison-and-emergency instrument for a record reviewer, like me, to have around. It is well to keep in mind, however, the initial variability of

transistors. For a while, at least, any transistorized audio unit is something to buy strictly by ear.

Recorded tape, up to now, has made less of an impact on home music listening than it was expected to, but the reasons are not hard to discern. Tape — at seven and a half inches per second or more — can be an admirable source of high-fidelity sound. Most tape-playback machines, however, have been either distinctly low in fidelity or distinctly high in price. Of low-price machines, the main faults were mechanical unreliability and unstandardized electrosonic response; not all tapes could be played satisfactorily on all machines. These troubles we still have with us.

What is going to speed the whole process of acceptance is stereophony — two-channel, 3-D reproduction, for which tape is the ideal medium. There have been stereophonic disc records for some time, and equipment to play them. But the records have been limited in repertoire, and the equipment is delicate, difficult to use. Stereophonic tape is no harder to play than standard "monaural" tape, and the stereo recorded repertoire is grow-

ing very rapidly. Nearly all record companies now make the initial tapes for their records stereophonically. The two stereo tracks can be fed as a blend



into the disc version, then used subsequently as masters to make the stereo tape version. RCA Victor, Westminster, and HMV already have made many of their recent recordings available in stereo tape form; most other firms are bound to do so soon. As yet these tapes are expensive. A symphony is likely to set you back more than \$15. For this I can see no real (reel?) reason, and growing competition may force prices down.

The aural appeal of stereo reproduction, however, is beyond denial, though it doesn't apply equally to all kinds of music. A singer, a piano, or even a string quartet sounds as good (to me) through a good single-speaker system as through a stereo setup. But massive orchestral works like Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra* or Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* come forth from good "binaural" recording with a kind of aural perspective and realism that single-channel recording and reproduction cannot duplicate.

By the time you read this, there will be several stereo-playback machines on the market. Thus far I have only heard two of these, the Ampex system and that made by Viking of Minneapolis. The Ampex is expensive: \$380 for the playback unit (which will play single-track tapes, too) with its built-in twin preamplifiers; \$150 each for the amplifier-and-speaker units you can buy with it. On the other hand, the playback machine (Model 612) is built like a battleship, and will obviously give long, trouble-free service.

The Viking assembly can cost anywhere from \$110 to \$150, depending on what you order. You can get it with a variety of heads, so that it will play back only, or record as well, or perform either function monaurally or stereophonically. It has its own

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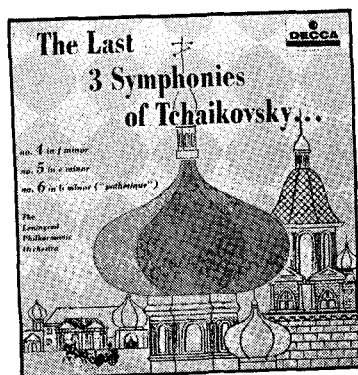
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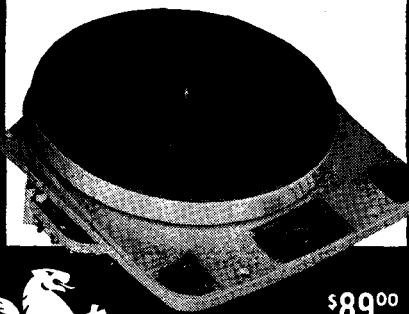
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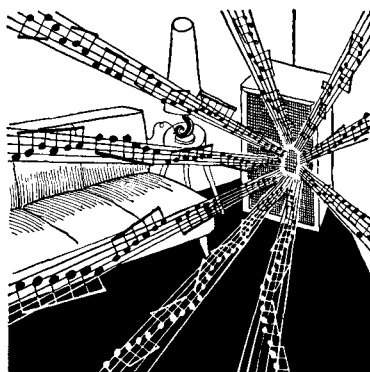
Plan Book

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORPORATION
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preamplifiers, single or twin, but you furnish your own power amplifiers and loudspeakers. How well the Viking will stand up mechanically I cannot say; it looks compact and well designed. New, it performs very well.

I am not perfectionist enough to go along with the notion that for good stereo sound one's two amplifier-and-speaker systems must be identical. In experiment I used one of the little Ampex \$150 speaker-amplifier combinations along with my own rather elaborate system, of which the amplifier and speaker cost together about \$400. When I had the speakers properly spaced—about eight feet apart, in this case—and the volumes adjusted one to the other, they sounded fine together. I am sure, though, that the illusion would collapse if the secondary unit were really low-fi. There cannot be a gross qualitative dissimilarity between the sounds from the two sources.

However, I think things shape up very conveniently for the person who has been thinking of replacing his 1951 speaker and ten-watt amplifier



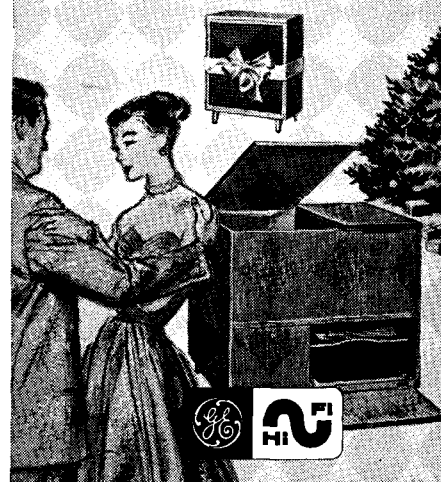
with something more ambitious. If the older units were considered respectable high-fidelity components in their day, they should still serve admirably as half a stereophonic system. And it is worthwhile to employ them so. Most of the genius of Mozart may have been contained in the knowledge of which note to put after the one before it, but much of the genius of Carl Orff or Stravinsky lies in knowing how to distribute sound excitingly across a concert stage. There is no reason we shouldn't enjoy both.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Sonatas Op. 109, Op. 110, Op. 111 (Glenn Gould, piano; Columbia ML-5130: 12"). Young Mr. Gould, about whom Columbia is quite justified in making a fuss, thinks there has been enough speculation

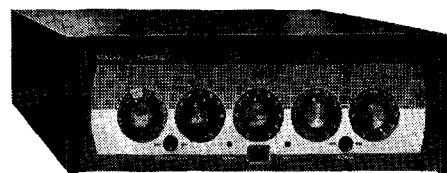
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about the philosophical content of Beethoven's later works. Accordingly he here plays the three last sonatas with the intent of bringing out their purely musical logic. His technique is something to marvel at, and the results are impressive, especially when anything contrapuntal is going on. He has tried something important and — however it be received — has in the process turned out three extraordinarily interesting performances. The sound is good, too.

Dvořák: Slavonic Dances, Op. 46, Op. 72 with Smetana (arr.

Szell): Quartet in E Minor, "From My Life" (George Szell conducting Cleveland Orchestra; Epic SC-6015: two 12"). Only possible rival to this magnificent set of the Slavonic Dances is that on Urania by Vaclav Talich and the Czech Philharmonic, who split performance honors with Szell's Clevelanders but are outpointed by Epic's excellent sound. The Szell is the one to buy, especially since it includes as bonus the excellent (really) orchestral transcription of the Smetana quartet.

Mozart: Serenata Notturna;

Divertimentos in D Major, B-flat Major, F Major (Antonio Janigro conducting Solisti di Zagreb; Vanguard VRS-482: 12"). Incredible is the word one is tempted to use in describing the finish, the polish, of the playing of this Yugoslav group — but you've got to believe it; it's right there on the record, in completely convincing reproduction. And the Mozartian substance under the polish is firm, though a fondness (perhaps) for beautiful sound has induced some protraction of tempos. This lingering tendency becomes a positive asset, incidentally, in another recent Solisti release (VRS-488), whereon they play Rossini's enticing Sonatas for Strings. Chances are that if you buy one record you will soon buy the other.

Strauss: Scenes from Salome and Elektra; Suite from Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (Fritz Reiner conducting Inge Borkh, Frances Yeend, Paul Schoeffler; Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-6047: two 12"). It's a pity they didn't go on and make a whole *Elektra*, for the three scenes they give here are pretty good (even if they did put the finale in the middle, to make disc sides come out even). The *Salome* scene and the Suite are good, too, but put in as fillers. Borkh, as *Elektra* and *Salome*, does most of the vocal labor (real labor, too) and does it very well. It is Reiner and the orchestra, however, who emerge as the heroes of the occasion and really make the album worth having. They are in all ways superb, and their sound has been superbly captured.

Marches for Twirling (Frederick Fennell conducting Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble; Mercury MG-50113: 12"). Ostensibly, Mr. Fennell intended this selection to serve as practice aid to neophyte baton twirlers, an aim which if successful may wreck many a living room across the nation. Mercury Records, it can safely be assumed, had also in mind a kind of twirler — but a different kind — whose twirling is devoted to amplifier knobs. (And this kind can wreck whole homes.) Anyway, the Eastman ensemble, as in previous efforts, sounds exhilaratingly brisk and brazen and, even at thunderous volume, convincingly real. The marches are ones familiar to football fields, parade grounds, and circus arenas: *The U.S. Field Artillery, On the Mall, Pride of the Illini, Stars and Stripes Forever, Semper Fidelis, The Billboard*, and sundry others.

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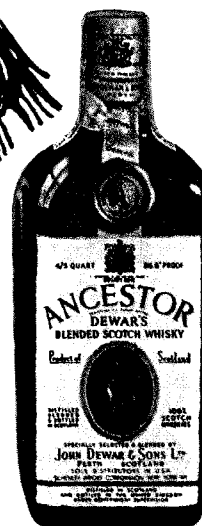


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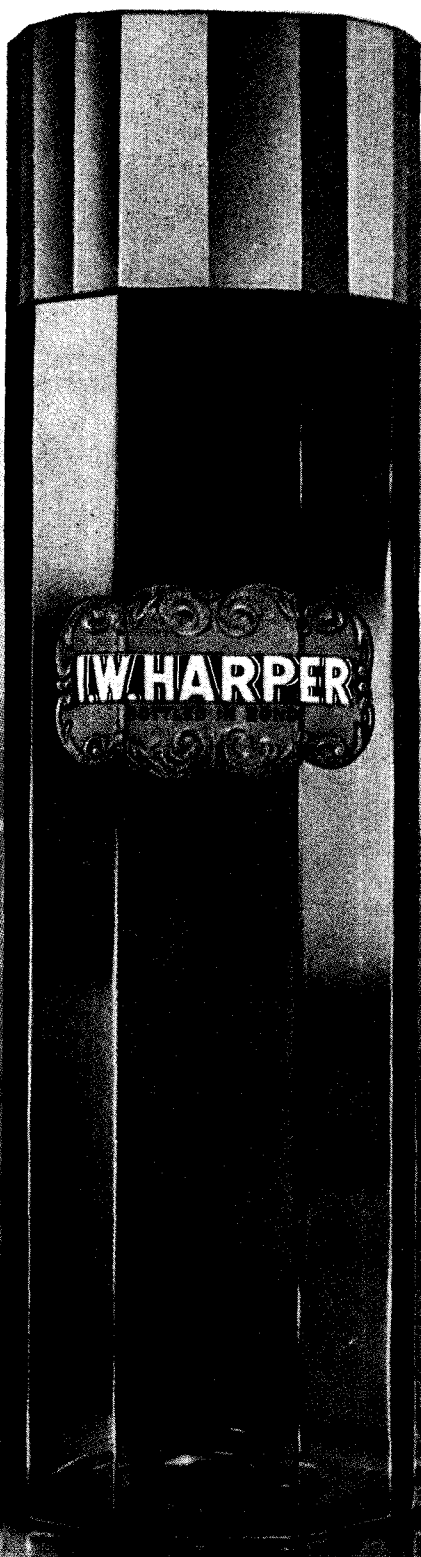
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